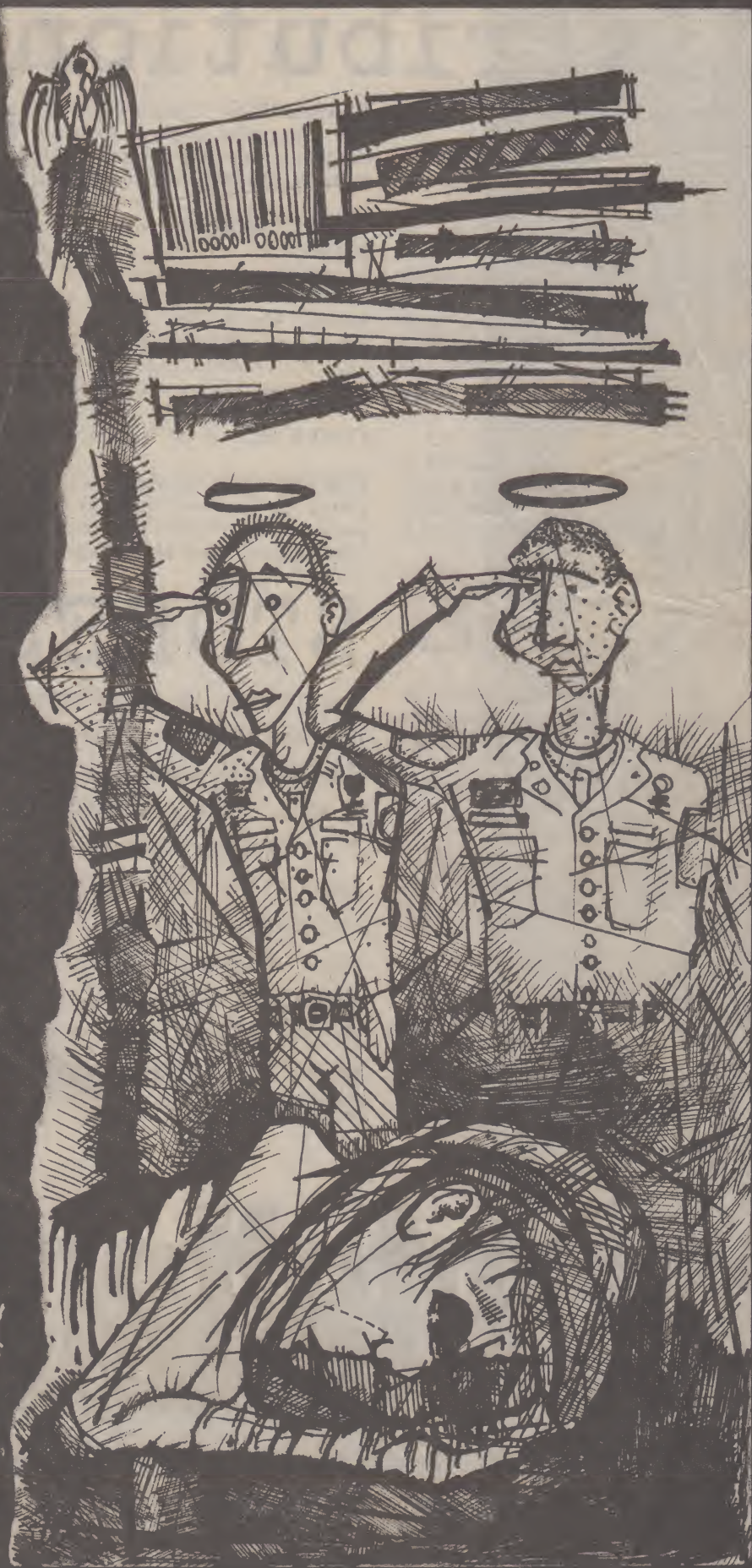


50¢ issue #20

NOBODIES

HARDCORE FOR THE HARDCORE



distribution

DISTRIBUTION: *HeartattaCk* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

America; \$5 box = 30+ 'zines
\$10 box = 65+ 'zines
World; \$5 box = 15+ 'zines
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You can then sell them for 25¢ or 50¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 50¢ each. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition not HaC.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for

America: \$1.50 each (1 copy)
Canada: \$2 each (1 copy airmail)
World: \$3 each (1 copy airmail)

Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition not HaC.

- #3-#5 the usual HaC shit
- #6 interview with Kingdom Scum
- #11 discussion about rape continues
- #15 the Steve Snyder highlight issue
- #16 discussion about rape continues
- #17 interview with 'zine editors
- #18 the sex issue
- #19 1997 Poll results

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via Email, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

COVER ART: Alvin Pietzsch.

CORRECTION: In issue #19 of HaC, Nate Powell was incorrectly listed as doing the cover art. The cover art was actually done by Mike Scenery. Sorry Mike! Oops!

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *HeartattaCk* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

Issue #20 • 11,000 copies
November, 1998

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 10th of the following month.

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *HeartattaCk*. If you send your ad in on disk then it needs to be saved as a TIFF or EPS file and usable with photoshop or pagemaker.

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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

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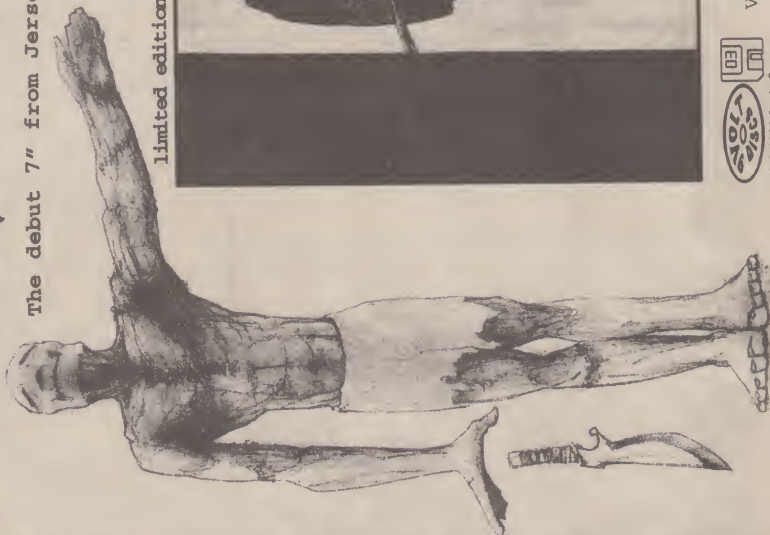


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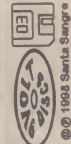
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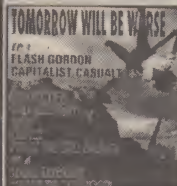
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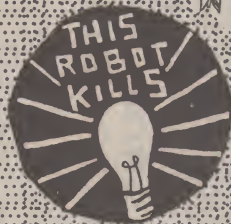
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P.E. MAGAZINE

Profane Existence is the largest circulation anarcho-punk resource magazine in the world. However, like all good things, publication of PE is coming to an end. Issue #37 will be our final broadcast and will be available at the end of November 1998. Include are interviews with Dropdead, Riot/Clone, and Guerilla puppeteer A-Ron (formerly a volunteer at PE 1991-1992). This final issue will probably be our biggest and best ever, so order now! \$3 ppd. in N. America / \$4 South America / \$5 world-wide.

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DEAR HARDATAK

Carlton and *HeartattaCk*.



Hello. My name is Mike Simonetti and I do Troubleman Records. I read your letter and I agreed with what you are saying for the most part. I can't speak for every band or label but let me give you some background to the logo used for Troubleman. It was lifted from a Miles Davis record entitled *On The Corner* from 1973 (it is one of his funkier pre-fusion/post-jazz records and one of his best, in my opinion). I believe Miles Davis drew the artwork. Her face was taken from the gatefold (this is only seen on the original pressing. The repressing was not released as a gatefold). The reason I chose it is simply because I liked the image. There is no secret symbolic meaning behind the image. Simple as that. The name TROUBLEMAN is taken from a film called *Troubleman*, and the soundtrack was by Marvin Gaye. I happen to like the film and the record. I am a BIG Marvin Gaye fan. In a way, the name and logo intermingle quite well considering they both happen to be from a certain genre of music I love very much.

Anyway, I do not think it is a racist image... it's only a drawing of a woman. It strikes me as kinda funny that you assume it's a BLACK woman, and not a white woman or Hindu woman for that matter. Is it the hair? The lips? Or the nose??? Is it the stereotypical "black" characteristics we hear in all the racist jokes? Her face is not distinguished as being a color of any sort. She can be an Irish-Catholic from Brooklyn for all we know... that happened to be a very popular hair style back in the 1970's... my mother had that same hairdo in 1976. That could be a drawing of her for all you know.

I can be an asshole and say that I find it racist on YOUR end to assume she is black simply based on her characteristics. But that's bogus, and I think it's lame that you called me out on something based on the surface. You know nothing about me or my background or my knowledge of the culture.

I listen to a lot of music people would consider "black" music (soul, jazz, hip-hop, ragga, funk...). I know the background to almost every record I own. I feel a connection to the music. I love funk/soul/ragga and jazz and all it stood for.

Did you know that funk/soul was one of the first genres of music to have an independent network of distribution and record labels? And that these labels (mostly one-off releases) were owned and operated by blacks—pressing usually around a thousand copies per release? Did you know that jazz music has been mostly performed by blacks (not to mention inventing the genre) but their music and publishing is owned by whites? All the labels were owned by white men (Alice Coltrane had to fight to own the rights to her husband's music after he died). Did you know Sun Ra, as a way to confront these major labels, started his own record label called SATURN and pressed over 200 different records, usually hand-coloring or silk screening each record himself, sometimes pasting or gluing objects to the labels?? Sounds familiar? How many bad silk screened hardcore records do you own, Carlton?

I actually agree with what you said about the hardcore scene. But I am not a hardcore kid. I am Mike Simonetti. I rarely ever listen to hardcore/punk. I am pretty much always listening to hip-hop. I grew up on DJ Red Alert's mastermix in the early 80's and I spent most of my adolescent years at hip-hop clubs in Manhattan. I then got into DJ'ing and I began to listen for samples and where they came from. That's how my love of funk, soul, ragga, and jazz was born. I then began to embrace the culture, reading books and getting into music by the likes of Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, Angela Davis, Malcolm-X, Lee Perry, Leroi Jones, H. Rapp Brown, Africa Baambatta, Gil-Scott Heron, Stevie Wonder, John Coltrane, Grandmaster Flash, etc... but it was the music that brought me to the realization that hip-hop isn't just rapping and a funky beat. The lyrics spoke volumes on the human condition and the racist white culture being force-fed to these usually poor Black and Latino communities. I respected what they were saying. And the music got me into other aspects of the culture. And that's how I translated it, through my record label. And the way I represent my label is through the bands and the first thing they see is

the LOGO. I take what I know and incorporate it into the label. I think if some kid sees the logo and asks me where it's from I can explain it and show her the origins and perhaps open someone else's eyes to something very important to me.

I can go on and on but I do not want to argue with you. I am trying to prove a point that I know where I'm coming from and I know what the logo symbolizes but you gotta understand that I know exactly where you're coming from as well and I don't think it can simply be broken down to black or white... just because I am white doesn't give you the right to assume racism on my behalf. Isn't that racism on your end?

—Mike/troubleman@earthlink.net

HeartattaCk,



I wasted 50¢ on your publication at a punk show last night. Some of the advertisements are OK. Why so many reviews? I hate fucking with that many stupid reviews!

SEX—big deal, I've been doing it for a long fucking time. I'm a male dick sucker actually. I'm 31 and living proof that punks come in all ages. I got into punk in 1980. All you care about is catering to teenage retards. Fake punks!

The only punk I really care for in our fucked up Spokane scene is myself.

Most 7's suck—give the real bands the special treatment they deserve!

Fuck democracy,

—Chris Jones/W 217 Spokane Falls Blvd.
#1105/Spokane, WA 99201

P.S. Most of the 'zines you reviewed suck!
ANARCHISTS ARE THE BEST!

HeartattaCk,



I was raised in Flatbush, Brooklyn... an area of the city thought of or known as "bad." Spending most of my time in Manhattan, having to take subways and busses to get myself around, to and from (I don't drive; growing up in the city, I never needed cars), I have dealt with an unfair amount of sexual harassment on the streets. Traditional screams of "Hey baby" and "Nice tits" are small change and I've had to accept them as commonplace. At least they're not chasing me into a dark alley to kill me. The worst I've dealt with was being followed home by a man who kept screaming at me to give him my money, while informing me, "I'm gonna have to follow you now..." as I tried to pick up my speed, all I could think of was that tonight's the night. I'm going to be dragged into an alley and gang fucked. I got home safely and sat in my kitchen crying over the shock and fear that had just surged through my body, when all I was doing was walking home from work.

Recently, I moved into my mom's house back in Flatbush to work and save up and figure out where I wanted to live. It was great because I could easily get to ABC No Rio every weekend to hopefully get back into regular volunteering like I used to because I care about the place. As always, I would ask someone to walk me to the subway when all was over, to get home. No, I don't need a baby-sitter, but unfortunately many men do. In the 8 years that I've been dragging my ass around with public transportation, often taking subways in shitty areas late at night, I have always subdued my fears by remembering that these streets are mine. I may be coming home from work, a show or a friend's house and that is my right—and to do so safely and hey, "free of suggestion." I have this right. However, the rides home became too much for me. Late at night the busses and subways run so infrequently that I've waited up to 2 hours for one. So every Saturday night, I'd wait for the B9 on McDonald Ave., Brooklyn and I can't tell you what a shitty area it is and how scary it is at night. Too many things would happen on that dark corner as I sat chain-smoking, watching my back, praying the bus would come now. Without fail, every single fucking night—sometimes more than once—a man would pull up and yell "Sweetie, do you need a ride?" Every night. What does that mean at 2 in the

morning in shitty Brooklyn? Statistics could tell you. I doubt they want to give me a ride in their car. I think they know better. Once a ride that I declined decided to just park his car and stare at me. Was he waiting for me to change my mind? Freaked out, I walked further into the shitty lit-like-a-darkroom area and spent \$12 I didn't have on a cab. And how safe are cabs? I once had a cab driver who randomly began telling me how beautiful I was and kept begging me to let him touch me while I sat in the back wondering if he was going to pull over to get a "Yes" out of me. So I don't feel too safe in cabs either. The circling cars—like vultures—became too much. I just couldn't go home without wondering and fearing if tonight was going to be the night. As far as the "Hey baby's" in passing are concerned—they still scare me because although I'm 22, I don't look it at all—I'm usually pegged for 16 or 17. I'm 5 feet tall, I still look like a little kid. What kind of man would say such things to someone who's obviously so much younger than him—on top of me looking much younger than I am?

"When are you gonna let me hit that white ass?" "I like those tits!" "You won't be laughing when you're gagging on my cock!" "Show me that pussy!" I remember being stuck in traffic as I noticed a man staring at me at the light, rubbing his dick and darting his tongue back and forth at me. And that's only the streets. I've been violated at work and at shows (the quotes were direct cat calls, not N.W.A. lyrics!). "Now I'm gonna have to follow you." I know these comments and gestures have not been made to turn me on. They've been made to frighten and threaten me. They have been made in the hopes of taking something from me, be it my body, my confidence, my sexuality, dignity, maybe my life, you dig your own grave.

And now I'm gonna have to follow you. How much can I ignore? Of course I never stop. I have to keep walking and play dead. How much do I have to take or have taken from me in order to just get home safely? I became paralyzed by the fear and decided to stop going out to the city and to move to a little town in NJ, where although I feel a fuck of a lot safer, when I sleep alone in my apartment, I'm still paralyzed by the fear of a break-in. I choose—when I sleep alone—to keep a saw and billy club next to my bed. Just in case.

However, before I chose to move to escape the city, I thought a lot about getting a gun. I wanted a nice little hand gun to carry with me for my late night rides home alone. That way when the man keeps driving around waiting for me who cat calls, I can take out my weapon of choice and ask him politely to please repeat himself. I'd like to believe that he would decide I'm a crazy bitch and leave me alone. But what if he pursued me still? I would warn him to step back and if he continued to approach me, I would shoot him. I'd think nothing of it because I deserve to get home safely. I said no the first time and asked you to leave me be. Test me if you don't think I'm serious. He shows me no respect, why should I care for his well being? I would go as far as to say that in my fantasy world, I would not shoot to disarm but to kill. One less rapist in training who I'd think wouldn't be on the prowl for another woman the next night or hopefully ever. I'd be doing a service and protecting other women. Who's to say the "me" here couldn't be my 13 year old sister next? This is what she has to inherit on her Brooklyn streets, if she isn't dealing with it already. I once caught a teenager "checking her out"—staring her up and down—many years ago when she was little. I exploded and screamed at him that if he continued to do so, I would kill him. I wouldn't mind.

So I wanted to carry a gun. Do I really want to be driven to having to actually use it to shoot another human to protect or defend myself? Unapologetically, yes, if I had to. Call me Thelma and Louise. I won't be passive at the cost of my safety or my body or my life. Why should I be? I've been ignoring and running for cover for fucking years. I'm sick of the fear and sick with it. Women are attacked and raped (and murdered) in their own homes by people they know or don't know. I can no longer take chances in the streets. The only second thought I have about shooting someone is the fact that if I am apprehended, I will not only tell the man that I was defending myself but that he deserved it. I'm not going to wait on any courts' excuse for justice.

Years ago, I heard of a rape trial where the rapist was acquitted after it was discovered that his victim wasn't wearing underwear. Screw your courts.

This is why I chose to move—to try to restore my sanity. Am I too extreme or maybe irrational for advocating violence and even murder? For me, this is a fraction of what it's like being a woman. I could say to men—to help them understand—try slipping into my shoes for a night. But that's too easy. This has been my struggle every night for too many years. It would be too easy to dream you into my shoes for one night in Brooklyn. It's every day and every night.

This is in direct response to the letters from Mike Walsh and Sean Fenly in HaC #18, who wrote to laugh at the long overdue column provided by Kirst in #17, who seem to be convinced that the sexism and prejudice we little women suffer in their precious scenes is all in our heads. Our anger is misdirected and blown way out of proportion. We just whine about this equality bullshit.

The Brooklyn streets are not in my head. Neither is this: A man following me into a walk-in refrigerator at work as I retrieved supplies, closing the door and approaching me from behind where he placed his hands on my hips and waist—to do what, say hello? Later a manager suggested I shouldn't wear such short skirts to work. Leaning against a wall to allow a man to pass by me in a hallway at ABC, only to have him press his body against mine (against the wall), while smiling and looking me straight in the eyes. I informed some volunteers of him and that I wanted him thrown out on his ass if he touched me or any other woman again—they thought I was joking and laughed at me. A man reaching to grab my breasts from behind as I sat at a bar minding my business. My roommate's breasts being grabbed at a Crudos show by someone "mashing." Being felt up from behind by a man at a Sleater Kinney show (of all fucking bands!). My friend having her ass squeezed as Fugazi rolled through "Suggestion." Two former friends (and self-proclaimed feminists) talking shit about the "sexy" way that I dress, saying that I do so because I have "no self-esteem." During a debate over abortion rights, the man who I was arguing with (who was anti-abortion) yelled at me, "Shut up—you're Kathleen Hanna." Last month a penpal of mine had to fight off a "friend" who knocked her on the floor and tried to rape her. I could go on and on while you come up with more weak cop-outs, defenses and excuses. Funny, most of these incidents occurred at your hardcore shows with all of your pro-woman, pro-equality propaganda speak. Keep talking.

Your wife beating bullshit does exist, and I'm sick of women like Kirst, myself and legions more being told to calm down or shut up by men wearing blinders. The anger comes from my Brooklyn streets. It exists everywhere and putting your bullshit band-aids on what needs stitches will not be accepted anymore. Stop ignoring what you don't know and can't deal with.

Crazy Kathleen Hanna women like me are constantly being brushed aside and told to stop taking everything so damn seriously. I insist that my bullshit detector is sounding off like mad. I insist that the last shot will be fired only when the last man on earth learns that he cannot treat women in the ways that I've described here. If you want crazy women like Kirst and myself to stop screaming over our equality bullshit, it's up to you to free the rapist in training in your head. Our worlds (male and female) are so different and we all need to be more understanding of that. It's not in my pretty head. While I understand that Kirst was not speaking of the harassment and violations I speak of here, these have been my experiences that helped me to relate to and feel liberated by her column.

I'd love to see more columns by Kirst and other women. It astounds me that out of 10 or so regular columns, only one is done by a woman. Why is that? I think more female writers would inspire so many more women to come out of their shells and to make whatever the fuck you call contributions. Being in a band is nice if you're into playing more cliché music, but writing is such a powerful form of expression and 'zines have the potential to encourage incredible communication and personal revolution.

So I'm writing to ask how one qualifies for the position of columnist in *HeartattaCk*. You need more women like Kirst. I provide you with this ridiculously long letter and my 'zine as a resume. I ask also because I think your 'zine gives more of a shit about what I'm giving a shit about here than MRR and the like. All I wanted to do was send my 'zine in for review as I always do, but those 2 letters just messed up my

fucking hair. I speak only for myself in rejecting the male suggestion of starting my own all girl band to express these ideals to combat theirs and the Brooklyn streets and so on. What bullshit. Great and inspirational idea (I don't think too many records can top Crass' *Penis Envy* or the bulk of X-Ray Spex, Spitboy, Bikini Kill and so on) but I don't need a guitar to earn some respect. Simple words are so much more powerful. I just want to speak and work things out.

I donate this letter but don't see how it could possibly fit in your tiny letters column, so maybe this could be considered some sort of article (heck, I'd like to print it in my 'zine); either way, it's my contribution in response to the closet female-phobics lurking everywhere.

I know it's a hoot but I'm ending with a totally random quote that I actually want to scream at some of the schlong swingers I've pointed the finger at here: "Get your dick out of my food—food is to eat, not to sauté your meat!" Blame it on Men's Recovery Project. Fuck you.

Fuck half baked women haters,
—Jen Hate/14 Easton Ave. #207/New Brunswick, NJ 08901

Hi *HeartattaCk*,



I'm writing this letter to react about the sex issue. I found it very interesting but it also showed once again that most people have big problems with sex (and so do I probably) and often are hypocritical about it. Every contributor started with saying "sex is a good thing" but many of them (especially in the monogamy vs. non-monogamy part) ended saying (in a more or less implicit way) "sex is wrong, dirty, etc." This hypocrisy gets on my nerves (but at the same time I understand that people have difficulties to get rid of old moral values and sexual repression).

Explanation: for example, Jonathan Lee said that it is hard to resist temptation when an attractive person kisses you and that "you have to stop and think about what you truly want, inevitably being honest with yourself and then your partner." Here, the hypocrisy is obvious: what Jonathan truly wants is to kiss that attractive person back but he doesn't do it, so he's not true to himself. Then if he was honest to his partner he would have kissed that attractive person and tell it to his partner, but he prefers make his partner believe that s/he is the only one who attracts him. Anyway Jonathan, you can do whatever you want with your life but I don't understand why you and others tend to frustrate yourself by avoiding such attractions.

I suppose it is because most people still think monogamy is the best way to achieve totally fulfilling relationships. I don't know if it's the best way, but I know it's the easiest way: everyone expects you to do that and education almost always leads to have monogamous relationships.

Something offended me in "monogamy vs. non-monogamy": some who chose monogamy (and they are right if they think it is what's best for them) seem to be very scornful towards non-monogamists. At least, they don't take it seriously. They seem to think that non-monogamous relationships involve irresponsible people who will have to make sacrifices (what sacrifices are they talking about? I think it takes more sacrifice when you prevent yourself from doing pleasant things with consenting people) and don't care about people they have relations with and always only care about sexual pleasure. I think you can act as stupidly in non-monogamy as much as in monogamy. And I think you need to be very responsible to be a non-monogamist: you have to honestly take your and your partners' wishes into account in order to make the situation as happy as possible. For me the notion of non-monogamy is quite simple: I have relationships with whoever I want to have relationship with and who wants it too, and expect my partners to do so if they wish. That's simple, but at the same time it is hard to achieve as more than two persons are involved. So what? Many people have several friends they love, several members of family they love, several bands they love, etc. And they never wonder: shouldn't I have only one friend? Shouldn't I only love my mother? Shouldn't I only love the Beatles? In these examples, the idea of giving love only to one person seems very senseless. So I don't understand why some people force themselves to love only one lover when they have the opportunity and the desire to love others.

I guess the answer is: sex. Let's sum up: it's

not good to have sex with several people. It's quite simplistic but it's what appeared in these columns when some contributors say or infer that having sex just for the pleasure of having sex is wrong. One can have sex with someone s/he doesn't know (not even the name) or with an old close friend. These experiences are certainly different but can both be so great. As long as it is between consenting and respectful people, why do most people still not accept the fulfilling possibility of sex for the sake of sex? I understand that some need to be very close to the people they have sex with, but why denigrate those who don't necessarily always need it or think they are "less serious"?

Another hypocrisy this time found among non-monogamists: some talk about their primary partner. I don't understand. Is it like "this partner was here first so s/he is the one who will remain the most important." It looks a lot like monogamy to me: THE partner has a privileged place and other partners are affairs we have BESIDES the primary relationship and they don't last as much as THE big story with THE partner.

I don't know, I don't want to judge anyone who wrote in *HeartattaCk*, just point out that some of them are not very true with themselves, I think. Anyway, who am I to talk about sex and (non-)monogamy? I don't have so much experience. I've experienced sex with strangers and with people who are dear friends. Both can be wonderful or horrible. I've experienced monogamy (because I used to think it was the right way); it has never been very successful because I (and sometimes my partners) was jealous and possessive and because I repressed my own desires because of this stupid fidelity I believed in. Since I gave up monogamy as a principle, I have felt much better with myself because I really follow my feelings, sensations, desires, and, as far as it is possible, never repress them. And I am happy if my partners want to do the same, all I ask them is to be sincere with me and with themselves (that is: not repress themselves).

That is what freedom is all about: if you want to do something with one or more people who want the same thing, then just go for it. I don't see any reason why you wouldn't. Expect that senseless jealousy. Take your responsibilities, don't live for others. The simple fact that you exist makes you worthwhile, you don't need to faithfully worship or be worshipped to prove there is love. I think you can't be a real independent individual if you live through others. To me non-monogamy could be compared to (and included in) anarchism: they may be the hardest things to achieve but they are certainly what's best for individuals freedom and blooming. Well, that's how I see it. I sincerely hope that people are happy with their monogamy or non-monogamy, I suppose there is no need to oppose these two ways and start a war (I hope my words didn't make you think that's what I wanted). Just understand oneself and each other.

Thanks to Mike Antipathy for his clever and realist column.

I hope my English is good enough to be readable.

I take advantage of this letter, if it is published, to ask for contributions for a 'zine about masturbation I do with my brother. Anyone wants to write something on the subject is very welcome.

Send contributions to:
Séverine Rambaud/61 Route de Niort/85420 Oulmes/
France before 1999. Thank you.

Dear *HeartattaCk* and readers,



I need some advice and have nowhere to turn, so I was hoping someone out there would have some advice for me.

First, let me give you a little background on myself. I'm 22 and have been into hardcore since 13. From the age of 13 to 18 I was in an abusive relationship. I have since moved away and am starting to get over the pain. I still find it hard to trust people and have had a hard time making friends here. But last year I met a guy and we fell in love. Everything seemed great for a while. Our first violent argument made me want to run the other way. I made threats and he promised it would never happen again.

Last night for about the fourth time, he got violent with me. He ultimately threw me against the wall.

I said I wanted out of the relationship, but we talked things out, again.

Am I crazy? I've never felt such a connection with anyone like I do with him. I would like to spend my life with him, but not my life getting "roughed up." Any other time he is great—we are best of friends, but his violent streak is really scaring me.

So I'd like to hear from anyone out there that has something to say about this. I am so embarrassed I can't tell anyone I know. I know they would tell me to leave him, but I just think he needs help.

—Somebody in TX

HeartattaCk,



Whap!

After countless days of witnessing similar events, it all came down in a tumultuous crescendo with that one brutal sound.

I was assisting some customers at the arts and crafts store I work at. A customer and I were discussing an item she had some questions about. As I was talking, my wandering eye noticed some small children playing with some paintbrushes they had found, as you may expect small children to do. Meanwhile, I was still talking to the customer. I was interrupted, or rather, I interrupted myself in mid-sentence as I heard it.

Whap!

Thinking someone had knocked over a display or something similar, I stopped talking momentarily and looked over in the direction I heard the sound to see what the commotion was.

Paint this picture in tears: one of the small children who had formerly been playing in her carefree, pastel colored world, full of blue skies and fluffy clouds, was suddenly brought back into another world, one that was stressful, a harsh existence, characterized by ugly black horizons and threatening thunderclouds. Her father had hit her on the head and was palming her tiny cranium with his veined hand in the way that a bird of prey holds a hapless field mouse in its sharp claw.

He started to yell at her, and to be honest, I don't remember the exact words spoken, but it was clear that her actions didn't meet the approval of the gray-haired man that was clutching her. His voice got louder and louder, his eyes flashing with hate, as his fist held tighter and tighter. He actually began to shake, seeming almost as if he were getting some type of wanton pleasure out of it, climaxing with the burning words "Do it again and you'll be dead."

All the little girl could do was stand there wide-eyed; she couldn't have been more than four years old.

I saw it all. For a brief second, a savage thought ran through my head, that I just wanted him dead, that I would like to grab his throat and grip it as tightly as he had grabbed this child. A second later, sense returned, overwhelmingly convincing the former notion that violence to solve violence is not only hypocritical but stupid and ineffective as well. It just floored me that this could happen. Of course, I know full and well that it is possible, and unfortunately happens every day, but I hadn't seen the behavior exhibited that strongly, that close.

My parents were never like that. I was lucky, I was never hit. The most dreaded thing I could expect as a child was the loud thunder clap my father could do with his hands. That's it. That's not to say I wasn't disciplined from time to time, I had my talking to's and time out's, but was never physically harmed. My parents aren't perfect people, and my childhood was a bit short of perfection as well, but at least I never had to worry about violence.

What kind of person will this little kid become? Will she rise above or fall face first into the grimy sickness her father displays? Will she treat her children different than she was? Or will it be beaten into her that a child must be raised by fist?

And I just stood there, paralyzed. The adrenaline had already taken its course, and after settling in vain into my limbs, tired could be added to the list of feelings pushing to be noticed.

And I didn't do anything. The best I could do was loudly clear my throat, and as he looked up at me sheepishly, I just gave him a look that I hoped could at least express a portion of my disgust and contempt for him. He just looked at me stupidly, and at best, I may have caused him to feel at least a bit embarrassed. But that won't stop him.

Now, I know I'm young, arguably a child

myself. And I also realize that there may be a good chance you are, too. I don't have any kids, and though I can never rule out all possibility, I doubt that my own children will become an aspect of my existence for quite a while, if ever it does. And maybe the same is true for you. I also realize that it's naive for me to expect that something I may write will stay with you, and be a permanent image in your mind, a mental photo of a mistake to always avoid, but all I can do is try: Please don't beat your kids.

A child never deserves to be hit, so please, never do so. Please try to build a relationship with your child that is built on verbal communication and mutual respect, as one built on violence can only cause pain.

I realize that someone with children may see this differently, and that's expected. Being a parent often changes your perspective on things, or so I'm told. But always remember the perspective of the child. It's possible you may be reading this and think, "Who is this person, someone with no children of their own, and who are they to tell anyone how to raise kids?" Well, you're right, I don't have kids. But I am a kid, and I know of at least one person who was raised violence-free: myself. I have the perspective of a child. Though I may be on the further end of childhood than my unfortunate peer described above, I'm there to a point, and can still see things from a kid's point of view. And I see violence in child rearing as wrong. From the eyes of someone who's there.

—Tim

HeartattaCk,



Anyone who has *HeartattaCk* #18, and #19 and gives the slightest shit about anthropology and evolution will know I am talking about the letters of Kevin Morriss and Mike Schultz. First of all the classification that Mike Schultz was looking for in his letter was *homonid* skeleton, not *humanoid*. *Homonid* being the family of primates which include humans today and the direct ancestors of humans. I also really doubt you will be able to see the things I am about to discuss in the Smithsonian Institute, but I may be wrong, so I digress...

OK, Kevin Morriss you say there is no missing link between humans and primates... well, there is. It was discovered by Donald Johanson in 1974. The name of this was *Australopithecus afarensis*. *A. afarensis* has a small skull about 440 cc's, the skull resembles a modern chimpanzee, however below the neck the anatomy of the spine, hips, pelvis, thighs, and feet show that it was a fully bipedal creature, meaning it walked on 2 feet, so there is the missing link. A great ape that walked upright. Next you say "there is a problem with transitional phases; no one has ever found one"—inferring that no one has ever found a fossil of anything between *hominoid* (the super family including great apes, lesser apes and humans) and *homo sapien-sapien* (people nowadays). There are several forms of transitional phases in human evolution. The second after *Australopithecus* is *homo habilis*. Found in several East African sites such as Ethiopia and Kenya, *homo habilis* had a brain about 640 cc, showing a much larger brain than *Australopithecus*. *Homo habilis* fossils date from 2.2 million to 1.6 million years ago making it a co-inhabitant with *Australopithecus*, therefore perceived to be an evolutionary perspective. Third after *homo habilis* is *homo erectus* with a brain size between 775 and 1225 cc, once again indicating a growth in brain size. The fossils of *homo erectus* date from 1.65 million to 300,000 years ago. Archaic *homo sapiens* (neanderthals) came next with a brain size ranging from 1200-2000 cc. The fossils of archaic *homo sapiens* date from 200,000-40,000 years ago. The first specimens of *homo sapien-sapien* appeared 40,000 years ago. Physically these were just like modern humans.

So there you have it: transitional phases in human evolution. It is cop-out to say that these fossils are made out of wax. That is an irrational answer to avoid having to admit one is wrong. That would be like me saying the bible was written by a great group of fiction authors (which I believe) after I saw evidence that god exists. There are fossils in museums modeled after the exact fossils found because scientists do not want to put a 5 million year old artifact in a museum.

And as far as your schpiel on how there are very little fossil records from that time period... obviously. 3 to 5.5 million years ago is a long time. Do you know how rare the conditions for bones to fossilize

are? Weather, surroundings and other such matters have to be perfect. How can you say there are very little fossils from that time period and be taken seriously. You're stating the obvious. I am in no way telling you what you should or should not believe as far as god or christianity is concerned. The purpose of this letter is to point out the oversights on your part in the research you put into your letter. I have no tolerance for people who say things similar to what you did, without having a great deal of understanding on the topic. Just because you can quote Harvard professors and famous authors does not mean that there is any substance to what your saying. Need I reiterate... THINKING FOR YOURSELF!!! And who says evolution is a less accepted theory? You have no source... do you just expect me to accept that because you quote several "intellectuals"? Also, if you ask your local non-biased anthropologist about the missing link he will reiterate what I just said, though probably a little differently because everyone interprets things differently.

And as far as your attacking christian history I will name a few more cultures christianity is responsible for destroying: Native Americans, Aztec, Maya, the Crusades, and if you want modern examples of that the installments of christian camps in Africa to feed starving people (not just food), the installments of missionaries in South America to teach the Yanomamo people (who are being wiped off their land by gold miners) how to become unsavage and adapt to the every day white world. Now in literal terms they may not be killing the people but they are killing their culture by doing this—they are wiping the natives' beliefs out.

So this behavior is still prevalent, not in such extreme cases as hundreds of years ago, but more subtle. Which is just as bad. So your reference to the founding fathers of christianity should stretch to the founding fathers of christianity as well as today's missionaries and church leaders.

Now I am not saying every christian is at fault but when you subscribe to a religion that has leaders such as these you are saying "yes, I support their behavior." The same would be true if I was to say I support nazis but I think Hitler was a jackass. Would it not?

OK, that is all I have to say on the subject but before I digress let me explain my purpose in writing this letter: there are a lot of 14 year old kids reading this and I do not want them to think that this letter written by Mr. Morriss has any substance in it that would be threatening to evolution theories. They are merely unsubstantiated quotes from people who want to believe in something so badly they will ignore facts. He even says it in his letter, "I would rather have meaning and purpose." Well, what good is life if you subscribe to these beliefs that make life worthless, that take away a system of rewards when one dies. These are scary things for people to grasp sometimes. Dan Temple; ballzx@aol.com

Dear HaC readers,



I live in the Washington DC area and I run a label and distro, book shows (sometimes), and play in a hardcore band. You know, the usual punk rock stuff. I wanted to address my feelings on the state of DIY hardcore and respond to some of Felix Von Havoc's comments (from issue #19 of *HeartattaCk*).

I disagree with Felix's comment that "DC has not had a hardcore band worth a shit since 1984." Since I have been attending shows more regularly (1995) I have seen quite a few bands from the DC area (which includes parts of Maryland and Northern Virginia) that I definitely thought were worth more than a shit. Chances are that you may never have heard of bands like The Plumblossom Fist (RIP), De Nada, Bubble Jug (RIP), Kwisatz Haderach (RIP), Crispus Attucks, Amalgamation, etc., etc. Maybe you might have heard of Anasarca. They toured extensively and played fests. None of the other bands I mentioned have really. Some have released records, but none have toured the entire country at this point.

Does this mean these bands were/are not worth a shit? Of course not. Seeing these bands play are some of the memories that I will carry with me always. They were worth a shit to me. Maybe not to the masses of hardcore kids, who are mainly concerned with the big ads in popular fanzine A or whatever made someone's top ten in this 'zine or another one.

But I know myself that I would by twenty to

one rather go see Prisoner Of Conscience, or De Nada, or any of the other smaller DIY hardcore bands in the area than I would go see any band that has been interviewed in this fanzine. Not that those bands aren't good, but my personal priorities lie with supporting the artists who are in this scene. That's just me. I'm not going on some big crusade to make people "support the scene." A lot of people in DC don't care. They only go see their friends bands play and things like that. It's their life, they can do what they want. Felix said DC could have a world class hardcore scene. When the other kids and bands in DC decide they want to have a world class hardcore scene (whatever that is), they will make it happen. In the meantime, I'm only one person, and running around with the posi let's all be together and have the awesome scene flag gets really tiring really fast.

Which brings me to another point, the hardcore community's relation with the Dischord scene. Frankly, I don't care. I really don't care if the people in that community are interested in any aspect of the hardcore scene. That's their life, and their business. They aren't any better or any worse people for not being interested. The decisions that they made 13 years ago happened. It does provide us with a lesson. Felix is right, we should do something about violence in the scene. We should do something about all forms of abuse in the scene, whether they be based on race, sex, class, or whatever. But of course it's easier for people to run away. And if they aren't organized to do anything in the first place, then... My point is that I'm interested in the people who do care about DIY in this area and expressing themselves in a positive manner. I don't care what anyone else does as long as they aren't hurting people.

To finish with the DC section of this rant: for a lot of the hardcore/punk world, DC=Dischord, with the exception of all the bands that Ken Olden was/is in (Worlds Collide, Battery, Damnation, Better Than A Thousand). I am in a small position to make another impression on people (as a person who runs a record label that puts out records of bands from the area). And there are other people starting to do labels around here as well. Hopefully over time, more people will become aware of some of the other bands and projects that have come from this area.

I do feel that we need to bring this DIY issue back to the forefront to some degree. It is important. DIY is one of the things that makes punk unique. This system of distribution, this ethic of pricing, is fairly unique to our form of music. It is fun and rewarding to express yourself through music, 'zines, and other projects. We need to reach people, especially the younger kids just coming into punk, and show them what this is about.

It is a bit sad to see this corporate facade put forth by some of the bigger labels and distros. I don't understand it and I find it weird. I will admit that I am not in their shoes. I know they work hard at what they do. I also work hard at what I do. But hardcore/punk is supposed to be passionate, it is supposed to be powerful. It is supposed to be a lot more than just music. I feel that many labels are forgetting this nowadays.

I hate to sound like an ass kisser, but I think one of the best (but not the only) examples of what DIY hardcore is about are on labels like Stonehenge, Le Brun Le Roux, Independence Day, etc. They put out records by good bands with a lot of power and passion. There is a feeling of real humanity in the record, not just a glossy image. A lot of this also has to do with bands putting in an effort to express themselves, and take themselves to the next level. These labels and the bands on them are my inspiration.

Lastly, I want to say that Carlton told the absolute truth in his letter in HtA #19. I reflected on the way that I have behaved in the past and the way that I have been treated by other African people in the punk scene and I realized that I had to really begin to make a change. Personally, I'm tired of feeling isolated in this scene. And I know that my skin has a part in that. I'm tired of being ignored (most of the time) when I try to talk about the privileges that white punks have and how it makes me feel. I'm tired of feeling stuck between all these different cultures and ideas and not knowing where my support is. And I'm sick of not having a feeling of

solidarity, friendship, and love with other punks of color. Really, this shit has to stop. We have to stop acting like we don't exist. That's no way to treat another human being who might become your best friend and ally.

Take care, and stay true to yourself. I turned 21 today, and no I didn't break the edge. If I owe you some kind of correspondence, please drop me a note and remind me. I humbly apologize, but your communication is definitely appreciated! I am not going to plug any of my projects/releases because that's not my style, but I do want to say thank you to everyone I met on the Amalgamation/Marble tour and it would be cool if you wrote and sent pictures and stuff like that.

Love, Forbes/Ricecontrol/Amalgamation.
PO Box 3489 Silver Spring, MD 20918.

P.S. Suffocation released *Effigy Of The Forgotten* at least 7 years ago and I still listen to that CD. Now that's good death metal.

HeartattaCk,



Hate groups are all over America, and hate crimes are rising fast. The problem keeps getting bigger, so were not winning the fight against racism which makes me think maybe the strategy that is used against racism now is wrong, at least the strategy the mainstream media displays. The mainstream exhibit of racism/bigotry is very important to whoever is serious about minimizing racism. That's because racism is a huge mainstream problem and must be fought in the mainstream for any transition to occur. Hardcore and punk rock aren't going to be able to take this out alone, and it's not going to be won in the underground (everyone realizes that I hope).

Very often I see stories on the news where the Klan or a Neo-Nazi group is holding a public rally, and everything I watch I see the same thing—a few racists holding the rally and then hundreds of angry protesters committing violent acts towards the hate mongers. This is supposed to end racism, huh? Beating them till they give up? Well it's not working, the Klan is very obdurate with their ideas and I know they're not going to give up their views when they're forced out. I know it's all fun to get psyched out and pissed off. We all hate the Klan and feel like we have justified for all the people they made suffer but I think it's time to be serious and change are fight. I hate the Klan and the Nazis as much as everyone else but we need a revolution. What is happening now is just making the problem bigger, making the Klan/Nazis more angry and giving them more ambition to do bad things. It's also building Nazi sympathy, because this is what is seen in the media. That is Nazis and Klansmen being beaten, them being the victim instead of the real victims being shown. I saw some footage of a Nazi protest in Milwaukee. There was a man there that had a leather jacket with a huge swastika crossed out and the word unity written on the bottom of his jacket. He was violent—kicking some Nazi's car—while other people threw bottles and smashed the windows of their car as they sped away. I wonder if that man realizes what he wrote on the back of his jacket meant. Sometimes I think that the leaders of the Klan plan this to get sympathy. A few months ago there was a Klan rally where I live, it wasn't different then any other rally but there was only about six or so Klansmen and then hundreds of people protesting shouting things and throwing bottles. Then I was at my Grandmother's house when she started to talk about the Klan rally and how stupid it was. I agree it was stupid but I hate to admit my Grandmother was sympathizing with them.

I believe that whoever said fight fire with fire was wrong. You fight fire with water. We can't go on fighting hate with hate. We got to fight hate with love. I know it sounds cheesy, and the first thought of love and the Klan together is utterly gross, but it makes sense. The people that join hate groups are troubled men and women who haven't been accepted by their peers, so they join hate groups because the people there they can relate to and they are looked over for once in their life you could say loved. That's a basic human need that nobody else will fulfill but their hate groups. Like kids who join gangs so they have people to take

care of them. They have a lot of hate that has built up all their lives towards the world that has been mean and cruel to them. Then their hate is misdirected to those who are different than them. I think most people in hate groups are looking for direction and if that direction is not found they fall further into their inflicted and misguided beliefs beset on them or self-made and uneducated.

I saw a episode of "Rikki Lake" where young troubled bigot kids would spend a few days with the type of person they proclaimed they hated. The first kid on the show was sorta a dork who said he hated all black people; he was quiet and didn't have any good reasons why he hated black people. He fit the description of the typical future Klan kid. He did agree to spend a week or so with a black family. The boy in the family that was the angry boys age was very nice and inviting to him. Then they showed clips of how their week went together, they got along really well and became friends. When they came back on the show his opinion of black people totally changed. The other one I can remember was a girl who proclaimed she hated gays. She spent some time with a gay woman who, like the black boy, was very nice and inviting to her. The same thing happened at the end, the young girl had totally changed her opinion about Homosexuals. The only kid that it didn't work with was a self-proclaimed Skinhead Nazi boy who was supposed to spend time with a Jewish family. He didn't change his views because he and the Jewish family didn't spend time together because they were afraid for their safety. I don't know what would of happened if they did spend time together but the other cases turned out positive.

So am I saying we should all invite skinheads into our homes and communicate ideas and views with them? No, not entirely. I like the idea of exchanging thoughts with them but that's easier said then done. If I were going to attempt this I would be nice and inviting and I wouldn't shove my opinions down his/hers throat, like the people on "Rikki Lake." If you have a conversation with somebody and they reveal they are racists or bigots don't be reasonable and don't inflict your opinions on them, you have to make a friendly relationship for anybody to listen to you. And for Hate rallies I think the best idea is to just not go. Everyone there is just protesting anyway, so if nobody goes who will they be preaching to? Who will they be marching for? And if nobody is there nobody can make them angrier by hurting them physically and mentally their ambition won't grow. What kind of Klan would there be without troubled angry people as members. We wouldn't have large hate groups if more people were accepted in society and not accepted in only hate groups. I know that everyone in America being accepted by their peers is a pipe dream but we have to look at the roots of these people's problems. I'm not saying let's be nice to everyone in the world because I'm not going to be nice to every person I meet, but we can't push the slipping any further away. There will always be racism and hate groups in America no matter how hard and long we battle them. We can try to minimize though.

Before I end this letter I'm going to admit I haven't practiced any of what I just written, except for not going to hate group rallies; I don't go to those. I have talked to racist homophobic kids about the issue but I was kind of a jerk about it and it didn't work very good. But before you criticize me I want to say this is my effort to end/minimize racism, to spread the word of what I strongly believe what is right. So if you have something to say that is negative, fuck you. Unless you have made a great impact against racism you have no right to talk. And if you agree with me spread the word. Let's do something that will really stop racism. Correspondence and exchange of ideas is welcomed. Criticism too maybe, if you think I'm drastically wrong.

—Steven Golembiewski/2414 Diamond Ct./
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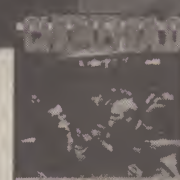
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“AT this moment of change, in these last days of the tortured twentieth century, no one’s naive enough to expect the joyful moments to stay forever. So it is important that we grab them and celebrate them for as long as they last. Even if it’s the length of a single song.” —Bill Flanagan

“See ya later...” “Call me sometime...” Does one ever really think that a simple goodbye will be an actual farewell? Or that a warm hug at the end of an evening will be the last sensation of a loved one’s touch to hang on to? Most of us do not worry that these actions will be the final end. But sometimes it is, and how cruel it all seems when one comes to this realization. The past year of my life has been really difficult. I have been touched by death in two horrible ways, and it has made me aware of my own mortality.

It all started two years ago. I was watching a re-release of *Vertigo*, and the film raised a sense of fear and awareness in me that one day I really am going to die. Certainly this is a known fact, and it should not have struck me in the manner that it did. Perhaps I just never truly thought about the real nature of death.

I had never had anyone super close to me pass on. Or maybe it was that I always think of others who will die often sooner than most: smokers, risk takers, people with terminally ill diseases, etc... Since I was a recent college graduate and my life-long routine had drastically changed, I was beginning to see life for what it really was. We live our lives to the best we can, some trying to make larger affects on their surroundings than others, and then we close our eyes never to be heard from again. Perhaps since I had nothing immediate to look forward to in life, I began to think about the future. Death. What an uneventful way for life’s journey to end. Yet it happens to us all, so that we can make room for those to follow. No matter how wonderful or evil we may be in our lives, we all ultimately end up the same way... dead.

Last July, I learned that my friend, Barrett Holman, was killed during a cycling competition in Santa Barbara. I was shocked to hear the news, knowing that he was a dedicated cyclist and had had many more seemingly serious crashes before. But this one was it. How weird to think that only six days earlier I saw him bike by on campus as part of his daily exercise routine. We said our hellos and I watched him bike away, admiring his dedication and passion for the sport. I did not know Barrett well. I was just starting to get to know this amazing man. I mourned for what might have been. The funeral was hard to take. It is never easy to understand why someone so young can be gone from this earth so soon. I said goodbye to Barrett as I threw a flower into the Pacific Ocean. I walked away hoping that this would be the last funeral for a long time.

In the middle of January, I received a phone call from a friend in Los Angeles. I could sense something was wrong by the tone of his voice. The next thing I learned was that my friend, Patrick Perez, had been found dead in Van Nuys, California. My friend had learned of it while reading through the *Los Angeles Times*, commenting that it was the worst way to learn of a friend’s death. Patrick was another LA statistic. The same old story you hear on the news every night, and the same violent way you see people killed on television and in the movies. A brutal and senseless death. He was killed for his wallet, gunned down at close range, and left to die by a marble and tile warehouse in the valley.

Why should I have been surprised? You see it on the nightly news growing up in big cities. Sarcastically you might say, “Oh wow, yet another 10 people killed today. What else is on the news?” But never, in your wildest dreams, do you actually think it will be someone you know. It is so easy to be desensitized to it all, but when it hits home, you start to realize how harsh of a society we live in.

The funeral was painful. Seeing his casket at the end of the aisle and pictures of him with his warm smile, that would never be again, evoked the rawest emotions in me. I wanted so badly to have his killer(s) be there. Perhaps if they could see what anguish they caused to his family and friends, then maybe they would feel that taking a measly wallet was just not worth it. Like Barrett, Patrick and I did not know each other long.

We met at a concert in Seattle only a month earlier. We were brought together like magnets, becoming immediate friends. He was supposed to be my buddy for a long time. I could just sense that about him. It may have seemed weird to others at the funeral, that I was eulogizing about a friend I had only known for a short time. However, I learned that I knew him just as well as others that knew him longer. The funeral also

gave me the opportunity to learn more about Patrick, something I so badly wanted. Seeing the casket lowered in the ground was one of the most difficult moments I have ever experienced. That was it, a lifeless body going back to the dirt. However, I realized that he was not in that wooden box anymore. Where he may be, I will never know, but at least I can sense that his warmth surrounds me at times.

Death can be a hard thing to grasp when you hold no religious belief that there is a happy place waiting for you with the saints and angels. I do still fear my final day, wondering if it will be peaceful or painful. I do not like knowing that one day I will not be able to embrace my loved ones anymore. But if I have found any sense of comfort out of these two untimely deaths, it is because it has helped me come to a few conclusions.

While it is unfortunate that through others passing we are reminded just how fragile life is, it helps me realize that there is no room for hatred because life is indeed so precious. I can only hope and dream that I will have led some sort of complete and meaningful life and that there will be at least two of my friends “waiting for me.” Seeing their smiles and laughter will make it all the more easy as I say goodbye to the living. So while I know we cannot always be consciously aware that every moment could be the last, perhaps acknowledging that possibility will help us strengthen our relationships with others so as to live with less regret.

THE West Philadelphia afternoon hung with the all too familiar heavy air of siesta time. Usually, I find it easy to yawn and stretch, then curl up on the kitchen floor in front of the refrigerator to take a nap. This time was no exception. I made a mental note that I should mop the linoleum tiles because they were slightly covered with sticky grime, dust, and schmutz. Regardless, I was determined to nap in the wake of the soft warm breeze at the foot of the fridge, and so I drifted off into half sleep.

No sooner than I had fallen into a soft slumber, the phone rang. My head poked up, and a growl could be heard from the deep pit of my throat as I gazed at Alec Bells’ bastard invention. I grabbed the receiver mid-second ring.

“Hello?” I groggily pondered.

The voice poked at me, “Hey Scott. It’s Jim. I need your help!”

Before I had a chance to offer assistance he belted into a tirade that was more a sales pitch than a question; but I was already hooked. He knew too well that I could not refuse his Lamphrey-Eel demeanor, especially when it came to this particular project as he was about to offer.

Before I tell you, the reader, what was offered, I will give you a little background.

In a recent streak of bad luck and unexpected karmic return, my faithful and fearless (yet full of folly) friend, Jim Ride, had been arrested a week before at a downtown chain bookstore. This had been his second time in the same week being arrested. The other time he was taken in erroneously while playing good citizen bystander by trying to prevent another of our friends’ arrest for breathing fire in suburban New Ageish Yuppies town.

At the bookstore, he had rescued a few Chomsky primers from the shelves, then acted a little too cocky and confident when he strutted his tailfeather

through farmer Borders’ electronic gate. The store’s hired henchmen decided to ruffle his feathers by handing Jim off to the cops for a fun filled vacation weekend in the city pokey where they threw the book at him (both literally and figuratively).

Our protagonist was warned never to return to the store or he would face criminal trespass charges. This ban posed a minor headache for our young book-addicted friend, until the City Paper announced a migraine causing vexation. P.J. O’Rourke would be speaking at a book signing at the store, and for some inexplicable reason O’Rourke, the ultra-conservative-once-radical humorist, is one of Jim’s favorite writers. Go figure.

So, that is why Jim was on the phone asking me for a favor. He wanted to see P.J. O’Rourke speak and desperately needed a costume. Immediately I envisioned the 2 of us dressed in gorilla costumes going into the bookstore, hanging from the rafters, beating our chests, while thwarting security with a volley of banana peels. Jim brought me back to earth because he knew what I was thinking and said, “I mean a real costume, like a mustache, and fancy clothing.” I could imagine the fancy clothes working because West Philly has turned our suburban-Abington boy into a crusty cocktail of soot and grime, complete with an Oliver Twist. The mustache part I found a little hard to envision because he has such a baby face... but, what the heck? Let’s give it a try.

An hour later the two of us were in my bathroom with Jim’s freshly clipped tufts of hair bunched up on the floor, and rubber cement being applied to his upper lip. I carefully placed the hairs in the shallow pool of adhesive under his nose then stepped back when I was finished. Chuckles bubbled and laughter erupted. Jim looked ridiculous and the two of us knew it. We agreed to scrap this idea and go straight to plan B.

The next day, we showed up unfashionably and uncharacteristically early, an hour before the author’s appearance in the store. I had initially gone in to scope out the scene wearing coveralls, clipboard, and a cap. I asked for a hand truck at the front counter. I took the noisy, two-wheeled pushcart to the narrow alleyway behind the store where a long and gangly Jim had selected a box that he could squeeze into. We cut subtle breathing/vision holes big enough for a hand to fit through, and a gaping space for Jim’s feet. While taping the box up, we devised our plans to get in and out. It occurred to us that anything could go wrong because this outing was very odd, so just in case, we drafted an emergency escape plan. But, regardless of our planning, something had to go wrong... or right.

I rolled a scrunched up, yogic positioned, 1600 SAT scoring, boxed ‘zine writer into the bookstore. We went into the service elevator to the 2nd floor where a room filled with middle-aged businesspeople and spinsters perpetuated a soft church-like murmur. The humorist emerged to a room soaked with applause, then proceeded to talk about the Clinton/Lewinsky debacle. “Gee, how original,” I thought.

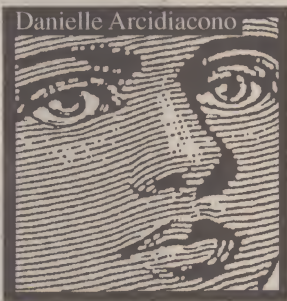
We listened to P.J. speak for a little while, and the book signing reception followed. Finally after waiting for a good 15 minutes we came up to Mr. O’Rourke. I said, “I have someone in here who would like to meet you.” He looked at me blankly, then at the hand that emerged from the box.

Jim shook his hand and gave him a collection of copies of his ‘zine, *RIDE ON!* P.J. was a bit startled, and the people standing around started to laugh. Jim said to O’Rourke after a little snippy critique of his speech, “Hey, I am now what you once were” (regarding radical politics). I said “He used to be a cardboard box?” The author then smiled and quipped, “You’ll learn.” in a really snotty manner topped with a wink.

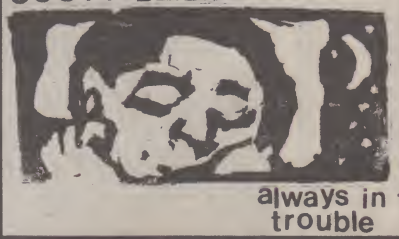
I really liked the fact that regardless of his politics, Jim is able to put aside his leanings and appreciate O’Rourke stylistically... so that we were all able to sit at the same table and have a laugh. At this point it didn’t take much effort to coax an interview from the author... so e-mail addresses were exchanged.

Everyone had a grand old time except for a marble-skinned older lady who castigated Jim and I for behaving in a very inappropriate manner. She said that the two of us should grow up. We just smiled at her and didn’t respond until she walked away.

A few minutes later we left and waited for



SCOTT BEIBIN



always in trouble

the elevator. Staring around, I saw the same older lady in the distance tugging along a security guard and pointing me out. I say to Jim, "Hey, a rent-a-cop is coming." Jim looked out through the hole and said, "Shit, it's the guy who caught me. Let's go!" As the guard approached us, Jim poked his legs through the holes in the bottom of the box, and we started to run down the atrium stairs into a crowd of bibliophiles. So, here we were, a phony deliveryman and a box with legs running around the store. We looked absolutely ridiculous.

We split up, running in both directions to confound the guard. Jim removed the box and headed out the front door while I ran toward the bathroom in back. I removed the coveralls and cap, then stashed them behind the toilet. Casually, I walked out of the bathroom toward the cafe-bar. No sooner than I sat down, I saw the security guy looking right past, and he didn't recognize me. Yahoo! I was free. I ordered a Soy Chai tea to celebrate my victory. A couple of minutes passed and he left, until who comes up... but the old lady. She yells "Security!" really loud and points at me. I felt like I was in a scene of the movie *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* as he came running. When he grabbed my arm, he boomed, "What is your problem? Let's go! Now!" I didn't like being manhandled so I reacted with my gut instinct by taking the mocha-yuppie-creme-cake that was sitting on the counter, and mashing it in his face. I took off like a rocket! It was a scene straight out of a Vaudeville play as I bounded over chairs with a cake-encrusted-guard-monster in hot pursuit. When I got closer to the entrance I saw Jim. He was holding the fire extinguisher and started to spray foam all over the place. People were running in all directions. Jim was then throwing Teletubbies books all over. I got out the door, grabbing Jim. We ran down the street and into Rittenhouse Park. Two guards were sluggishly running after our nimble selves. Finally we saw an approaching bus on Walnut Street and bolted toward it, getting on as it started to drive away. Catching our breath, we looked out the window at the flustered guards who were still looking around for us. We looked at each other and started to laugh uncontrollably.

The bus lumbered staccato style down the road, and we headed back toward West Philadelphia, our pirate home.

Thank you and goodnight.

Scott Beibin/4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104/USA; Bloodlink@juno.com; www.redhaus.com/bloodlink/ (We're now building giant puppets. Come and join us sometime). Carissa and I have a new responsible mail order co-op (Can you believe it?). New Stuff: Pressgang *Self Destroyed 7"* / Johnny Angel *Fucked Up... But Cool Fucked Up* CD with CD-ROM video // *Screams From Inside #7* (the all girl issue) // *The Plans* V/A CD with King Missile, Spook Engine, Somnaut.

IT only really happened a few days ago. It had taken me years to prepare and I was absolutely convinced that there would be a huge crash, a lot of pain and perhaps total rejection. The timing was a little unexpected but I rolled with it. My dad and I were sitting in the kitchen and he says to me, "Last time you went to Toronto you were there for gay pride day and this time you went back you stayed with a gay friend and went to a gay campground, are you becoming gay?" *Oh no, he still convinces himself that David is my "friend."* "I don't think I'd exactly say becoming, it is more like I already am." "And you think that is a good thing? How do you think mom and I are taking this? This is so hard on us." "Dad, this isn't about you, this is about me." "Don't you realize that our friends have expectations that we have to live up to? What are they going to say when they find out you are gay. You know you have to do everything just the opposite of what society says, don't you? You are just trying to be a rebel. If you keep this up soon you are not going to have any friends left." "I'm not doing this to be a rebel, it is the way I feel and it's good." "Maybe you should go see a counselor." "What? Why should I go see a counselor?" "Maybe you could get straightened out." (insert laughter) There is nothing wrong with me and I don't even want to be straightened out. I think if YOU have a problem with this then YOU

should see a counselor."

When I saw the PFLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) contingent on pride day in Toronto tears welled in my eyes. It is so amazing and overwhelming to see parents wearing shirts that say "I love my gay son." I get all emotional because I know my parents will NEVER support me in this way. It is reassuring that there are some parents who really mean it when they offer unconditional support to their children. These wonderful people remind me of how ashamed I am of my parents. This is the support I deserve and need and will never get from my parents.

The conversation with my dad quickly turned to gardening as though this whole thing never happened. It was really quite surreal. I shouldn't really expect anything different at this point because this always happens. Every time I try to discuss anything that relates to queers my parents shut off. My mom tries to cut off the conversation and says it will only make us fight. She is too set in her ways to even listen to what I have to say. She claims that being queer is wrong and unnatural, period. There is nothing to argue. On some level both of my parents have convinced themselves that if we don't discuss things they will go away. Like if I don't press the fact that I'm queer that maybe I really will become straight after all. Or if I don't talk about it for long enough I'll forget the whole thing and remember just how straight I really am. This how they give themselves hope; "don't ask, don't tell."

The huge booming crash I was expecting ended up being more like a whisper than anything. There are hurt feelings and my parents are not dealing with it well at all, but I was expecting there to be a lot of yelling and screaming involved in the whole situation. More than anything a huge weight has been lifted off of my shoulders and I am a lot more willing to be open with them whether they like my decisions or not. My parents do not give me the respect and support I deserve EVER and this particular instance is no different. I have learned to not expect their support and I knew they wouldn't take my coming out well at all. This situation is obviously not ideal for me but it is what I have to work with. I can no longer expect their support as I once did.

Much to my surprise the actual fear of my parents reaction was greater than the positive results of coming out. This has been the case every time I come out and the incident with my parents was probably not even the scariest I can recall. I had been putting off telling them and kind of decided I wouldn't really bother hiding things any more like the fact I went to a conference in Toronto on queer issues and about my experience at pride day. I didn't tell them I marched naked in front of 750,000 people but that is a whole other story.

I remember feeling terrified at the possible consequences of coming out to people at a show when I did a spoken word piece. I was really nervous. I was sweating and shaking and to start I could barely speak. The crowd was silent and I could tell that everyone was listening to me speak, I found that reassuring. I was grateful to have the support of my friends but I wasn't sure what was going to happen. Were people going to

beat me up after the show? Was I going to be taunted? What? To my surprise I got nothing but support. All of my friends came and hugged me and people I didn't know came up to shake my hand and thank me. It felt absolutely amazing. I never would have imagined how supportive people can be. I tend to just automatically assume people are homophobic until they prove otherwise, it is kind of a defense mechanism that I have employed. It is starting to fade with experience but it is still present to a certain extent.

There are a lot of fears about coming out to people, but I honestly think there can only be more good results than anything. If we remain closeted we reinforce the false notion that being queer is a bad thing, but since being queer is actually quite fabulous we might as well share it with everyone.

When you come out to people it takes them by surprise. It shows people that you are proud of something that they often think of negatively and makes them think about their beliefs. It offers an alternate viewpoint that many people have not previously encountered. If we don't feel comfortable with the idea of coming out to strangers we should at least afford ourselves the same openness and honesty with the

people close to us that they do. We should talk about our loves and lives candidly to prove to people that there is nothing to be ashamed of.

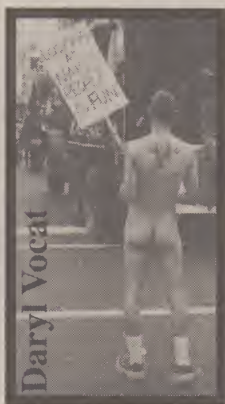
Maybe this whole time I have been really lucky but I have come out to entire classes at school, with art work at the student gallery, on the internet, at work, in the streets, at home and so on without people being able to grind me down. I have gained enough confidence in my decisions that when people react negatively it doesn't hurt. I know what is right for me. I believe that people only have as much power over you as you allow them and I am not willing to put people above me. Most people who react in disgust or fear do so because they really don't know any queers and they are only going by what society tells them; that being queer is horrible. When you act as a positive example of being queer people generally rethink things and react positively. I am not saying we should subscribe to the school of thought that says queers are just like everyone else. Too many people are so quick to say "we" are just like everyone else. When I hear that I think "we are sexist, racist, speciesist jerks, just like the rest of society." I hope you can see the reasons why we should be fighting all of those things.

When I first started to realize I was queer I never thought I'd see the day when I would hold another boy's hand in public. I never thought I would be able to tell anyone I was queer but after a while I didn't want to keep everything hidden and I couldn't wait to tell people. I often worry about the repercussions of things like holding hands or kissing in public. It may be scary at first but if nothing else you might be rather amused at some of the looks you get from people. After going ahead and doing all of these things I begin to wonder how much fear we bring on ourselves. I am not trying to say that homophobia and fear don't exist, but I think we often hold back too much for all the wrong reasons. If we allow fear to override our basic needs and desires then we allow the bigots to win; that is exactly what they want. We make it OK to be homophobic when we live in fear. I am nearly convinced that most people generally don't care if you are queer, they just want to keep on doing the things they do and being queer doesn't usually affect that.

I don't think there is really a need to come out to everyone we encounter, but visibility IS important. It would probably be kind of pointless and even pretty obnoxious to be suddenly blurring out that you are a homo to the clerk when you are buying groceries, but at the same time I don't want people assuming I'm straight. We don't need to be afraid of telling people that we went to a particular gay event or about going to visit a partner or anything of this nature. Our society has made it very difficult to do anything other than what is expected and when we challenge that publicly we make it easier, not only for ourselves but for others as well. If we are visible we can give strength to those who are not yet ready to come out. We can be positive role models to others. If we are open and honest with people we will get the same in return. Take the incident with my dad for example. He followed my lead. He never tells me about his fears or worries and then after I come out to him he starts to tell me that he is worried about what his friends will think. I don't bother to tell him that I think his friends are morons, but the incident makes a point.

On the other hand I just read a 'zine where the author mentioned how her parents kicked her out of the house when she told them she was a dyke. In any gay magazine you can find stories about people getting bashed. We can't disregard our safety but being completely closeted isn't healthy either. The bashers are the ones who have already made their minds up and no amount of talking is going to change them. They are looking for people who THEY perceive as being queer whether or not the reality of the situation matches up. This enforces gender guidelines and many misconceptions about who or what homos are and look like. Believe it or not homophobia affects everyone. We shouldn't let the acts of the "radical fringe" dictate how we live. Although homophobia is quite widespread not many are willing to act out in violence, so when I say "radical fringe" I refer to bashers and not homophobes in general.

Unfortunately not everyone can be as out as they should. We have to assess our situations and REALLY think about what is holding us back. We have to determine as best we can how people will react. At times this is an impossibility and at these times I say go for it! I have learned that people deserve a lot more credit than I often give them and that the only ones



Daryl Vocat

stopping us from being wonderful is ourselves. It is hard to put words into action but it gets easier every time. I was really apprehensive to mention my boyfriend to anyone at my last job but it turns out people didn't really care and in fact opened up quite a bit to me. This one woman started asking me all sorts of questions and couldn't really understand how I could have sex with both men and women. It was funny because at one point she actually told me that I should pick one or the other. We CAN make a difference to people, even if it is to no one but ourselves. Being honest with ourselves is a starting point and is essential if we are to be honest with anyone else. We are the ones who have to sleep at night and if we can't deal with our own decisions some work needs to be done. We are strong and powerful, we just need to acknowledge it and spread our wings. "Know your strength, face your fears." You kick ass!

Comments, questions, ideas, communication: Daryl Vocat safe23@hotmail.com or Box 22172/Regina, SK/S4S 7H4/Canada

I'VE recently come to realize, after spending 8 years in a relationship with someone whom I had absolutely nothing in common with, that I am destined to spend the rest of my years alone. What I've come to discover I want in a relationship, I don't think is realistic. I never dated with in the hardcore community, and I know this seems fucked up to some, but I learned at an early age that most girls I met and became friends with in the scene had problems far beyond anything I could comprehend... so I chose to stay away. Now I regret this. I'm a 31 year old man who takes this whole idea of DIY hardcore way too seriously; it consumes every asset of my life. What I find myself seeking is a partner to share every part of my life with. What upsets me, troubles me, and hurts me most about all this is that it took me so long to figure this out. I think I've been selfish in relationships, and not realizing that it is a partnership. Now I'm again 31 years old, and alone. Why? Because in order for me to find a woman I want to spend the rest of my life with, in most cases she's gonna be around 10 years younger than me. I feel strange about this, though maybe I shouldn't. My interests are so articulate (as my mother states), that no women in my age bracket would ever be interested in me, and vice versa. I need someone who has the same values, morals, and interests in all this shit as I do, and to be honest in the area I live it ain't gonna happen. All I can say to people out there is to never take for granted other people, and most importantly love. No one wants to be alone, do all you can to make others and yourself happy. I know this is a strange thing to talk about in these pages of *HeartattaCk*, and I feel just as strange spilling my guts all over these pages, but I feel as more of us are becoming older in this scene, these are problems a lot of us will endure. I've spoken to a few people about all this, including Kent himself, asking for advice, etc... I guess there are no easy answers and people need to figure things out for themselves. I just wish more people would stay true to this thing that we all claim to love, then maybe those of us who are older would not feel so alienated, and feel like we were to old for this shit. I guess I've gone on way too long about this and sound very emo, so I will end this column now.

For those of you that know of me, my store's doing OK, going into the 3rd year, and muttling through life. You can write me at Nate Wilson/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212 (stamps always get replies) or email me at cryptocomx@aol.com; thanx

30 May 1998

I start out with two bags, a black one for trash and a blue one for recyclables and maybe some water to drink because the sun reflects off the sand and creates quite a warm local environment. Today there is a good onshore breeze and no clouds. A short walk down the loose sand of the dune face and onto Sands Beach begins the search for scattered trash dropped by beachgoers or washed up by

the tide. There are many people on the beach though only a few are carrying bags. The mouth of Devereaux Slough, which just recently ceased flowing into the ocean, edges Sands Beach. The big winter storms scoured away a lot of sand significantly lowering the level of the beach. The slough continued to empty and fill with the rise and fall of the tides until enough sand was replaced to close off the mouth and reconnect Sands Beach with Ellwood Shores Beach. The urban creeks, which drain into the slough, will not keep up with the amount of water that will evaporate out over the summer months and by September, it will be a dry mud flat. For now there is a lot of water.

I walk along the tideline to the stretch of sand between the end of the slough and the ocean. The higher tides will wash over this area depositing larger pieces of debris, everything from tires, lobster cages and telephone poles to bottles and cans. Today there are just a few recyclable bottles and some random pieces of thick, yellow plastic probably from a large container

that has broken up while rolling against the rocks along the base of the coastal bluffs. A few more bits and pieces of varying color and size lead toward the edge of the slough which, now landlocked, is a calm watered lagoon. A narrow channel winds inland through the sand dunes of Coal Oil Point Reserve to the wide, shallow mud flats. I follow the eastern edge of the channel looking for junk washed in and dropped by the tides. There is a triangular area of beach edged by the sand dunes, the slough channel, and the human habited beach which is a nesting location for the endangered Snowy Plover, one of the small shorebirds which can be seen scurrying up and down the intertidal zone, following the surf's edge, and poking into the sand for food. The Plovers are well hidden today in small depressions made by the wind blowing sand around.

Heading away from the ocean the flat beach space narrows as the dunes close in forming a sandy bank between their base and the channel. The dune faces here are covered with vegetation, low growing vines and taller flowering radishes and mustard plants. The very high tides of winter storm swells wash driftwood of all descriptions into the slough channel. There are railroad ties, phone poles, tree branches, and large and small planks scattered and piled up along the water's edge. These piles of wood are littered with all sorts of trash washed into the ocean from streams and rivers up the coast. Most of this stuff is pieces of plastic and styrofoam. The pinks, yellows, and blues look utterly out of place making them easy to spot and collect. Stuck into the sand amongst the plants is a collection of ball point pens, cigarette lighters, plastic bags, bottle caps, electrical wire and ribbons from helium filled balloons. I am amazed by how often those things end up floating in the ocean or stuck in bushes on a hillside. The best method for collecting all this stuff is to put the bags on a flat spot and then work out a few feet in each direction picking up as much as can be carried, then dropping the stuff in the bags. Once an area appears cleaned up move a couple yards along and start again.

Occasionally large objects turn up wedged under a board, half buried in sand or laying in the open. Shoes, buckets, tennis balls, lengths of rope, spray paint cans and the very common small buoy. I reach the limit of the search by walking along the tops of two piles of driftwood. The end of the last is deep in thick vegetation and a near vertical bank edges the channel from there on. After collecting the trash within reach I notice two buoys floating along the water's edge beyond the end of the plank on which I stand. Since I am unable to reach them they achieve the status of adventure trash.

How to collect them without taking an unwanted dive into the slough is the problem at hand. The best course of action is to find a sturdy stick with a hook-like end in the piles of driftwood. That task accomplished, I discover the buoys are connected by a short piece of rope making retrieval almost too easy. The stick remains useful for collecting a large piece of blue plastic, which appears where the buoys were. Heading back toward the beach I notice many more bits and pieces of trash in the areas that seemed cleaned up after my earlier pass through. In a shallow area of the channel just along the bank a mass of styrofoam bits floats on the water. Scooping them out with a couple

sticks disturbs a few of the small silvery fish, which inhabit the salty slough waters and attract shorebirds in search of food. One of the fish jumps onto some floating branches and leaves before wriggling back into the water. The buoys have filled my trash bag to capacity and I head toward the starting point back at the beach entrance where twenty or so fellow beach cleaners have made a satisfying pile of trash.

EVERY day I notice I'm becoming more and more of a comic book nerd again. I go to school with the goal of being a cartoonist in mind—this is it! The gateway between a lifetime of childhood aspirations and the possibility of



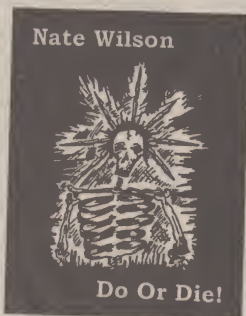
their realization. Yesss!

Up until a certain point, I could never even imagine being able to support myself from art and comics and a little ink on a page; I didn't even know I could do it at all until seventh grade when Mike, Nate Wilson, and I started hanging out and I joined in on their own creative pool. Circa 1990, comics were the benchmark of any geek's existence and we reveled in it. Those dreams of comic universes and sketchily drawn heroes were coupled hand-in-hand with the magic escape of a trampoline and the liberation of a ratty skateboard, all put to the soundtrack of Megadeth, Metallica, and Anthrax. At about age fourteen the tangibles started to click, Mike and I started our own company and began pumping out issue after issue of extremely obscure but fairly successful comics distributed by a few shops in Arkansas and a handful of friends. My life was completely dominated by comic books at that point; every spare moment not spent in school or skating was at the drawing board, laboring over some busty heroines or anatomically impossible assassins.

Seasons passed and, with them, so did this boy's priorities. Just as our comics really started to take off (relatively speaking), Mike and I discovered that we could have just as much fun playing ridiculous music along with that handful of friends who could understand our quirky, hermit-like ways, and some five and a half years ago Soophie Nun Squad was born. Over the next few years, Mike had gradually put all his cards on the musical table, and I found myself torn, my antisocial four eyed broken-out face not fully prepared to tackle the plunge into frequent performances and the inevitable humiliation that ensued. I played shows anyway and my interest was definitely piqued, but I far preferred to hide behind those faceless sheets of paper, happy and scared shitless, without an ounce of cool.

But that fateful summer I turned sixteen, the tides began to shift as I finally "got" the power, the presence and intensity and fun of playing music for all these other weird kids in my hometown. The Squad became more and more exciting and explorative, and oh yeah, importantly I discovered the world of smooching girls. All of the sudden I was spending all this time on the phone, driving to west Little Rock on an almost daily basis, and being mushy and social and confident and positive, and finally I wasn't sure how wonderful that old life behind a wall of hurt and rejection really was. I wanted to live and love and express myself, and superheroes could never help me do that (right?)... so as I discovered 'zine writing, I almost buried the very desire to publish those silly adventures we'd conjured, those dreams that kept me awake at night, giddy with the raw energy of my own universe. By the time I graduated high school I'd pretty much quit on comics except for some mini chapters and inserts in my 'zines. *The Playground Messiah* was a happy exception and its own turning point—the discovery of a girl who made me whole and complete, as well as being an awesome writer who really wanted to do stories and comics all the time. The first year of college came to me as a breeze, like high school, simply because I was really learning very little that was a direct practical application of my interests and skill...

So now I begin my third year at college (my second at this school) and for the first time I'm bouncing off the walls with the experience of learning. All my teachers are these renowned comic writer/artist/editors,



once so mighty and mysterious, now schooling me on proper page layouts. I feel like I'm drawing again for the first time, like I've been thrown into the world of my "dream career" of years past, forced to learn the right way and rediscover what it was I was so excited about eight years ago. Yesterday I drew my first superhero in two years.

It's like a dream... and I feel so whole and promised and enabled by it. Shit man, I'm balls out about comics right now. The possibilities! The timelessness and adventure and the chance to teach some kids to stand up for what's right and never grow up! And nearly six years later, my band is still together, staying silly and quirky and dressing in costumes, trying our hardest to remind people the purity of imagination, of simplicity, of just stepping out for a moment to dance... and the same goes for the thrill of art and story.

When you think about it, there's really nothing too apolitical about that goal. There's no diversion, no empty sloganeering in jumping on the trampoline and making up worlds between two or three kids. It's all the vehicle through which another might open themselves to possibilities and laugh in the face of age, sadness, and oppression... yes, the change within must come before the practical and physical manifestations of any kind of revolution may occur. Please, lose yourself in your dreams, give yourself to another, laugh and draw and kick some hard rhymes. Make revolution happen as readily as when you were eight.

Any correspondence would be cool. If you think this viewpoint is counterproductive, apathy-inducing and wholly-anti-PC, please write me a teary eyed letter about it. Really.

Off to buy a gaudy Spider-Man shirt, Nate Powell/*The Schwa Sound 'zine*/7205 Geronimo/N. Little Rock, AR 72116; npowell@lib.schoolofvisualarts.edu

PART I

I want to tell you all about a friend of mine. His name is Fred. I have never met him but we write each other letters frequently. The way I met him was actually through my interest in his father. You see his father, Fred Sr., was quite an electrifying leader. Just watch any old footage of him speaking to the people of Chicago. The Chicago police, mayor, and the FBI were all scared of him. They were so frightened that he would become a "Black messiah" and lead his people to liberation that they gave a punk ass loser \$300 for a map of where Fred Sr. was sleeping. The cops went there and assassinated Fred Sr. in his sleep. Lying next to him was Akua Njeri, pregnant with their son Fred Jr. That's who this is about, Fred Hampton Jr.

At first, I was surprised Fred Jr. wrote back to me. I thought he probably had a lot of stuff more pressing than writing to me. However, Fred told me, it is always of utmost importance to stay in contact with people on the outside. Fred is locked up in an Illinois prison for also being a strong leader. He was involved with and dedicated to the National Democratic Uhuru Movement (NDPUM). Repression didn't stop with his father. When Fred and his mother, Akua, continued the struggle for African liberation, the Chicago Police force continued their attack. When riots/rebellions broke out after those pigs were acquitted of beating Rodney King in '93, 22 year old Fred Jr. was charged with setting fire to a liquor store. If you ask biased old Shane here, any charges made during those riots/rebellions are a bit shady, but no evidence was ever produced that the fire ever actually happened or that Fred Jr. committed such an act. Fred Jr. was given 18 years!

Fred Jr. and I have been writing each other for over a year now. Writing a letter is so easy. I love opening my mailbox and finding anything other than bills or pizza coupons in it. Imagine spending almost your entire day in a one tiny room cell and constantly being harassed. Then, I would guess, getting a letter from a comrade is that much more important.

I hope to someday meet Fred Jr. or, at least, see him on the outside. I also need to do everything in my power to aid the liberation of African people. That is another reason Fred Jr.'s letters are important. Fred Jr. has given me contacts for info on his case and sources for support in the struggle.

The only reason I ever hesitated writing to a

prisoner was fear that the po-po would start a Shane Smith file. How petty! These political prisoners/prisoners of war need our support. Let's not fool ourselves. The correctional officers can and will read our mail. But our sisters and brothers are locked up and we need to support them and demand their freedom!

When I told Fred Jr. about the punk scene, he thought it sounded like the perfect place for me to organize and spread the word. So c'mon, let's start taking steps to make our community a threat. Write to an anarchist, or a socialist, or an animal liberation activist, or any other soldier behind the walls!

My raised fist goes out to Fred Hampton Jr. and Phil Africa. Stay strong brothers. We gonna break down the walls!!

For info on Fred Hampton Sr. go to www.pathetica.com/PATHETICA or read Agents Of Repression by Ward Churchill and Jim Vanderwall.

Write to Fred Jr.-Alfred Johnson, #B42954/ PO Box 112/Stateville Correction Center/Joliet, IL 60434-0112

For a list of more political prisoners write me at Arsenal/1103 Porter St. #F/Vallejo, CA 94590

PART II

This past summer, I was able to squeeze in one of those summer blockbusters. Since our friend Steve Quinlan no longer does film reviews, I will take it upon myself to tell you about Godzilla. I actually was quite interested in seeing Godzilla. That is until it broke every rule that the original Toho series established. That wasn't even what pissed me off the most though. What did was how the movie turned the king of monsters into a tool of Amerikkkan nationalism and militarism.

Everyone knows where Godzilla (it's actually "Gojira") really came from! Not from snobbish French missiles launched near Tahiti (by the way, Tahitians lit their island on fire for that one!). Godzilla was born as a result of the good old USA's atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He was nature coming for the big paycheck!

More than a monster, Godzilla was to teach us all a lesson. A lesson learned deep in the post-WWII Japanese psyche. We created him and none of our weapons could defeat him! That's right, unlike the new bullshit movie, the force called Godzilla was more powerful than our military. In the new movie, Godzilla is easily injured and eventually killed by the omnipotent US military. No one in Asia, Latin America, or the Caribbean even knew what it was. Leave it to those Amerikkkans.

One of the most interesting side developments in the film dealt with the female reporter. She was completely torn between telling the people the truth and her Prince Charming, played by the horrible actor from Ferris Bueller, Matthew Broderick. When she does break the story that the US military has been lying to the people of the world, she actually feels bad. Ya, fuck the truth if it ain't gonna get you a man, I guess!

A lot of you reading this are probably thinking, "Shit, it was just a fuckin movie! Calm down!" Well, yes, it was just a movie, but it reflects both what the corporations tied to Godzilla (and there were a whole hell of a lot of them) want us to see and what the studio thinks the people of the USA want to see (they're probably right to a large extent too). Our culture shapes our film and our film helps shape our culture. We must begin to view these corporate summer blockbusters through new eyes, not the prepackaged Amerikkkan eyes they are selling the world.

Speaking of "American Eyes," reminds me of the garbage soundtrack of Godzilla. Did you catch that Rage Against The Machine song? What's up with that? Sure it disses the movie and Hollywood in general, but who's gettin over on who?! People had to PAY money to get that song. I'm actually not dissin RATM, but perhaps they need to be more critical of the means used to convey a message to the deaf masses. (Maybe they are reading this. I know they like Kent.)

Make revolutionary film!!

THIS

column will give you some guidelines on forming a band. I'm not an expert or anything, but having been in a few bands over the years, I hopefully can make your experience a little bit smoother. And if you don't have a clue on what to do, this will help.

I will assume that you

already play an instrument and have some equipment. If not, decide what you like and go out and get it. Start playing. Don't worry, playing punk rock is not rocket science. Guitar, bass and drums are all fairly easy to pickup and play decently with a little instruction and practice. Now we're not talking about professional rock star wanking, but good ol' noisy, sloppy punk/hc. The next thing to do is figure out what kind of music you want to play. It may not seem like a big deal, but trust me, when you get 4 or 5 different people who all want to play something different, it will make all the difference. Power-violence, noisecore, death metal straight edge, pop punk, old school, oi, etc. Decide and go for it.

Now that you have decided on what music to play now it's time to recruit for your band. If you already have friends who want to do it, that's great. But let's assume that you are the only punk/hc/misfit/freak in your school. It's time to make a flyer. Bust out the fat markers and a sheet of blank paper. Cut and paste is way rad and totally easy. Or if you are rich enough to have a computer or access to one, do it that way. Make the flyer cool and eye catching. Load it with graphics and stuff to appeal to the kind of people you are interested in attracting. Put logos of the bands you are influenced by on it. This really helps. Don't make it too cluttered or people can't read it. Once you have it the way you want it, take it down to the local copy shop. It seems like most people go to Kinkos, but if you are DIY and punk look for a local mom and pop copy shop. Make about 20 to start. Good places to leave them are local music stores and local record shops. Coffee shops, indie book stores, etc. Anywhere you think anyone would go that would be into it. Don't forget comic shops. There are many punk/hc people into comics. They might even work at the shop. If you still live at home, don't forget to ask your parents if it's cool to put out a flyer with their home number on it. They might start freaking if they are getting strange phone calls at all hours so let them know ahead of time. They might even scam you some free copies from their workplace.

When you start getting calls, make sure to ask some questions that you have written down beforehand. This will save time. For instance, if you are sXe you probably don't want a drunk punk in your band. On the other hand, if you like burgers, beer and weed, you probably don't want a vegan, sXe kid in your band. Decide what things you can't stand and make a list. Ask about these things. If everyone in the band has a similar philosophy, things seem to go smoother.

When you have gotten some probabilities for your band, arrange a time to meet up with them in person and talk. Somewhere neutral like a coffee shop or somewhere like that. Don't meet up at a club or somewhere super loud. Don't bring instruments. Talk about what goals you have in mind for the band. If you have dreams of hardcore stardom, make that clear up front. Find out what the other people would like. Check other peoples schedules. You might want to practice 5 nights a week, but some of the others can only practice on Saturday. These things need to be discussed. It will eliminate problems later. Be realistic. If you don't or won't try to be flexible, you will find yourself with no one who wants to be in a band with you. Once you have established that you all get along, more or less, and have similar goals, it is time to find somewhere to practice.

The first obvious place is the old reliable garage/basement. Drummers' parents seem to be the most lenient/tolerant about bands practicing at their house. Do check with everyone. Maybe you can rotate practice from house to house as to not wear out your welcome. Play in the middle of the afternoon on Saturday when it will bother the least amount of people. Respect the neighbors or soon the long arm of the law will show up to rain on your parade.

If no one has a garage or basement to play in, the second choice is checking with your work place. Most people know someone who works in some sort of warehouse. This is ideal if you can work it for a few reasons: it's free, plenty of room, usually no one around

in the evening, and no one cares how loud you play. Always be cool about being in the area, pick up your trash and don't have lots of people hanging around. This will once again attract the cops.

If none of these options are happening, you will have to put out some cash for a rehearsal studio. Check in your local music rag or



music store for studios. Or check the phone book. Most of them will rent you a room by the hour sometimes with a P.A. for vocals. Around here, we paid about \$10.00 per hour for studio time. That isn't too bad when split between 4 or 5 people. If you plan on practicing 5 nights a week you might as well rent one by the month. It'll cost you but that's how it goes.

Now you have been practicing for a while, you have enough material for 5 or 6 songs, and you want to start playing out. Please, please, please make sure you are well rehearsed. If you sound like shit, no one will come out to see you again. Anyway, talk to some people in your scene about hooking you up with a show. Backyards, garages, skate ramps, schools, VFW halls etc. Don't limit yourself on where you will play. Some of the most fun shows I've been to have been in living rooms. You don't just have to play clubs, in addition to the fact that there may be no clubs where you live. If you can't get anyone to give you a chance, do your own show. It doesn't have to be a big deal. Anywhere a band is playing and a few people are watching is a show. Late night Laundromat shows are interesting, or if you live way out, rent a generator and have a desert, farm or woods show. But watch out for Johnny Law. Use your imagination.

Demo tapes. These are really easy. They don't have to look like a professional CD or something. I have gotten really good demos recorded on four track recorders or boom boxes with cut and paste covers. I have also gotten really crappy demos recorded in megabuck studios with slick color covers. With a little creativity and know-how, you can record your band well enough so people can listen to the tape and enjoy it. Once again, check your local music paper for studios. Beware though, the first studio my band went to, the engineer didn't even know what hardcore was. We had never been in a studio before so the end result was not exactly what we envisioned. That's OK. It sounded better than most. You will get better at recording the more you do it. Don't assume that high cost makes a better recording. There are lots of studio people that don't know or even like punk rock. How good of a recording do you think you would get from someone like that? Check with other punk bands in your area on where they recorded. If all else fails, record at a studio that does metal bands. At least they will understand about distorted guitars and playing loud. Always remember to buy your own reel to reel recording tape and DAT's. The tape will be fresh and you get to keep in after you record. This facilitates remixing at a later date. When you are done recording and mixing ask for a copy of the final mix on a high bias, Type II cassette. This way you will be able to dub copies of your demo on to other cassettes at home. When making copies, don't use crappy, 3-for-a dollar tapes. You can buy blocks of 6-8 name brand tapes for about a dollar a tape. TDK, MAXELL, FUJI, etc. You don't need to use high bias on the copies either. Normal bias will work fine.

Making a demo cover is fun and easy. Do them by hand, cut and paste, computer, etc. Try to make a decent cover that looks good and represents your band. If it looks like shit, no one will want to buy it. Make sure it's legible. I can't stand these lame death metal fonts that are unreadable and stupid. Make it appealing. Also don't forget to put some information in the damn thing. Song titles, band members, where you recorded, lyrics and for sure a contact address. People need to know how to get in touch with you. If you don't want to put your home address on it, get a PO Box. Cheap and reliable. Out here in the Bay area my PO Box costs me \$30.00 for six months. If you get kicked out of your house or move you won't lose your mail.

After your tape is done, start selling or giving them away at shows, school, and through the mail. Get a classified in MRR, *HearattaCk*, etc. That's cheap and it will get your name out. If you are interested in getting out of your own neck of the woods, send some to the smaller and bigger 'zines for review. Don't worry about getting a crappy review. Who gives a shit? As long as they list the address right. Opinions always vary. Every time I see a review that says "generic straight edge crap," I order it immediately because that's what I'm into. Remember to answer your mail promptly. I try to get mine out in a timely manner. People appreciate that. If you have delays, write and explain why so they won't feel like they got ripped off. Well that should do it. This is by no means a comprehensive guide to starting a band, but it should get you going. Good luck and send me the demo when it's done.

—Eric Fortner/31 Fanzine/PO Box 55603/
Hayward, CA 94545

I'VE realized lately how important raw or minimally cooked fresh foods are and I realized that my diet (and most everyone else's) consists almost entirely of commercialized convenience foods and maybe it has something to do with the apathy and laziness I feel much of the time. How we feel on a mental level has everything to do with how we're eating. When I put energy into preparing a good meal, I feel good about it and get the nourishment I need to act productively in other areas of my life. If I eat junk food to make my stomach stop grumbling or to keep my mouth busy, I feel lousy and sleep to make the day go away. Upon realizing this, I fasted for a day to make a clean break from my junk food habit and began eating better and you know what, I felt a hell of a lot better those first couple of days and I'm sure it would have continued but then somewhere in there I rationalized a Tofutti Cutie and now I'm back to the continual struggle between easy-to-grab sweets and things that actually do my body good... This awesome stir fry recipe came out of it though:

P-NUT BEAN STIR FRY
Cut 1 lb. of extra firm tofu in cubes and start frying on medium heat with a little olive oil. Chop and add to the tofu:

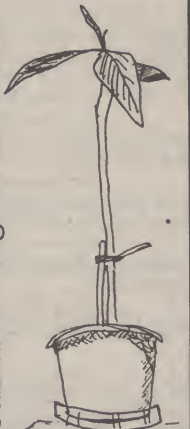
1 Green Pepper
1 Cucumber
1/2 large yellow onion
1 hot pepper
2 cloves garlic (minced)
some fresh cilantro

Mix some Braggs Liquid Aminos, tamari, or soy sauce into the frying veggies. Add 3/4 cup roasted peanuts, and once the onions are transparent (i.e. cooked), serve over rice (my favorite is white basmati). The idea behind this stir fry is that it's only cooked a little bit so eat it right away because later the veggies will be kinda soggy instead of crunchy and it's not as good. I highly recommend getting either organic or locally grown produce instead of the regular stuff at the grocery store. I like getting my produce from the local farmer's market because you're actually supporting the farmers themselves and not paying for the overhead of some huge grocery store. You can also pretty much guarantee it won't have been waxed or preserved either. You can get organically grown produce from natural food stores and more liberal grocery stores; it tastes awesome and is grown without pesticides and herbicides and other cancer-linked agents. It's a little on the pricy side sometimes but it's another good way to support independent farmers. Support your local co-op! Food Builds Community!

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James the Vegetarian Grocer



PROFANE EXISTENCE

PROFANE EXISTENCE/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA; e-mail
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Dear friends and supporters of the Profane Existence Collective,

On October 11th, the workers/members of the collective made a decision to cease operations of activities under the name Profane Existence. This action will go into effect immediately and will result in cessation of most collective functions within the next six months, including the end of *Profane Existence* Magazine, our wholesale and mailorder distributions, and all new releases on Profane Existence Records.

This decision has been a long time coming, with serious talk of ending Profane Existence going on for the past year. Some longtime collective members had already begun phasing out their level of commitment earlier this year. By totally ending the collective now, we are hoping to do so on a high point, not wait until it totally collapses in on itself in a huge mess.

There are numerous reasons behind ending PE and we feel that they should be fully explained. This letter is not an attempt to lay blame for the demise of Profane Existence, but to explain why we made this decision for ourselves, and what our immediate plans are to wrap up all of the loose ends.

OVERWHELMED

Profane Existence has always been a very all-consuming undertaking for those who have chosen to take on the task. Long, stress-filled hours and often thankless shitwork have always taken their toll on our collective members, our current staff not excluded. We have lost several of our most productive workers through burnout over the years and it is a thing we still face every day at PE.

Over the past two years we tried to alleviate some of this overwhelming work load and stress by scaling back the activities of the collective. We eliminated our screen printing operation, cut back the number of records and books we distribute, and moved PE to a smaller space. However, all of this effort did little to alleviate the problem because there are always new projects, problems and emergencies that need our attention. We've tried to scale it back to a more manageable level, but there is just so small we can make the collective and still call it PE.

WE HAVE NO LIVES

Balancing commitments to PE has also meant making huge sacrifices in our personal lives. We have missed countless beautiful days outdoors because our commitments to PE kept us working inside. We have missed an equal amount of good nights' sleep due to overwhelming stress we bring home with us at night. We have missed weeks and months of our lives that could have been spent with friends and loved ones. While we harbor some (perhaps foolish) ideas of putting the revolution first, in reality it is our families, friends and loved ones whom we would rather give the bulk of our attention to. While we still want to be active, the level of commitment needed to maintain the PE Collective pretty much has excluded having any time or energy for anything else at all.

THE PAY SUCKS

We would also be liars to ignore the financial reasons for ending the collective. We believe in the DIY ethic that our products should be self-produced on a grassroots level and as cheaply as possible. However, we also believe that a fair day's work deserves a fair day's wage!

Profane Existence has a history of just barely being able to keep on going, being stuck in an endless cycle of debts and bills that has always plagued the DIY punk movement. Money to pay collective workers' wages has always come secondary to payments for the distribution inventory and for PE projects. When wages could be paid at all, they were often late, and far less than comparable pay in "regular" jobs.

In the past it has been possible for PE workers to get by with money from outside sources (i.e. part time "real" jobs or other creative means) or else just barely expect enough money for basic necessities. The reality we are facing is that two of the current collective members now have children whom they must also support. The little wages paid by PE just aren't enough and these collective members must move on to better paying jobs. We will not be irresponsible parents, no matter how important our work.

THE PLAN

While the Profane Existence Collective is made up of only four full-time members, the overall impact of our activities is truly worldwide. Decisions made here in Minneapolis affect people all over the world and it will take time to fully put PE to rest. We have made up a basic outline of our future plans for the main areas of Profane Existence and a rough timetable for events.

MAGAZINE

We are currently finishing up construction of *Profane Existence* #37, which we have decided to be our last issue. Our original plan was to have this at the printer by now, but have decided to delay the publication date until some time in November. Since this will be our last issue, we want extra time to make it the best that we possibly can and make a lasting impression. Those people who have subscriptions will be issued credit slips for their remaining copies from PE Mailorder Distribution (see below for credit slip deadlines).

If we are on your mailing list for review copies of records, 'zines, etc. please remove us now. We will not review or pay to send back promo copies received after October of 1998!

MAILORDER DISTRIBUTION

We have just completed mailorder catalog #27 which will be good through

the end of 1998. Our plans are to publish a final mailorder catalog (#28) during December which should be good through the end of February 1999. After this date, all mailorder distribution for non-Profane Existence releases will cease and all unreturned credit slips will be declared VOID. Profane Existence Records will still be available directly as long as we can keep titles in print.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTION

Our current plans for wholesale distribution are to cease all consignment sales immediately and send returns to respective labels. Liquidation of remaining stocks will hopefully be completed by December 31, 1998. Profane Existence Records will still be available directly as long as we can keep titles in print.

RECORD LABEL

Profane Existence Records currently has several releases in the works. Of these, only the A/Political 7" and Decrepit 12" will come out on PE Records in 1998 (or early 1999). We have chosen these two because they are both new releases from bands currently going today. All other previously forthcoming projects will be scrapped or released on other labels.

Of the back catalog titles from Profane Existence Records, many will be allowed to go out of print as we deplete our stocks. However, we will continue to repress some of the more recent and popular titles well after the rest of PE ceases to exist. This is to be in fairness to bands as well as to combat the ridiculously hyper-inflated prices in the collectors' market.

Bands on Profane Existence Records will continue to receive royalties for any further represses of their works and any outstanding previous royalties will be paid. Publishing rights for Profane Existence Records will remain with the label and the bands and will not be sold to a third party without consent of all parties. In other words, we are not interested in selling any of our back catalog releases to other labels.

We have not ruled out the possibility of future CD reissues of back catalog items for continued availability at the lowest possible price.

FINANCIAL MESS

On paper, Profane Existence is doing just fine. The amount of money we owe to record labels is less than our combined inventory and bills owed to us. However, PE has lost over \$40,000 to flaky or just plain rip-off distributors over the past ten years, and we're not optimistic that we will get paid all that we are owed. Even still, it is likely to take a long time to collect money from our distributors and will be 6 months to a year (or ever longer) before we can pay off all of our debts.

We will be conducting a sale/auction of records, CDs, books from the PE library as well as test-pressings of PE releases to help repay our debts as soon as possible. The auction list will be available on our web site (www.profanexistence.com), or by e-mailing us (mail@profanexistence.com) or by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to our PO Box address. We hope to have the auction completed by December 31st of this year.

To the labels we owe money; we will send payments as money comes back from stores, distributors, etc. If you are able to sell stuff in your area, we are also giving the option of taking PE Releases in immediate trade. This could be your quickest way to get paid since we will otherwise be waiting for other people to pay us before we can pay you. If you are interested in trading, we encourage you to hurry your requests because most stocks are likely to dwindle fast upon this announcement. In any case, we do not want to rip anyone off and will pay out of our own pockets if we have to.

To the people who owe us money; please pay us NOW, especially if you've owed us for a long time! It is not fair that we have to cover your debts and would like to pay our own as soon as possible. Some time down the road we will publish a list of all of those who have ripped us off or otherwise flaked out over the years. Now is your chance to redeem yourselves before we go public with your shame!

THANK YOU

In the 10 years that Profane Existence has been publishing, distributing, propagandizing and agitating, it would be hard to say that we don't all feel much more enriched with the experiences and knowledge we have gained. By quitting

Profane Existence, we are not giving up on our politics or beliefs in the truly underground DIY punk ethics. We are extremely hopeful that we have been able to inspire and educate through our efforts and that the movement will flourish after PE is gone. All of us at

Profane Existence will still be actively involved within the movement and will probably collaborate on similar, but much smaller, projects in the future. For all of those who have supported us financially, emotionally, or otherwise, we send out our heartfelt thanks. We also want to thank all of those who have worked with the PE collective in a cooperative fashion, be they bands, distributors, record labels, magazines, and other generally outstanding individuals. However, the most gratitude of all goes for those who have risen above and beyond the call of coolness for donating their time and money to make the prisoner sub fund work, as well as help the other benefit projects initiated by Profane Existence: you are the greatest! If there was a way to thank everyone individually, we certainly would, but we don't want to make a list because of fear we would leave someone out.

Until we cross our paths again, thank you and... UP THE FUCKIN'

PUNX!!!

Profane Existence Collective/Minneapolis, October 12, 1998/506th anniversary of the beginning of Native genocide in the Americas.





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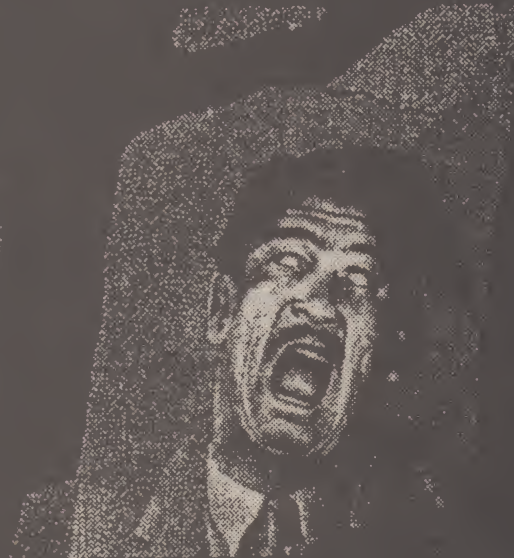


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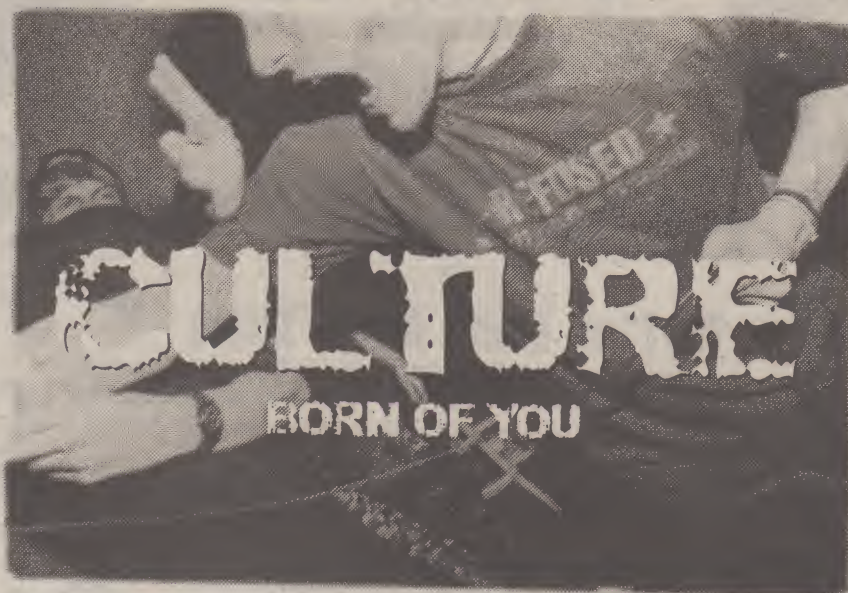
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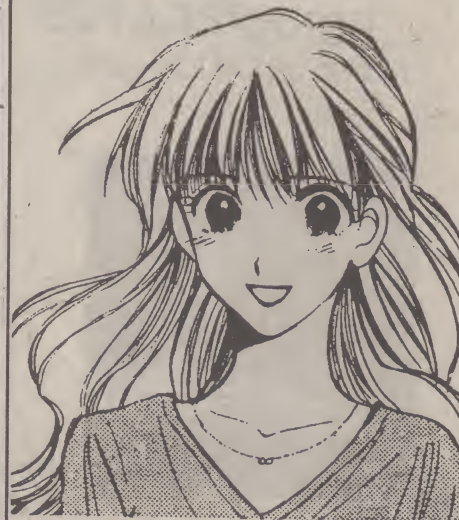
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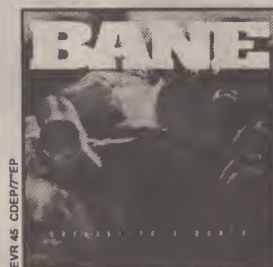
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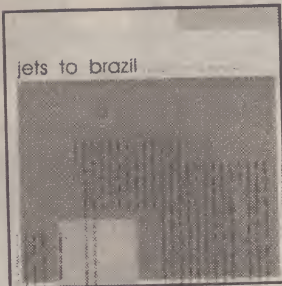
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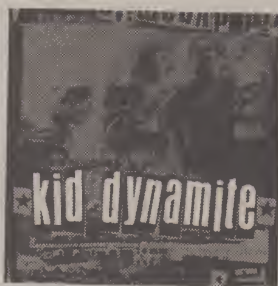
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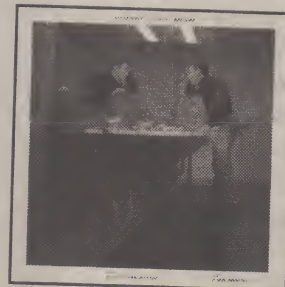
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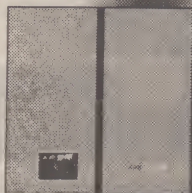
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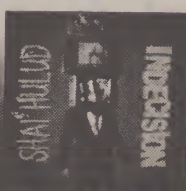
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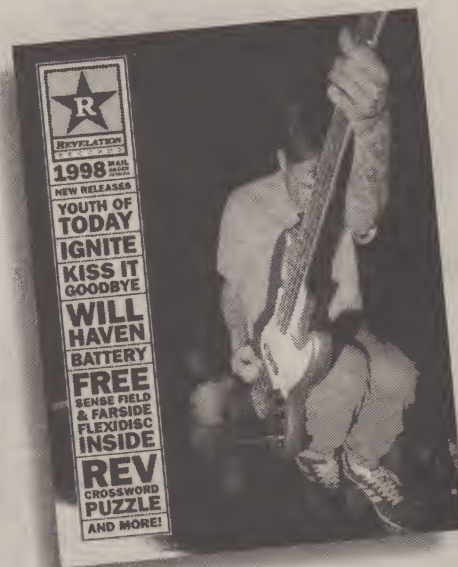
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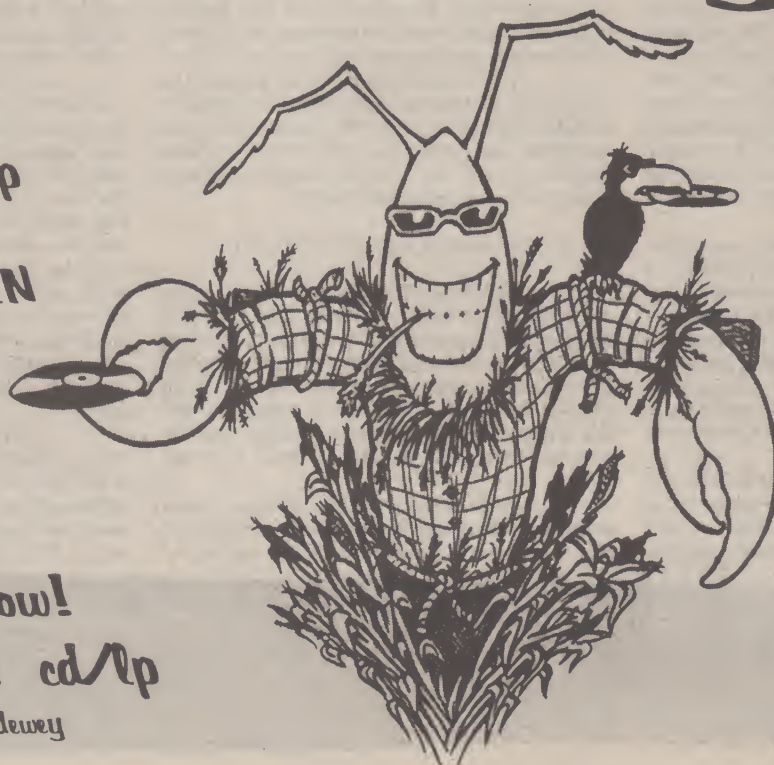
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AN ODE TO COMPROMISE:

The first Ebullition release came with *No Answers* #10. I had been doing the 'zine for many years, and I was frustrated by the fact that most of the so called hardcore labels were nothing more than glorified major labels that just weren't very popular. In that issue I wrote about the meaning of this music. I coined the term "Rage Against The Machine." I wanted hardcore to be about raging against the machine, about struggling for our independence and individuality.

At the time I was good friends with Inside Out and I was hoping that they would do their first record with Ebullition. In fact, Zack had called me to talk about the title of the 12" (we were planning on doing an Inside Out 12"). He wanted to call the record "Rage Against The Machine" because he said he was inspired by some of the things I had written in *No Answers*. But none of that ever came to be. Revelation started to take some interest in Inside Out, and pretty soon Ebullition was small peanuts. Almost a year later Revelation finally put out the Inside Out 7". By that time the band had already changed from this incredibly angry and emotionally powerful hardcore band into a more entertaining youth crew band. They broke up soon after their 7" came out, and eventually Zack started a new band called "Rage Against The Machine."

Whenever I see a Rage Against The Machine advertisement or see some normal looking kid wearing a Rage Against The Machine t-shirt I have to wonder what it all means. In my mind I think they should have been called "Rage For The Machine," but I am sure that they think that they are a highly political music outfit that is helping to change the world. I mostly see them as a tool for some rich suits to gather more wealth. But some days I wonder if maybe all my idealism is just lost in the wind of life.

I have watched as other labels that have been around half as long as Ebullition have gotten bigger and bigger while in truth Ebullition has been getting smaller and smaller. Ebullition is losing the advertising and promotions game. Ebullition runs less than six ads a year. I don't flood 'zines with promotional material, or send out band bios, or try to win your attention with ad after ad. Ebullition runs on word of mouth and street credibility. I try to keep the bullshit to a minimum. It works to a certain degree, but bullshit sells. The bottom line is that you the consumer spend more of your money on the products that are advertised and hyped through the promotions network. I can't stand ads. I hate making them, and I hate the fact that they are in *HeartattaCk* at all. But ads work because your buying patterns are clearly influenced by their existence.

When I did *No Answers* there were no ads. No kissing ass. It was 100% 'zine. *HeartattaCk* is a different beast. From day one it has been a compromise. But there is no other way to do it. HaC has to have ads. Most people never pay for HaC, and if you do pay for it what you are mostly paying is the shipping to get it to your part of the world. Ads are a reality of doing HaC, and I would bet that I hate that fact more than anyone that ever comes in contact with HaC. Compromise begins somewhere.

I deal with compromise every fucking day. Some days it eats me up and I want to tear out my heart. I've been doing Ebullition full time for around six years, and as much as I hate to admit it, I am running a business.

I have to make money to pay the rent, to pay my bills to feed myself, to get cash to spend on the things that I enjoy in life. I try to keep the spirit of hardcore, but sometimes it doesn't work out all that well. I have to make some compromises. Most of the time I probably don't compromise enough. When I finish a fourteen hour day or realize that I have worked ever single day of the month I have to wonder if I am sane. Zack has made some real money off of Rage Against The Machine. He may have made more compromises than I, but he has fame and fortune. I have my ideals. Big fucking deal.

Unfortunately for me I can't shake my idealism. I keep doing Ebullition and I keep dealing with *HeartattaCk* because I ultimately still care. It sucks sometimes, but that is part of who I am. The idea of doing a DIY issue of HaC came out of the fact that I let some people down by making a compromise with Ebullition. When distros first started to set up exclusive distro deals with labels I was very unhappy. I thought it was an attempt to drive out the competition, and at the very least it created an atmosphere of competition, or exposed it for what it was. I have never used the pages of HaC to attack these distros because I felt too uncomfortable about it. It is hard to run a business, to make compromises, and then to attack other people for betraying the Do It Yourself ethic without feeling a little self-conscious. But Nate Wilson from Monster X, Devoid Of Faith, and Gloom Records did write some stuff about exclusives in HaC. He and I discussed the whole exclusive idea, and I talked a lot about exclusives with several other people as well.

But then Ebullition set up an exclusive with Clean Plate Records and then Phyte Records and in theory with Great American Steak Religion. Nate felt betrayed by me, and I offered up the idea of dedicating an issue of HaC to the whole Do It Yourself ethic. Partly I wanted to tell Nate that I am not above being questioned, and partly I wanted to make it clear to everyone what was going on, and most importantly I wanted to see "who is who." Am I what I claim to be or am I just another suit on a mission to make green?

I think these issues are extremely important to our community. We spend a lot of time pointing fingers at the outside world, but maybe we need to spend a lot more time looking at our own behavior.

Take what follows as food for thought. The next issue of *HeartattaCk* will probably be dedicated to reader response, so please don't feel that this is the end of this issue. Issues never end. We have to deal with them day after day. That is the struggle, especially if you want to rage against the machine.

IDEALISM VERSUS THE NEED TO EAT:

Do It Yourself is easy at first. Most of the time you have no choice. You want to do something that no one else wants to do for you, so you either do it or you dream about it. In the hardcore scene most people do it because it is expected and taught that we can do what we want to do. I have always thought that this idea of self-realization is the most important aspect of hardcore. Most of the time I think that it is all that matters.

But Do It Yourself is hard after you've been around for a few years. It isn't always easy to know what to do when it appears that the vast majority of

people involved in hardcore eventually screw the whole DIY idea and either go for the green or just drop out all together. Often people drop out because they can't rectify the anti-consumerist and DIY ideas of hardcore with the pro-consumption, be a good team player needs of the everyday work place. It is hard to wear two suits, especially when your hardcore side hates your real world side, and at the same time your real world side would love nothing more than to strangle the life out of your hardcore side. People have to eat and pay rent and live, so most of the time they get the fuck out of hardcore.

I was really shocked when Profane Existence decided to call it quits, but I know how hard it is to maintain your ideals and to make a living. I was never a big fan of Lumberjack Distro, but I understand the forces that caused them to sell the company to Doghouse, and I can totally relate to everything that Rich writes about that experience. Everyday I think about stopping *HeartattaCk* and ending Ebullition. A lot of the time I feel trapped. I don't want to work 50+ hours a week, and I don't want to live from day to day wondering when the end will come. I end up really stressed out sometimes. I don't intend to stop anytime soon, but I can promise you that one of these days HaC and Ebullition will come to an end. I will burn out. It will happen. That is one of the dangers of trying to be DIY because ultimately success is the enemy of DIY, and once you make it you have to start to defend your success to both yourself and to the rest of the DIY community.

I think there has to be room for success in the DIY community. There has to be room for bands to get bigger and bigger without being punished by this community for their success. The same can be said for labels, 'zines, and distros. Success has to be a possibility otherwise everything eventually goes down in flames.

BAR CODES:

When *HeartattaCk* was established the idea was to promote the true hardcore while trying to stay impartial. I didn't want to define what was and wasn't hardcore based on sound or image or on some gut feeling I had. I wanted to establish hard rules that made sense. I decided that the bar code would be my deciding line. If you put a bar code on your records then HaC won't review your records or run your ads. It was simple, and it worked for a long time. It pissed a lot of people off because there were bands and labels using bar codes that felt that they were hardcore and that it wasn't fair for HaC to say otherwise. My reply, "If you don't like it then start your own fucking 'zine."

In the last few years things have gotten a lot more complicated with regards to bar codes. The first problem is that in truth 12"s don't need bar codes. The major chain stores don't stock vinyl anyway, so there really isn't any reason to put bar codes on the vinyl. The second problem is that most jewel case CDs come with shrink-wrap, which in my mind is the most repulsive thing about the CD. Shrink wrap is unnecessary trash that simply becomes pollution as soon as you tear open the shrink wrap to get to the CD. In any event, labels started to put their bar codes on the shrink wrap of the CDs rather than printing them on the cases themselves. The effect of all of this is that now labels that couldn't get their stuff in HaC are suddenly able to.

Of course it can be argued that we should simply refuse to review stuff with bar codes on the shrink wrap. The problem with this is then the labels just peel off the sticker or remove the shrink wrap, and then after we review their CD some kid in Oregon will write in and say, "Hey, you guys fucked up, you reviewed the



Shitmeister CD and it has a bar code sticker on the jewel case." I then have to figure out if the store put that on the CD, which some stores do, or if the CD always has a bar code sticker. This is just no fun. I didn't get involved in HaC to try to solve the mystery of which CDs use bar code stickers.

Furthermore, I am not all that opposed to bar code stickers. I expect that most things in a shop will have a price tag, and the bar code sticker isn't much more than a complicated price tag. One of my major problems with the bar code in the first place is that it is damn ugly and that it is permanently attached to your record or CD. I mean I would never buy a t-shirt or a surfboard that had a price tag that was permanently attached! You buy something and you take off the price tag. That makes sense. The bar code, however, was this fucked up price tag that was stuck on there forever. The bar code's use ends at the point of sale, but for some reason the damn things were printed right on the record jacket!

There are also some really cool stuff that comes out that does indeed have bar codes printed on the jackets. I love the Chumbawamba/Noam Chomsky split CD that came out on Epitaph!/AK Press. They sent one in for review and it was rejected though I have listened to it countless times. G-7 Welcoming Committee from Canada is a pretty cool label that unfortunately uses bar codes. We don't review their releases, but I have let them run ads in the last few issues of HaC because they consistently put out cool stuff. They just recently released a Noam Chomsky 2xCD set which I guarantee was not an attempt to make green but rather a political statement. AK Press has recently given us some books to review and all of those books of course have bar codes on them. At the Goleta Festival the AK Press people were giving me shit for not reviewing their stuff, and while I think what they have to sell is pretty damn cool, I don't support their use of bar codes.

My only point is that the bar codes thing really turned into a Pandora's box. I'm not sure what to do with the review policy.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

I can watch television twenty-four hours a day and I will never buy any of the products. I have seen millions of Taco Bell and Budweiser and Coca-Cola ads and I don't buy those products. Personally I don't think that advertisements work. I don't buy it. But I know that advertisements do work. That is why the advertising industry is so incredibly huge and powerful. Modern day politics are more about advertising and selling an image than issues or ideas. It doesn't matter what you have to offer, but what you look like on television while you're making your offer.

Does advertising effect you? If *HeartattaCk* runs a Revelation ad will you then buy the new Morning Again CD? Is there a direct correlation between their ad and your buying patterns? If so, then what responsibility will you take for that? HaC needs ads to pay for the printing and production costs. Will you succumb to their sway and buy the new Promise Ring CD because Jade Tree ran an ad in *HeartattaCk*? Is that HaC's responsibility or your responsibility?

After looking over all the ads in this issue of HaC, I would say that there are eight ads that are questionable. 1) Equal Vision. I don't know much about this label really. They tend to put out stuff from the bigger bands. Their CDs probably have printed bar codes, but their vinyl is clean and we review their vinyl. 2) Deep Elm. I don't know anything about this label. I have heard some gossip that they have funding from some major labels, but I don't have any real knowledge.

3) G-7 Welcoming Committee. Their releases all use bar codes, but as I said earlier they seem like a small label and they put out some really cool stuff, so I ignore the rules and run their ads. 4) Indecision. Their CDs have bar codes, and they are exclusively distributed by Revelation. 5) Boiled Music. Their CDs and 12"s have bar codes, but their ad is so poorly designed and so ineffectual that I felt like they were simply wasting their money supporting HaC. 6) Jade Tree. They use bar code stickers and not pre-printed bar codes. They are a HUGE label at this point with all the success of the Promise Ring. 7) Revelation. They use bar codes on their CDs, but not on their vinyl. Personally I don't think they should have ads in HaC, but I couldn't come up with a good reason for that feeling. I told them they could run an ad in HaC #19 because I figured it would piss lots of people off and that would help to generate content for this issue, but they couldn't get their shit together and they only recently sent us an ad. I doubt if HaC will take their ads in the future, but I need a good reason to say no. Vique writes for HaC and also works for Revelation. Should we reject her columns? 8) Sound Pollution, like Prank!, Vermiform, Gravity, and Lookout! are all exclusively distributed by Mordam. Mordam is a huge company, and while I am friends with some Mordam employees, I do wonder if any label associated with Mordam is truly DIY?? Karin from Spitboy worked at Mordam when Spitboy was around and I always thought it odd that Ebullition put out Spitboy releases since she worked for this huge company. 9) Crank. I know Crank was exclusively distributed by Epitaph for some time. I am not sure if they still are.

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTION:

Most of the distributors that are carrying hardcore are now doing exclusive distributions. No Idea, Ebullition, Bottleneck, Lumberjack, Rhetoric, Revolver... This will probably only become more and more popular. When this first started I was dead set against it. It seems to me that turning over all of your distribution to one distributor gives too much power to that one distributor. I wouldn't want to turn Ebullition over to some distributor, and when I started the label I always made fun of labels that had these distribution deals. Plus I felt that part of the reason that distributors started taking on these exclusive deals was to put their competition out of business. If one distributor could arrange exclusive distributions with enough of the larger hardcore labels then they could easily put the other distributors out of business.

I felt threatened, and I also felt that the whole idea of exclusive distribution went against the spirit of DIY. But after talking to some labels about the whole idea of exclusive distribution, and after spending a lot of time thinking about the whole distribution network and the tremendous amount of theft and dishonesty I realized that while exclusives may have some drawbacks, getting paid and avoiding getting ripped off may outweigh those considerations. I can tell you first hand that punks rip people off every day. Tons and tons of mailorders and small distributors and gig distros rip people off every single day. Read Theo's column about 'zine distros because he mentions this problem as well. Ebullition gets ripped off year after year. In the beginning Ebullition would sometimes lose as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year. But over time I have learned to say no. I have had to stop trusting people. Hell, even people I know and like can't be trusted in some cases. It is incredible. Ebullition has a lot of pull and I have some weight in this scene, but if I can't get people to pay me then how is a smaller label going to have a hope in hell of dealing with the hundreds of rip off artists and disorganized distros that pop up and die off every year?

I think the trend to do exclusive distributions can be blamed almost entirely on the dishonesty and irresponsibility of the hardcore community. The minute Ebullition took on an exclusive distribution I was bombarded by labels looking to get on board with Ebullition. The number one reason? They were sick of getting ripped off. My goal with Ebullition has always been to try to support the hardcore community by concentrating on offering fair prices and honest service. I can honestly say that Ebullition is now in a position to help out some smaller labels by offering exclusive distribution deals. It isn't perfect, but in a world where hardcore mailorders, distros, and labels are constantly ripping each other off it is a reality.

—Positive reasons: 1) it is easier to get paid when you only have to hassle one distributor; 2) it is easier for an established distributor to say no to consignment orders; 3) it is easier for an established distributor to get money from other distributors; 4) distributors already know who is trustworthy and who is a thief

—Negative reasons: 1) the price does go up slightly; 2) loss of some control; 3) puts all of your eggs in one basket; 4) a label will probably sell less stuff in the long run

Bottom Line: Labels with exclusive deals will probably sell less records in the long run, they may lose some control over how their stuff is distributed, and they will lose out on the experience of trying to distribute your own stuff, but these same labels can count on getting paid.

Exclusives aren't for everyone. Some people have the ability and time to organize all their own distribution, which ultimately just means getting in contact with five or six bigger distros or trying to go direct to stores, mail orders and gig distros. There is no way to cover it all yourself unless you are going to set up your own distribution, which is a full time commitment. My advice to labels is to just figure out what works best for you, and try not to get ripped off. It is a brutal world out there. Be fucking careful.

THE CHALLENGE:

I don't know what to do with the review/advertisement policy for *HeartattaCk*. The magazine needs ads to pay the bills, but at the same time I don't want HaC to become a tool for the most greedy and repulsive labels to push their units on the community. No matter what happens there will be some ads that people will find offensive. But where to draw the line? I just don't know. What does it mean to be DIY? When does a label stop being DIY and start being corporate? In the next few months I will be trying to come up with some sort of working policy and definition. If you think you can help then feel free to send in your ideas.

But the most important thing to do is to think for yourself. No matter what HaC does you have to make your own decisions. If you think that we cover too much stuff that isn't truly DIY then don't support that other stuff, and if you think that HaC is just too damn PC for your tastes then spend your hard earned money on all the corporate crap you can get your hands on. The reason that these huge labels are ultimately as large as they are is because people keep buying their releases. Vote with your money.

And if that isn't enough, then start your own fucking 'zine, label, or band and run it the way that you think it should be done. Threat by example. If you don't like the way things are then challenge the status quo by creating an alternative.

— Kent McClard, Lord Of The Cog —



Twenty-five different
ideas on the state of
Do It Yourself



Dr. PhOOD

Recently overheard at a show here in Goleta: "I don't know why I was always so down on emo, I always liked indie rock and they're really just the same thing." Of course this is paraphrased, blame my lack of photographic memory. Now this of course begs the question (at least to me): When the hell did emo become synonymous with indie rock? Not that I just realized this the other night when I heard the above quote, it's been bothering me for a few years now. This label, "emo," seems to be about the most abused and amorphous term ever. If anything, I always thought of "emo" as originating with the DC "revolution summer" bands like Rites Of Spring and Embrace. Neither of these bands sound like the indie rock bands of today. From there the sound seemed to get a bit harder with bands like Admiral Fuet, and finally we get what I would consider the archetypal "emo" band, Navio Forge. None of these bands sound like indie rock. Even the Fugazi rip-offs, i.e. Hoover and Indian Summer and the like, didn't sound like indie rock. Even when people started referring to Antioch Arrow as "emo," which even though I thought it was a bit strange I could kind of see what they were saying (even though the emotion in this case was mostly, if not entirely, fake). I think it's safe to say that Antioch Arrow didn't sound like indie rock, at least for the first few records. About the most "emo" band I think I've ever seen has to be Downcast, the driving force behind that band was definitely emotion, mainly anger. It seems like somewhere along the line someone forgot that anger is an emotion too. Which is what I think is one of the biggest differences between the "emo" bands of today versus the "emo" bands of yesterday.

Anyway, enough history (hopefully I don't sound too much like Felix, except for being fixated on the early '90s as opposed to the mid '80s). I just wanted to make clear where I'm coming from when I say "emo." Now on to my problem with the current state of affairs. The so-called "emo" bands that exist nowadays sound just like the garbage coming from the radio at the hip bagel shop down the street in this college town that I live in when I go to get breakfast (this may seem like some petty, aesthetic concern, but if you bear with me it will get a bit deeper and actually tie in with the theme of this issue). Any day now I expect that the music I hear when I go to get my bagel in the morning will be The Promise Ring or something of their ilk. Seems reasonable, they're already on MTV. Does this bother me one bit? When did the goal become widespread and mainstream acceptance? Jimmy Eat World seem to be the darlings of the "emo" scene, yet they are on a major label. Their last show was written up in the local arts and entertainment paper under the rock and club column, where they were referred to as "emo." I never expected nor desired to have my culture become one and the same with the bozo who writes this column's culture. The singer from Jawbreaker has a new band putting out records on Jade Tree (not that Jade Tree is a particularly good example of the DIY ethic, their website sounds more like the Capitol Records website than the site for a couple of people putting out punk records), doesn't anyone remember what happened with this guy's last band? They went to a major, who's to say it won't happen again after this new band gains a bit of street cred by slumming here in the punk/hardcore/emo scene for a record or two. I actually have no problem with a band signing to a major, as long as they realize that they aren't getting any more support from this scene, the band and its members are persona non grata. Yet exactly the opposite is what's happening. Now I haven't seen any interviews with Mr. Schwarzenbach, maybe his experience on the major label soured him to entire deal and it won't happen again, but I can't help thinking that we're all getting used so that the publicist at whatever label they end up signing to will have some cool blurb to write about how they "cut their teeth in the indie/emo/punk scene." This whole softening of the sound

that is going on just makes it too easy for this to happen. If these bands had to play music that had a harder edge to it, musically as well as lyrically, then it would be harder for them to move on to the majors after milking us for some credibility. Though this argument is probably moot since there are currently bands that seem intent on trying to climb the major label ladder even though they have a harder sound.

What's the use of having a counter-culture if it's going to do nothing but mirror the dominant culture that it is against on a smaller scale? If the bands play music that sounds no different from the music on the radio and the attitudes expressed are little different from the attitudes expressed by the mainstream, then what's the use of having a counter-culture? I don't have that much of a problem with bands playing music they like (indie rock included, although I reserve the right to complain about it being completely boring and pointless), it just seems like along with the mainstream sound we are also getting the mainstream attitudes to go with it. Dave from Jara said something at one of their shows, where a lot of Alterna-rocker types showed up, that seems appropriate, "When I got into punk rock you were the people I was trying to get away from" (again a paraphrase). It's not so much the people as the attitudes they bring with them that I have the problem with though. Hardcore was always a reaction to mainstream culture, a way for people fed up with mainstream attitudes to be the kid who says that the emperor is wearing no clothes. Although we now seem to be getting a bit naked ourselves, as we become more and more of a miniature version of mainstream culture and clamor for their attention and acceptance. How long before we are nothing more than some clique that is all about being able to say that we're cool because we were into such-and-such band before they hit it big? Again with the need for the mainstream to validate us and our "cool-ness."

And it seems like the bigger labels do little but mimic the major labels they all wish that they were. A couple of representatives from two of the bigger labels almost came to blows over one label "stealing" the other label's bands at a show here in Goleta. Is it just me or does it seem like there are just a few too many possessive cases in that last sentence? When did labels become owners of the bands whose records they put out? Everyone is talking about how so and so signed to this and that for their next three releases. One of the web sites talks about how they "acquired" such and such band. Next thing you know they're going to be sending 8x10 glossies and the rest of the press kit around to HaC headquarters whenever their bands are going to come through town; I don't doubt that they already send them to the larger alternative music magazines. And one label seems ecstatic that one of their bands has a video, and is getting all sorts of press, on MTV. I won't even touch the advertising in porn magazines issue, that just seems too completely ridiculous for words, though in a way it doesn't seem too farfetched considering the label involved. I thought the whole reason for DIY was to escape all this and build something of our own. I guess my big question is: When did mainstream acceptance become the validating factor for our actions?

I skip a few issues and the world as we know it goes to hell in a hand basket. Well, the food guy is back (and no, whoever it was that was pestering Kent about being the new food person, you can't take over for me). Writing about this whole business has made me a bit sick to my stomach so this week you get to learn how to make "DIY Corn Puke Casserole." For starters, we are going to need to get DIY on some corn and cream it. To do this you will need two 17-oz cans of corn and a blender. Put about two thirds of the corn and half a cup of the corn juice from the can in the blender and cream them kernels. Now add the rest of the corn, DO NOT blend. You now have creamed corn without going to the evil mega-market and buying something with modified food starch (whatever the hell that is) in it. Mix this with two eggs worth of egg replacer and two cups of soy milk. Crush two cups of saltine crackers, mix in 4/3 of a cup, save the rest. Add a dash of salt and pepper. Finely chop a small onion, measure 1/2 cup and add. Add about a cup of chopped olives. Mix well by hand and pour into a casserole dish (it should fill a 9x13 dish, but you can put it into multiple dishes if it doesn't fit in any one dish that you have, just

avoid metal dishes). Melt 3 tablespoons of margarine and toss with the remaining crackers. Spread this over the top of the casserole, if it isn't enough to cover the top then crush some more crackers and melt some more margarine until that casserole is thinly covered. Now bake for an hour or a bit more (it should be relatively solid when done) at 350 degrees. Let it cool a bit (not responsible for mouth burns if you don't heed my advice) then chow down.



I read that HaC #20 would be dedicated to the age-old argument of "What is" and "What isn't" DIY. I was compelled to write. My name is Justin Brannan. I live in Brooklyn, New York. I am 20 years old. I play guitar in 3 bands currently active in the hardcore "scene"—Indecision, Millhouse and The Judas Factor. I've toured Europe twice so far, I've been to 20 countries, toured the United States countless times, have played on more than a dozen recordings and most importantly have met some great people and have had some priceless experiences—both good and bad—but, nonetheless, all because of my love for hardcore music—in its purest sense—for the fun, the communication—and the threat. It's not what "style" of hardcore any of the bands I'm in plays that matters.

Indecision has 2 LPs out—both have UPC bar codes on them. I've always been against the fact that HaC (and many other 'zines following in HaC's footsteps) refuses to review any records with UPC codes on them. I find that policy trivial and pointless. Is HaC implying to us—"the kids"—that REAL music can not exist on a CD with a bar code on the back cover? Is the ONLY good music found on formats without benefit of the UPC "mark of the beast"? If this is so, I would've passed up on buying 95% of my record collection. Is Iggy Pop or David Bowie insincere because their records are on major labels and have UPC codes on them? Sure, major label records are a whole other story but... regardless, are the lyrics I write meaningless? Is the message we are trying to convey useless because of a few lines on the back cover? Are my thoughts fake? Are all my actions premeditated? Was my performance on these records without emotion? AM I LESSER OF A PERSON BECAUSE OF A FUCKING UPC CODE ON ONE OF MY BANDS' LPS OR COMPACT DISCS?

I think there are more important things to worry about than what band is "real" and which band is "DIY"—and which band has a UPC code and which band does not. How about the music? Does that even matter anymore? How about the people? The message? The lyrics... the politics... the emotion... the sincerity... Who cares about a bar code!!!! It's what is in my heart that matters—how I feel about my music—the feeling I get when I listen to music. I get the same goosebumps when I listen to a favorite album or band—with or without a bar code. Sure, some of our releases have donned the UPC code—but we're still a DIY band—making our own t-shirts, playing for gas money, doing it for the fun—should I put a disclaimer manifesto on the back cover so people will give us a fair chance? Ugh! People should spend their time worrying about more important things.

On the other side of the argument lies the fact that HaC can make whatever rules they want—it's THEIR 'zine—and I don't have to send in any of my music to them if I don't want to. That's my choice. No one is forcing me to ask them for an opinion. HaC can refuse to review whatever they want. BUT, HaC has become an authority to certain people and they do dictate a certain norm and certain standards as to "What is" and "What isn't" good or bad, hardcore or not, DIY or not, etc. In their refusal to review recordings and releases armed with the "mark of the beast"—a.k.a. the UPC code—they are implying to kids and setting an example to kids that if a record has a UPC code then it's not

hardcore and it's not real. I think they should realize that and accept the responsibility of creating that norm of "if a record has a bar code on it, there's no way the music or the lyrics contained on that recording are sincere." A kid is quick to criticize an album with a bar code—quicker than they are to question the sincerity of a band's self-funded 7" or demo tape, and HaC played a big role in setting that standard. HaC contributed to the founding of that "norm." UPC code=evil. UPC code=not hardcore. And for a person like myself, and a band like us, it makes me laugh as much as it totally infuriates me. Are people that shallow? Unfortunately, the answer is yes. And HaC dictates what a lot of people think. It's frustrating because some kids ARE that shallow and some kids WILL pass up on some great, sincere, music if they live by the rules and standards other people are creating for them.

Chris Smith

I'm very glad this is being addressed, because it's something I've been concerned with ever since I started a small distro and label. If the question is "Do people care about ethics when it comes to the indie/hardcore record business," then as far as I'm concerned the answer is most definitely! I have looked at this from several angles, and I've voiced my frustration with the whole thing to my friends, and I still don't know the answer, but here's my take on the subject.

As an individual: I am a record buying fanatic. I am one of the few people that I know that will buy a record by a band that I have never heard of, based on the overall feel I get from looking at it. Of course "you can't judge a book by its cover," but a lot of times you can get a fair idea of what a band at least is into by what their record looks like. Many times I support bands based on what they say instead of what they sound like. This is not always the case, sometimes I listen to music made by complete shitbags just because I enjoy the music, but this is mostly related to major label bands and not independent music. I also don't necessarily have to agree with what a hardcore band is saying to appreciate their message, but I am aware that 99% of the bands that I consider to be my favorite hardcore bands have been ones that I love what they're saying as much as what they're playing. Bands such as Downcast, Endpoint, Underdog, Verbal Assault, Fall Silent and so on have inspired me every bit as much through lyrical content as musical content.

This has led to a sneering superiority complex directed at kids that were only interested in the music; as long as it is fast, or heavy, and they can run around in circles to it, or perform group aerobic exercises to it, that's all they care about, and I've always had a problem with that. I wrote in a 'zine once, "It's amazing that something that means so much to me means so little to all of you," by which I meant these types of kids. That was several years ago, and I realize now that everyone goes through the sort of "superficial" hardcore phase, where you don't care what it is, you love it all and every band makes you want to go nuts. So in closing, to me personally, a band's ethics have always been something that I try and take the time to understand, and it has meant the difference to being my favorite band, or one I will not listen to at all. An example would be Undertow, being a favorite band, and Earth Crisis being one I refuse to listen to.

As someone who runs a small distro: Although I do a label also, this is where I started to realize things were not right in this underground scene that has been created. The first time I started to run into the "exclusive" labels that most large distros are associated with, I didn't think much of it. I know I won't be the only one to explain this in this issue, but just for people who have no idea how it works, here is my understanding of it.

For the sake of argument, let's pick on Lumberjack Distribution. When this distribution company was started, it was by Eric Astor who does Art Monk Construction. They had absolutely the lowest prices around. Full length CDs were between \$9 and \$10, which is pretty low for a distribution. I bought a

ton of stuff from them in the first few months they were around. Then one day, the new catalog came out and all the CDs were \$12. I called and asked them why this was, they said they were getting complaints from Revelation and Doghouse Records that Lumberjack was selling stuff too cheaply, so they were forced to raise their prices. Fast forward a couple of years. The "company" Lumberjack distribution is sold to is the same folks that run Doghouse records. They carry a lot of stuff. The prices are about the same as everybody else's. The thing that sets them apart is their exclusive distribution. Most distros (Very, Revelation, Initial) have one exclusive label attached to them, because the same people that do the distro do a label; this makes sense. Lumberjack has around 10 exclusives. An exclusive label means that if you want to buy a record from Doghouse, you have to buy it through Lumberjack. Now this won't affect most people too much, but here's the problem...

When I want to distro stuff by Doghouse, Initial, and Edison Records, I have to go through three different distributors because otherwise things get too expensive. Here's how it works: Take 3 7"s, say, The Get Up Kids 7" on Doghouse, the Overcast 7" on Edison, and the Ink & Dagger 7" on Initial. If I buy them separately from each of the distros those labels are affiliated with, they'll cost \$2 each wholesale. Now I can buy them all from Lumberjack, but what happens is that they buy them from the other distros and mark them up. A 7" from Lumberjack (wholesale) can cost as much as \$2.60. I sell 7"s at shows for \$3. After I pay the UPS on an order, that doesn't leave anything left. Now, I sell the records that I put out to everybody at the same cost, \$1.75 wholesale. Granted, if somebody were to buy my records wholesale from a distributor they will be marked up, but the difference is that I give anyone the option to deal with me direct, so anybody can get the price of \$1.75 if they buy 5 or more 7"s. With an exclusive deal, you can't do this, you have to get it from Lumberjack or whoever else. This eliminates, in most cases, dealing with people who do labels, which is fun.

The deal with distros marking stuff up is not that much of a big one. That's how a distro survives, but it is the point that with exclusives you have no other choice that makes me angry. If you're asking why somebody who does a label would want to be an exclusive, it's because, in many cases, you get funding from a large distro to put your records out and there are other people to do the work for you. I guess that's appealing to some people, but I feel like that's part of the joy of doing a label. The real problem lies in the future. I'm deadly afraid that the exclusive distribution idea is going to ruin the DIY ethic. In order to run a successful distribution, you're going to have to have one or more exclusive labels to guarantee income. It's going to be what sets one distro apart from another, and it's already getting that way. I think this may cause bitter competition among distros, labels, and bands. Instead of trying to help each other out, I think it's going to lead to cutthroat deal making. That, I feel, is the biggest problem. Of course, in all fairness, I think this system came about as a way for the distros to be able to be self supporting. It's a tough business if it's something you try and do for a living. I don't necessarily think anybody is out to make a fortune or anything, I just wish there was a better way. Like I said, it just has great potential to get out of hand.

And finally, as someone who runs a label: It doesn't affect me very much, at least not that I can see right now. I sell my stuff to anybody that wants it, and I trade as much as I can. I have had mostly pleasant dealings with all the distributors when it comes to my label, and even when it comes to doing a distro.

Everybody at all the places I have mentioned have been very kind, and are usually really good with working with me to sort of personalize their system of doing things, at least on my level, which is very small. I love running a label, and that includes the shit work that goes along with it. It's just the idea that the exclusive distribution system limits my options that bothers me. I have tried to come up with a good solution, but it seems that the ball is already rolling and the system is already in place. I guess the only thing I can do is not involve my label in something like that. While I don't know if I'll always want to do a distro (for these very reasons), I hope I will always want to put records out, and I hope

I always do as much of it as I can myself. I guess the only thing I can do to change how things are going to happen is to live and work by example. Sorry to have taken up so much time and space, but thank you for giving me the opportunity to speak my mind. You really can do anything you put your mind to.

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Paul Bettinson

In the most recent HaC the question is posed as to whether there is any value left in the whole DIY system. But the more direct question is whether to take ads and reviews from higher profile independent labels.

I have no problem with Victory, Revelation, Lookout, Epitaph... whatever the label is. I'm sure that the people who run the labels are nice guys and everything, but I don't think they belong in *HeartattaCk*. People can argue till they're blue in the face about bar codes, but the simple fact is, those labels have enough fucking exposure as it is. Turn to any big, pro looking 'zine, and of course you'll see big full and half pages for the labels. If they were allowed inside, they'd edge out the smaller labels. Look in any small, first issue of a 'zine done by some 15 year old kid, and you'll see ads for the above mentioned labels.

I don't think an ad or review in HaC will make or break Victory records. All those labels began as small endeavors by idealistic kids, and I think it's great that they have received such success. But I feel that they don't need to tread here. HaC has always been, in my eyes, a place that a small, up and coming label, can look to advertise or get a review in without being flushed out by all the latest shit stacking up on those labels. Sure, in other labels the small release has a say, but maybe I'm just hoping for one decent 'zine that isn't filled with ads and reviews for the same labels. I'm sick of looking through 'zines and seeing the same ads from the same labels, and the same reviews. Maybe it's being exclusionary to not allow those labels in, but fuck em. There has to be something that they can't touch.

Is DIY dead? I don't know. When kids look to Revelation and Victory in the same way they look to RCA and Geffen, you have to wonder. But then again, look at all the shit out there! Ever stop and read your 'zine? You have about three billion times as many reviews in your 'zine than most people have in their collections. And I doubt that many of those were put out by anyone other than the band member's friends. Everybody is starting a label. Sure, rock star ideas have crept in, and sure too much of a good thing can be a bad thing, but I sorta like things the way they are.

That's how I feel anyway.

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Theo Witsell

PART I: Toward a sustainable DIY literature distribution...

This issue of *HeartattaCk* was touted as being a theme issue about DIY record distribution and how we do "business" in our community. In all honesty, I don't know that much about records and couldn't even tell you about many new bands that have come out in the last two or three years. There's always a lot of talk about the ethics of consumption within the DIY punk/bc scene. This is good. People are concerned with the commodification of culture and resistance, with UPC codes, high prices, and so on. I guess my main complaint is that far too often this concern, or at least the bulk of the debate about it, centers on records and CDs (music). We talk about music to no end but what about other stuff like... say... literature! I love music too but my main contribution to the community has, for some time, centered around the written word. It's what

I know so it's what I can write about.

Back in 1993 I began publishing a 'zine called *Spectacle*. The first printing of the first issue was a whopping 10 copies, xeroxed on a library photocopier and bound with rubber bands. It grew from there and by 1994 I was looking for more distribution than my then-current strategy of selling copies out of my backpack at punk shows. I tried the dynamic world of DIY distros—folks (mostly 'zine editors themselves) from all over who would get 5 or 10 copies to sell (again, mostly at shows). Of these distros, many worked on consignment (you send copies and they send you money when they sell them). My experience showed that somewhere between 50 and 75% of these distros aren't even the slightest bit reliable. Many took my 'zines and vanished without a trace from the face of the Earth (or exhausted me with all the nagging it took to get even partial payment so as to make it not worth my while). This unreliability also applies to ordering 'zines from them (which I used to do often). Half the time I'd never hear back or the 'zine I wanted would never be back in stock.

By 1995 I was so frustrated with the minuscule number of reliable distros that would carry 'zines that I started Tree of Knowledge Independent Literature Distribution out of my bedroom.

Running a literature distro is a lot different than running a record distro. First and most obvious is the glaring fact that very few people buy literature (in the punk/hc scene anyway) compared to the number who buy records and shirts. I suppose this makes sense. Listening to a record takes little effort compared to reading a 'zine or book. Listening to records is (generally) what I call passive consumption. You can listen to records while driving, washing dishes, having sex, etc. It takes a lot more time and effort to read a book or a lengthy 'zine. This simple fact immediately sets up a huge discrepancy between the scale of the underground literature and music markets. For instance, a friend of mine who runs a good-sized record distro confided in me that he moved over \$50,000 in records last year (this was mostly from selling at shows too, mind you). Compare that to the measly couple of thousand that a good-sized literature mailorder will move, even with a comparable price list and selection.

So, you ask, what makes DIY literature distribution such a temporary and unreliable venture? I thought on this question and came up with five semi-obvious reasons: (1) 'zines take work/time to read (see above), (2) most 'zines are mediocre to crummy and this has made people skeptical of laying down their hard-earned cash for them (honestly, I can't blame them), (3) many people think 'zines should be free (these people usually fail to recognize that there's a big difference between the one-night handwritten 16-page scam-photocopied 'zine they got at a show and a 64 page offset-printed 'zine with nice design, good editing, well-researched articles and a 2000 copy press run), (4) 'zine distros take a TON of work (just ask my partner about how much sleep I get and how far behind I am in spite of it), and (5) many 'zines won't sell because they either look terrible or look just like a million other 'zines (if you pay up front you're screwed on these).

All these factors combine to make it fairly unprofitable to run a literature distro. Tree of Knowledge is in its third year and is still scraping by despite a catalog with hundreds of titles and a real serious effort at quality control. I'd say we agree to carry maybe 8-10% of what we receive for consideration.

Sometime in 1997 I began to see that if I wanted TOK to make it for the long haul, I would have to make some changes. It was getting too big for me to handle (believe it or not, I have a lot of interests other than the glamorous and thrill-a-minute life of the 'zine distributor) so I called on some responsible and interested friends (Mary, Chip & Holly) and proposed collectivization. That's still evolving but was a major step toward the (relative) success we've had. There's a limit to the workload one person can stand.

When Tree of Knowledge was small, it was easy to run, took little time, and not much money. Almost everything was paid for up front (then again we're only talking 5 to 10 copies of even the most popular items—versus the hundreds we take now). As it expanded though, things began to get more expensive. Printing 5000 catalogs costs several hundred bucks and

a mailing list of 500+ people is expensive to send updates to. Not to mention the rent, utilities, phone calls, business permits & taxes, computer software, postage to editors, etc. Of course all this is on top of paying publishers every 3 months, which isn't always easy.

As TOK grew, I was faced with the question of raising prices and did. Standard "industry" markup for 'zines is 200% of the wholesale price. Stores get copies for 1/2 off and sell them for the cover price. For books, stores get 40% off cover and distributors (who sell to these stores) get 50-55% off (meaning they make only 10-15%). In the small press it's not uncommon for distributors to only get 40% off and stores from 20-30% off. In the end, unless you're moving a ton of stuff, you're looking at very little profit. Ours is consistently lost to the sucking black hole of expenses listed above (and that's after the price increase from the overly-idealistic \$.25 a copy to the more realistic standard increase).

Speaking of idealists, I've come across a lot of them over the years while tabling, via mail, at fests, etc. Most of these folks have little idea of what it costs to run a sizable, reliable distro (though they fuss if their order takes too long or if items are out of stock... people want miracles, it seems... something for nothing...). Let's face it... a distro is a business and it costs money to make it function in a capitalist society (that's not great—in fact it sucks—but what else can we do? The publishers need their money to cover the cost of printing, shipping, etc.). Not often, but a couple of times people have come down on me/TOK for selling literature at the cover price, and on a few occasions, for selling it period! "How dare you not be willing to buy literature from publishers and just give it to people. Fuckin' capitalist!" Give me a break. Most people, though, think the prices are low or at least reasonable. I think \$2 to \$3 for a thick 'zine is reasonable, especially considering that most of the people who think that it's too much would have no qualms about shelling out \$3.00 for a two song seven inch from one of their favorite bands.

Anyway, I suppose my point is that it takes money to run a reliable operation and I just wanted to shed some light on the unscrupulous world of the 'zine distribution racket that is "swindling all the kids" (as if any 'zine editors or distributors ever make any money). Incidentally, no one involved in TOK has ever made a cent from it and all labor is donated because we care about promoting the small press. Any profit left over after expenses (if we ever get any) will go to print new titles we want to put out.

Aside from Tree of Knowledge I can count the number of reliable DIY literature distros on one hand (excluding folks who pay up front, since that is obviously always reliable). I've found that the best of these smaller distros are: Stickfigure (PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308), Primordial Soup Kitchen (PO Box 1312/Clairemont, CA 91711-1312), and Words as Weapons (PO Box 4493/Ann Arbor, MI 48016). The only larger one I can honestly say I've been happy with has been Left Bank Distribution (1404 18th Ave./Seattle, WA 98122). That's it! All the other consignment distros I've dealt with have been less than ideal. Of course that's not to say that there aren't several others that I've not dealt with, but these all carry the *Spectacle* seal of approval.

PART II: Pseudo-science in the scene

On another front, I'd like to quickly point out a glaring example of pseudo-science cited by Kevin Morriss in the letters section of issue 19. While Kevin may know quite a bit about Christianity and be correct about a lot of things, he is certainly incorrect in his attempt to disprove the theory of evolution using the second law of thermodynamics. This law, as Mr. Morriss correctly states, deals with entropy—the process by which all matter and energy eventually tends toward a state of inert uniformity (disorder). This is indeed a scientific law and explains, among many other things, why an abandoned cup of hot coffee will eventually cool off. However, this is only true AS LONG AS THERE IS NO ENERGY INPUT INTO THE SYSTEM (if you keep heating your coffee, it will stay hot). In short, biological systems are (in a sense) exempt from this because our cells continually make energy available in the form of adenosine triphosphate, or ATP. This energy drives biological systems and allows them to increase

in complexity (this is a pretty horrendous abstraction of evolutionary theory and some professors and colleagues of mine would crucify me for not qualifying them, but this is a basic outline for debunking the assertions of Mr. Morriss).

Furthermore, there is much, much more evidence in support of evolution than there is against it. In fact, there is no real debate anymore in scientific circles as to whether or not evolution occurs, just over HOW it occurs. The "theory" is of "evolution by natural selection" (the one that Charles Darwin proposed). The "evolution" part of it isn't what is being debated, the "natural selection" part is. Anyone with a microscope can watch bacteria evolve in just a few days/weeks. What are we to admit that so-called "lower" organisms evolve all the time but we humans are exempt? Give me a break! I won't go further with this in this column because I could write a whole 'zine about the evidence for evolution (and I've gone on forever already), but I challenge Mr. Morriss to cite the name of one credible scientist who doesn't believe that evolution occurs. Just because we haven't figured out the whole story doesn't mean that we won't. I mean, hell, a few decades ago no one knew what DNA was and now we can map it out and even manipulate it (not that we should, but you get the point).

Sort of related to that last little rant, my pal Chris Tracey and I are compiling a 'zine about being involved in scientific pursuits and how the "science industry" often turns its back on social responsibility. It's going to focus mainly on conservation biology, environmental activism, and the selling out of science to industry. We need contributions from folks involved in the sciences, activists, and other interested people. Your ideas and suggestions, as well as essays, photos, graphics, etc. are welcomed so please get in touch. Tree of Knowledge Press is also working on compiling a big DIY guide with lots of practical DIY tips (gardening, carpentry, auto/bike repair, sewing, sustainable living, money management, etc.) and we need contributions for that as well.

Spectacle/Fucktooth split out Feb. 1999 too. Thanks. Correspond... Theo Witsell/1011 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202; CTWITSELL@ualr.edu.

MAKING

DIY—do it yourself. Big words. I didn't ever really reflect about their meaning until I got into punk and HC. These words—do it yourself—can, of course, have different meanings, it completely depends on the context. But ever since I consider myself a HC kid, my conception of DIY comes down to this: Doing something yourself is a means to refrain from consumption. In the HC/punk community, consumption is basically considered as a kind of human need that is not natural, but developed from manipulating a human's mind by forcing the need for consumption down people's throats through shit like TV advertisement or whatever. At least that's my basic definition of "consumption." I think everyone will agree with me when I say that a child's need for a machine that spins a lollipop in their mouth automatically is not a basic human need at all, but a need that is artificially created. And the more of these artificial needs we contract, the more we consume, that is the logical consequence. HC/punk should not be about consumption. It should not be about artificially created needs. So the kids decided to not take part in this big mainstream culture that forces down these needs upon them. DIY was a good point to start with that. But what is DIY all about? To me personally, it's simply about boycott. When growing your own food in your garden, you're already DIY. You don't need to go to the consumption cosmos called mall or supermarket or whatever to buy some special food from a multinational cooperation, you can eat the food you have grown yourself at home. Great! But why isn't everyone doing so when they know it's right? Convenience plays a big role here. And I think that convenience is artificially created, too, but that's something different.

Considering the words "do it yourself" in the HC/punk context, what first comes to mind is record

distribution. There are kids growing their own food for sure, but it is mainly record distribution that is so tightly connected with the words DIY. We even talk of a "DIY ethic"—and that's what keeps HC and punk alive primarily. Of course there are other factors/ethics that keep our community alive, but DIY is something we all should have in common. Most of the HC/punk ethics try to refrain from convenience, and without the DIY ethic, convenience will rule the other ethics, too, sooner or later (at least that's what I think). I will get into that a bit more later on.

So it is record distribution that should be talked about now. Labels are of utmost importance when considering this issue. I will now talk about my conception of DIY as far as record labels and distribution are concerned. It is how I see things and how I think it's done best—or, "most DIY." I never did a label myself, but I know some people that do so and I know the problems that arise as soon as you are doing a label. As a HC/punk label, you look for bands that you like to release a record of. It's not too hard to find awesome bands nowadays I think. But as soon as you have found one, it gets harder and harder: there are compromises to be made between band and label concerning finances, time, the record itself—and its distribution. It's obvious that both the band and the label are eager to have the record distributed as good as possible. But what does the word "good" mean in connection with distribution? Well, most people will think "to get the record out to as many people as possible." Fine, there's nothing wrong with that I think—even the idea of spreading a record as wide as possible is DIY. But it depends on the means of distribution. Is it still DIY when distribution goes beyond our HC/punk horizon, i.e. selling records in the mainstream world, in malls, in large record stores? I don't think so!!! A lot of people I talked to argue that distribution through mainstream sale is an adequate way of involving new people. Some labels that consider themselves HC or punk distribute their records like that for years now. My problem with that is that I don't know a single person who got into HC/punk because he or she bought a record in a usual music store, and I know a lot of people. I do not doubt that there are exceptions that got into HC/punk that way, but yeah, it's just exceptions. So that cannot be the main reason for mainstream distribution. Some say this kind of distribution "helps kids that live in parts of the world where it is hard to get hold of records to get them, though. But why do we have mailorders then? Sure, buying records in the mall is more convenient, but convenience is shit. And if a kid is too convenient to get a record somewhere else where he or she even pays less, he or she is probably too convenient to understand any of the HC/punk ethics as well. And after all, mainstream stores don't carry vinyl as far as I know. So this can't be the reason. The last argument they have is that HC and punk music is not only for HC and punk kids. Other people have the right to listen to that music, too. That's absolutely right. But they won't die without it. And normally, it's not a band's intention to get their record out to kids that don't read their lyrics or don't pay attention to anything. A band that wants to get out their music to a lot of people is DIY, but a band that wants to sell as many records as possible without caring who they sell them to is not. So here's what I say: the only intention of mainstream distribution is getting your ass blown up with money. A record that is designed for mainstream sale lacks all aspects of an individual DIY product. In my opinion, an average plastic cased and bar coded CD with electronic securing degrades a record to nothing more than just another product among millions of others that exist only to match the artificially created need for consumption. And that's the opposite of DIY.

I don't think that *HeartataCk* should support record labels that sell their stuff through mainstream distribution. *HeartataCk* is somehow the incarnation of DIY: whereas people like Tony Victory "are nothing but cooperate fuck" (quoting Reversal Of Man). A HC label can't be DIY when its main intention is to get the pockets filled, and I am convinced that mainstream distribution is a common means for a lot of labels to do so nowadays.

These mainstream economics concerning record distribution mostly have a lot more negative effects on the labels and bands. Most HC bands that

signed to a major had to split up after one major release because nobody liked them anymore. Labels that break out of the underground "limits" (well, of course there are no limits, DIY means complete freedom) often lose so much money on distribution costs that they have to quit. And if that's not the case and a band or a label are successful, though, it takes negative effects on the people who are still sticking to the DIY ethic—I talk of \$15 door prices, rock star attitudes and a lot of disappointments.

Why do so many underground labels adopt these mainstream economics? Why do we have exclusive distribution, reviews in fucking mainstream papers and all that shit? Is it really necessary? Wouldn't it be better for all the kids to improve our underground DIY network instead of watching it degenerate to another mainstream business? And what can we do to stop this development? It's pretty easy: Stop promoting it. Stop printing ads for sell-out labels in DIY 'zines. Stop doing reviews of major and Victory shit and try to support new bands and labels that really need it. That's an alternative when doing a 'zine. I'm doing a 'zine myself and I stopped doing reviews and printing ads for sell-out labels and bands in my second issue because I realized that others need our support more. I know which labels I'm going to support and which not. Reviews and ads in 'zines are in my opinion by far the best way to get your stuff out to people. The 'zines support the bands, the bands support the community and the community supports the 'zines. This circle can be turned the other way around, but as soon as one link is interrupted and starts working out of the circle, the development of the circle as a whole gets interrupted and the other links will die. It is as simple as that.

Dropping your DIY beliefs and adapting mainstream economics make you a sell-out, so just don't do it and stop supporting those who have. To me personally, DIY is what HC is all about. DIY is keeping HC alive. Mainstream distribution is killing DIY and thus, it is killing HC. HC was, is, and will always be DIY, otherwise it won't be HC anymore.

—Markus Bruening/Bei Fuflenkreuz 37/66806 Ens Dorf/Germany; pbruening@-online.de

Greg Knowles

DIY is not dead. The big/bigger punk/HC labels can't and won't put out records by every band out there these days. They will put out music that won't be rejected by the entire punk/hc market. They can project how many records they can sell. They can saturate 'zines with ads announcing the latest releases month after month and interviews with their bands. But if you add up how many functioning bands are on the rosters of Epiaph, Victory, Revelation, Dischord, and Lookout!, you see that their selection is rather limited. It usually takes longer for their records to hit the streets. That's where everybody else fills in the gaps.

The insult sometimes associated with DIY is that some people do it because no one else would ever touch a band's crappy music. The DIY claim has been overused at points, but most bands with no ex-members start off with a self-released recording. Some bands form, play, and release a 7" (and maybe break up) just like that. If the band is good, they will make their money back and maybe someone will want to help the band release more records. If the band is good and wants to keep total control over their music, they will continue to release their music themselves and get all the money from sales of their records. That money goes to ads, recording, shirts, vinyl, nicer record covers and whatnot. Quality increases in proportion to success (in the ideal situation).

'Zines are the same. A person who wants to get his work out will put out a few issues, lose a bit of cash, and try to attract advertisers and readers to help lighten the financial load. 'Zines that don't do ads live with a bad balance sheet (usually) and a good reputation (maybe). If you look at the larger DIY 'zines, their ads, and the rates they charge, you'd have to figure that their printing costs are covered by ads. The work, of course,

is done for little or no pay. Any cash left over could cover the cost of postage, mailing containers, computer hardware/software, supplies, etc. (in a dream scenario).

A DIY release is a financial gamble. There might be more 'zines and records out there now because more people have the financial resources. Older punks might have a nice salary that can be used for a 'zine or label without worrying about earning or losing money. People might be pooling their money to put out music or ideas that they want the public to know about. Whatever the case, DIY music is still kicking. Sometimes it just gets overshadowed by the bigger labels with multiple releases, release dates, dazzling packaging, and blanket advertising. DIY 'zines (even ones with pretty covers, bar codes, and major label ads) can be distinguished rather easily from mainstream 'zines via content and print quality within. As always, some people align themselves with what's popular while others look at everything and decide what's worthy of their cash.

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punk rock is old. It is simply a fact that after 20 years, any subculture becomes established to a point where it changes from new and contrary to a relatively accepted entity. I am not saying that punk rock cannot still be relevant and make a positive mark on this planet, but the shock value is more or less gone. Unfortunately, the popular culture "punk" of the nineties has made everything punk rock-related even more safe and digestible—as well as saleable. Tons of new kids discovered punk rock in these last few years. Hopefully, many will stay and discover the side of punk that has some value—the world that revolves around the Do-It-Yourself ethic and has no interest in Green Day or Earth Crisis. But many of these kids will go on to bigger and better things. (sic) What will have changed in the world of punk rock when these kids are all gone is the way in which we approach producing, distributing, marketing, and selling products in the punk rock community.

In my opinion the ethics of punk rock have been diluted in an effort to meet (and sometimes to cash in on) the recently increased demand for the music of punk rock. Distribution methods and modes of operation have become larger and sometimes a little sketchier, and prices have, in some areas, increased to questionable levels. There are obvious benefits to better distribution networks and a more organized system for trading punk rock wares and I have personally taken advantage of them when trying to sell records or 'zines. However, far too often it seems like the standards for what is acceptable in the world of punk rock business have lessened and I must step back and say, "no, I won't sell that way," or "no, I am not comfortable with your methods." Sometimes the weird thing is that it seems like very few others are stepping back with me.

Perhaps I am just getting older and the idealistic view of DIY punk rock I was so excited by was never as existent as I had thought. Maybe most distribution has always been a little sketchy. I am not sure anymore. I still firmly believe in the value and importance of the non-corporate, DIY ethic as the core of the punk and hard core scene. I just wish I could find it as easily as I used to.

I do not wish to run down a huge list of the issues relating to doing business in the world of punk rock, giving you my point of view on each. Instead, I have tried to establish three basic guidelines of what I think is important as the foundation of all punk rock business...

First, maintaining as much independence as possible. Attempting to maintain complete isolation from the corporate music world is important. They DO NOT need help making money and we shouldn't sloop so low as to do anything that assists them. This means no interviewing their bands, putting out records or putting on shows featuring any bands that have signed to their ranks, or distributing or selling any of their records. Sure, I buy the occasional major label release, but I want to it to be in an entirely separate world from that of DIY punk rock. The intents and purposes of

what we do in the world of punk rock is completely different from those of the corporate music world. Blurring these lines means wasting our own precious resources on a world we have set ourselves apart from and we only end up weakening our own community.

Second, money shouldn't be the motivation for our efforts. Getting paid for the records and 'zines you produce (and the shows you play) is great, but shouldn't be the goal. Evidence is prevalent these days that this ideal has eroded. Pricing of records and other punk rock products should always be as low as is realistic and fair, and should allow for maximum affordability and accessibility. I don't need to give examples, you know an expensive and over-priced record, t-shirt, or show when you see one. I assume that a lot of this increase has to do with larger groups handling distribution of punk rock items, and the necessary expenses to efficiently sell all this crap (full-time employees, large warehouses, etc.), but that excuse doesn't seem to bare out all the increased pricing.

It seems many punk labels have latched onto the pricing structure set by corporate America. CDs are cheaper to make than vinyl at this point, so why the hell are they so much more expensive?! If you want to reach people (which I always thought was the goal of punk rock), then you need to make the damned records affordable! This idea has been lost somewhere. For me, the goal should always be to establish as low a price as I can. I am not saying you can't reach a point where a punk rock endeavor is so large that you must work at it full-time and, in turn, make a living from it—that is just being realistic. What I am saying is that if punk rock gets you to the envious position of a full-time punk rocker, then you owe punk rock something, and it isn't over-inflated prices and a transition to running your label or distro like the corporate structure you built your label saying you oppose.

I think that these basic issues are lost in arguments over some relatively unimportant, non-issues. For instance, UPC codes... sure, they are symbolic of consumerism, shopping malls, etc., but they are also becoming more and more standard as a means to simplify inventory and run a business. No, punks won't be scanning the records you buy at shows, but mom and pop record stores may, and it really doesn't change anything about the content of the records. Some people would argue that the existence of a UPC code means a readiness to enter the mainstream marketplace—malls, chain record stores, etc. Well, that certainly is a possibility, but that means these stupid commercial places are supporting us, we aren't (and shouldn't be) supporting them. If they want to spread information about a sub-culture that is opposed to them, so be it. Maybe not many kids who buy a punk record at such a shopping mall will ever care or understand what we are really about, but a few will. I wouldn't be writing for this 'zine if I hadn't bought punk rock releases in shopping malls and chain stores.

Furthermore, if a band has a UPC code on their record, I think it is silly to disregard them too quickly. In the past I haven't liked many bands who marketed to the kind of store that needs a UPC code, but bands should be judged by their actions and intentions rather than the existence of such a minor thing as a UPC code. If you can't figure out a band's intentions by their lyrics, actions, and the way they operate on tour and at shows, then you may be sadly disappointed by some of them when they leave you for the world of corporate rock. I'm just saying that a UPC doesn't equate with selling out.

This leads me to my final guideline, which pertains to how fucking permissive we have become. We must hold firm to our ethics and not allow them to be eroded by the needs of business or the demands of the marketplace. We sit back and accept bands that act like assholes and pretend to be DIY when it is convenient and beneficial, and who then go off and play only 21+ shows, demand ridiculous guarantees, flirt with major labels, and act like self-serving bastards. Bands like these are all over the "popular" world of punk rock these days—a world that has somehow blurred with that of the indie rock bar scene and occasionally the huge arena rock world. We should be turning our backs on bands when they use our community and our resources as a stepping stone to the world of corporate music. Distributors and labels who sell indiscriminately,

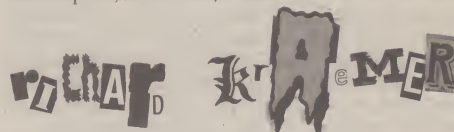
without regard to content of what they sell should also be rejected. It is unacceptable for these entities to shade their intentions and it is unacceptable for us to sit back passively while they use us to fill their bank accounts.

If a label wants distribution and their prices are way too high, fuck them—say no. Have some backbone. If a band is acting like a bunch of assholes, don't do a show for them. And, if the lyrics and ideas of a band doesn't set right with you, stay clear of them and don't support them. It often seems like we have lost the ability to say "no," and the result is a scene with watered-down ethics and a lessened impact on the world.

There are so many varied issues pertaining to all I am trying to encapsulate in a few brief guidelines, but maintaining a few core ideas seems like a good place to start. I'll be the first to admit that most issues in this world are not black and white, but that is exactly why the ethics and intentions of the DIY punk and hardcore scene must be maintained as much as possible. We can and do maintain our own community that stands uniquely apart from the world of music made strictly for profit. Why the fuck would we want to see it be dissolved in a luke-warm pool of half-intentioned ethics?!

Contact me at: balfit@isd.net or at the address below.

Contrascience #6 is \$3ppd to PO Box 8344/
Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA



formerly of Lumberjack Distribution

"You're just a middle-class socialist brat from a suburban family and you never really had to work. And now you tell me that I've got to get back to the struggling masses—whatever they are." —Danny Elfman

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." —William Blake

If, indeed, I may be so bold as share any retrospective musings I have over my three years spent dedicated to the inception and establishment of Lumberjack Distribution, I must then kindly ask that you read about my experiences aside from yourself with an objectivity that is far too often lacking in this sub-culture founded in rebellion and brandished in a youth void of pragmatism. Free your perspective from the ethical exceptions that all of us are or once were so willing to impose on our the Scene, for it is these same exceptions that, sadly enough, will aid in forever bleeding many fundamental "institutions" within the Scene brittle and dry.

Eric and I opened the doors of Lumberjack in a 12x14 ft. room in State College, Pennsylvania in the Summer of 1994, bustling with the intent to represent smaller yet infinitely more commendable labels in the marketplace. I use the term "marketplace" because that is precisely the realm within which we were engaging. On all counts, this was a capitalist endeavor within which, on a personal finance level, we sought nothing more than to be able to, someday, afford to live rent-free, buy the foods we liked best, and have the kind of stability to perhaps travel somewhere without feeling like it would decimate our checking accounts for months to come. But I digress. The point is that, if I may apply analogy, engaging in capitalism is like being a vegan. You are or you aren't. You don't drink a little milk once in a while and declare yourself anything more than vegetarian. Capitalism is founded in and drives on profit. If you take share in this profit as an entrepreneur, then you too are a capitalist. From my personal perspective, this is not unethical. Words in themselves do not cause harm (with the exception of "Hate Speech"), rather it is the poor and unjust application of them that causes injury. Profits are much in the same.

But I am a man who knows more of what it means to work hard than to espouse ideals and theories that I have not the audacity to profess as "expert" upon. To use this generously offered opportunity to solely vent my socio-economic beliefs would not only be inappropriate, it would be effrontery to the editors of

this publication. Having stated as such, I would however plead your patience and recollect my consideration of Profit as being a neutral entity within a free market economy as I relate our experiences from the years 1994-1997.

Eric and I felt that the more sizable distributors of the day (i.e. Dutch East, Cargo, Caroline) were failing, among other tasks and standards, to "push" a remarkable record to kids, independently owned stores, and various one-stops without considerable possibility of generating a profit for themselves. It was certainly within the breadth of our reasoning to empathize with their concern for profit, and we admired (in Caroline's case) their efficiency, accuracy, and honesty. Of course, each had their own reasons and standards behind backing revoltingly rapid releases—this was less understood. For of the initial labels we picked up, all (some more than others) had records that ourselves and others who shared many of our musical tastes deemed as quality, innovative recordings. It was a travesty that there were creative young people who, with varying degrees of talent, were working their fingers to the bone on a fret board or stuffing 7"s and seeing nothing to come of it but broken bands and unpaid invoices.

Empowered by our noble ideals we set forth—the two of us and our friend Dean helping out as much as he could—knowing that when we reached Mordam's level (our Dream, our standard setting Flag Bearer throughout all of this), Dean would stand as our main administrator. Eric collected money from the government while I baked bagels full-time, coming home at 3 or 4pm and working with Eric until 10-11pm, six days a week. Until we moved to the Washington DC area one year later, neither one of us had taken more than \$100.00 apiece from the meager profits that Lumberjack had produced. Not that we were particularly distraught by this. We were both well aware that it would take time and an operation on a much grander scale to give us something we could live on. At this point in time, we carried the catalogs of a few relatively large labels such as Gern Blandsten, Doghouse, and Gravity in addition to a handful of others. The end of the rainbow landed in DC where we, at long last, had secured a sizable warehouse. Armed with a reputation for reliability, we foresaw another year of expansion with little to take home from it, but from there on—as sure as daylight—we could start depositing a bit in the bank. After all, when you're selling \$40,000-\$50,000 per month, it seemed implausible to be unable to take home anything less than enough for rent and food.

To make it brief, we expanded to the extent where we were carrying releases by over two hundred labels. We sold records to kid's distros all the way to multi-thousand accounts overseas. Our mail order was popular. We even constructed the front of our warehouse into a storefront open on the weekends due to the fact that there was no other store in Northern Virginia/DC that sold the titles we did. All of this was the product of, for myself, 60-80 hour work weeks for three years, and, speaking for Eric, 70-80 hour workweeks. I contend that this would be an appropriate spot to list some of the tasks we engaged in on a regular basis:

- Receiving records: includes counting, shelving, and entering into inventory the computer. By the end, on the average, we received 5-7 single and multi-boxed shipments on a daily basis. Data entry alone, in the event of enough new releases, could take hours.

- Shipping records: includes finding the releases (even with our well-structured library, envision finding one 7" out of 2,000 releases), pulling and packing them (a lengthy task as well due to the triple-check system we had to develop to ensure the proper packing and entry of the requested title in its requested format), entering them in the computer and then checking the invoice. Lastly entering them in the UPS handbook. Depending on the day, this activity would run between 4 to 6 hours.

- Bookkeeping: Eric took care of the vast majority of this activity. In order to ensure timely payment, Eric would have to prepare one to two days prior to the actual writing of checks, and then stay up all night and into the weekend to see payment through. We had approximately 200 labels we dealt with, and would pay one-half of them every month. This means

the reconciling of 100 accounts, which is not easy when you find the inevitable discrepancy between what the computer states you have in stock and what you've sold. Investigating such matters would take hours. Being the bookkeeper, this also entitled Eric to explain to a given dozen thick-headed young men a month why and when we paid them what we paid them, despite the fact we explained this upon "picking up" their release(s). Both of us shared the task of hounding people on the phone to kindly remind them that they were overdue on balances. If you have the intention of starting a distributorship on a larger scale than behind a collapsing table at your local VFW post, I would highly recommend that you learn something about the basics of accounting and then find an accountant who will help you from Day One. It seems all logical and easy—it's just addition and subtraction, right? Not so. Not when you're getting into the range of sales we did. You will without a doubt lose valuable time and money trying to understand mysteries you've concocted for yourself—the type of bog accountants don't get mired in. I took care of taxes, which, as is oft and correctly assumed, is an endeavor of horrific proportions. And if the IRS ever gets confused on some trifle error that you committed (the kind of mistake your non-existent accountant never would have), you will have to deal with it for years. I am a veteran of such conflicts. You don't need an accountant for everything, but when it comes to your 1065s and K-11s—don't fuck around. And remember to always seek counseling before setting up shop due to the fact that this is where any mistakes made will have the deepest reaching consequences. Trust us.

- **Weekly Updates:** I spent on the average eight hours listening to our freshly arrived releases once a week. Upon completion of sometimes as many as 20 record reviews, they would be formatted and faxed around the World, literally. I would muster all the eloquence I could into my fingertips and attempt to justly describe these records in terms that gave them the credit they deserved without alienating the vast number of store owners and one-stop operators who just couldn't quite grasp the difference between Hatebreed and say, Sepultura. Of course, I couldn't just go and describe them as hardcore bands, because some other shop owner assumes that hardcore means Weston. Then, if I would write that a band played grindcore when it was really power-violence, a discrediting shadow would be cast upon Lumberjack by those who buy from us and are "in the Know." Ahh, the politics of record critique.

- **The Store:** One day a week. Open for eight hours. Re-stocking, inventory, accounting of which took an additional two hours.

- **Mailorder:** From the onset, we always had someone to take care of mailorder. Mailorder is so time consuming, that it is just barely worth the effort put into it. Eric and I both were of and always will hold that mailorder is an essential aspect of the market within the Scene, and despite the fact that it cannot be justified in terms of dollars, it shall be perseveringly upheld. To commit anything contrary would, in my opinion, stand at odds with the principle of DIY and an independent scene. It is sacred in that you, the Kid, deal with another Kid. Hence, we may assuredly deem it as fulfilling definitions applying to that which is theoretically as well as verifiably Cool. Our mailorder person would generally come in four times a week and work for six to eight hours each shift.

With the exception of bookkeeping, updates and the store, these stood as our daily fundamental tasks. In addition, there always answering the phone, taking orders, getting the mail, making bank deposits, paying bills, figuring out computers, answering e-mail inquiries, dealing with your landlord, making your employees happy, insurance, payroll, maintenance, biannual inventory, making and reserving ads, printing and sending thousands of catalogs out on a seasonal basis, re-ordering releases two to three times a month (Don't order too much—you'll have to pay for their return! Don't order too little—you'll run out too quickly and then your customers will grow impatient waiting for your restock and may take their business elsewhere!), and the list goes on and on... As could I. But I shall submit to decorum and release your ear drum from its patient endurance.

To be quite frank, this submission has been intentionally written in a discouraging tone because,

firstly, opening a distribution with a 10-15% markup on a 7" you bought for \$1.80 means you must sell 5 copies to make \$1.00. That's a lot of 7"s when your overhead is in the vicinity of \$7,000-10,000 per month. Secondly, it is grueling, monotonous work often, and if you aren't surrounded by dedicated and enthusiastic people, you will go postal sooner rather than later. And, in the end of it all, none of this will matter when you find that 70 hours of week only lets you and those with you scrape by, and your enthusiasm will be shed with your sweat and tears.

These days, with the exception of the amazing folk in Art Monk Construction's bands and Eric, I am totally removed from the Scene. Among other pursuits, I teach human rights and refugee law in Krakow, Poland. With Fortune's grace, I will be in law school in a year's time. I have a vastly different vision of what I will do with myself in years to come than in the four years ago when Eric and I got Lumberjack up and running. In having done so, I consider myself a success. I see what Dirk (of Doghouse Records) has done with Lumberjack and it leaves me gushing with admiration. Yet, even if it worked out with Eric and I at the helm, I am confident that I would be dissatisfied to this day. I make this confession for the sake of those of you out there who with the deepest earnest love the Scene, its music, and all that it entails. If you are where I was four years ago, think first what you love to do and what you do best. If it doesn't fit into a function within the Scene, pay it no mind. Take the Scene with the morals and comradeship it blanketed you with into other parts of our society where perhaps people don't speak our language as fluently. Hardcore is by the Kids and for the Kids. But one day you're not a kid anymore. This doesn't mean that it's best for all to sever themselves from the Scene—just most of us. If you are one of those who will remain, I forever commend your dedication and hard work, because you will need an inexhaustible amount. For those who find their talents and passions separate from the Scene, my wish for you is to pursue them with wholehearted vigor and faith in yourself and always carry with you what you learned from all the 'zines, letters, and 7"s. That's how the Scene has worked thus far and with a stronger mix of pragmatism into all the idealism, it will always remain for the next lot of Kids.

Again, thank you for the opportunity for submission. My gratitude is yours.

—Richard Kraemer; Formerly of Lumberjack Distribution

JEFF MASOLL

I'm writing in regards to your upcoming DIY issue, specifically about your questions at the bottom of page 3, issue #19. I look forward to each issue of HaC and a lot of what I like about the magazine relates to what I see as its commitment to the (more) underground scene, "for the hardcore" as you say. One thing that turns me off in some (esp. bigger) punk 'zines is the amount of bands covered who are in the DIY scene because it is accessible, but would jump to a major (or pseudo-major "indie") label as soon as they got an invite. Bands playing indie on their way "up," not out of a belief in independence at all. Due to HaC's policies, I think there is less of that in your 'zine than some others. It's been a while since Victory, Epitaph, or Revelation were "for the hardcore," for those dedicated to the do it yourself scene. Fuck them. The bar code thing is not a perfect system to keep shitty, wanna be MTV heroes out, but I am glad you're drawing that line (though I admit to being a little sketched on how a free record with "promo" written on the front isn't worth your time). I think the bar code exclusion keeps the material you're covering closer to the underground scene. I guess my point is I'm not interested in ads looking to play the same hype/bullshit/corporate rock game as all the mainstream bands I hoped to leave behind when I got into this scene. I don't see how you can call all the wimpy indie/pop bands hardcore, but I would rather read about a lightweight DIY band than a rockin' sold out/for sale unit. I definitely suffer from periodic crises of

faith when it comes to the punk/hc scene, and I am thankful for the bands and 'zines that keep showing me what I had been forgetting. So yes I fucking care!

I can't believe you're even asking if DIY is dead. Are you just trying to get a rise outta the readership? Thanks to all the HaC volunteers. Take care.

—Jeff Mason/3374 18th St./San Francisco, CA 94110

CASEY BO LAND

I know this is super last minute and I'm sure by now you've been inundated with mail on the subject of DIY and related ethics, but I decided to add to the flood and send you on in my two cents on the issue, specifically the business side of things. And to answer the questions posed in the last *HeartattaCk*, NO, you should not accept ads from big corporate-aided labels like Revelation and Epitaph. NO you shouldn't review shit with UPC codes, and YES, DIY lives as raucously as ever. Thanks for the forum.

Let's all get one fact straight: hardcore is a business. People create a product, devise a price based on cost of labor and materials, and market that product, often to a specific demographic of the punk product purchasing public. Perhaps most people propelled to make 'zines or records or put on shows and run distros do so out of a desire to contribute to the fragile subculture we choose to inhabit or just to simply flex their creative muscles. But the deciding factor in what is manufactured within the scene fundamentally revolves around capital. Money. The big bucks it takes to try your hand at doing something constructive with our energies in hardcore/punk rock land. That isn't to say everyone who ever partakes in the joyous revelry of the punk experience thinks only about how much it costs to buy and produce. Yet one opting for a moment outside of the mainstream and in our narrow, crooked stream will be faced with the money/business dilemma, specifically if and when said person dives into the "production" side of punk/hardcore, i.e. a band, a 'zine, a label, etc.

Take a look around at a hardcore/punk show or peer through the pages of a big 'zine. Feast your eyes on the fruits of the labor of so many industrious young creators. The widely read bigtime music 'zines like *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, *Second Nature*, *Punk Planet* and *HeartattaCk* overflow with advertising for the latest in hardcore/punk rock product. Labels such as Victory and Epitaph spread their ads across the vast field of 'zines in the hopes they can plant the seeds of consumer-desire in some fertile minds. All of this is hardly much different than the mainstream culture of consumption in which we exist no matter how viciously we try to deny or avoid it.

Now that I've reduced the entire hardcore/punk subculture to a purely Marxist economic paradigm, allow me to extricate it and resurrect some sense of a non-commodified spirit that flows through this crazy place. Hardcore and punk (I know I keep using these terms side-by-side and as far as I'm concerned they're identical, but out of the interest of many reader's focus on labels based on fashion, I write out both) enjoy one feature that sets them apart from the real business world of corporate rock: the Do-It-Yourself ethic. This may be a business, but it's a business confined, or at least should be confined, within the boundaries of our "community." When we reach out for the dollar bills offered ever so generously from those corporate hands outside the boundaries that seek to exploit us, then we run into some serious problems. Yeah, DIY is a pretty trendy phrase. Many times it's referred to any punk commodity that wreaks of shoddiness. Some people think DIY does more harm than good, because anyone can do it. And since the punk/hardcore world gets the green light to go ahead and do whatever, you wind up with loads of shitty bands and piles of poorly produced 'zines. Labels arise and fall within the blink of an eye. But does that mean we should establish codes of quality or requirements for one who want to engage in such activities? Those sorts of suggestions remind me of

elitist bullshit that is more fit for the country clubs and the businesses of the world I thought we defy.

For me personally, I rock out in a band, scream onto paper through a 'zine, and support other people's efforts through a distro. My housemates and I set bands up with shows in our cramped, sweaty, asbestos-infested basement. I do not affiliate myself with any of these punk endeavors out of a desire to make money. I do so out of an urge to create, to communicate, to emote, to help others, and to have some fun in a time when the world most wants to kill fun dead. Thousands (?) of others do the same. This is a business and money runs a lot of it, but there is too much more fueling our fires. DIY is not about money. The way we conduct our business in punk and hardcore often is often about money.

At the same time, I understand that to do just about anything constructive requires funding. For instance, being in a band is not all about having some label pay your way through the pathways of punk rock, contrary to popular opinion. An aspiring musician must shell out wads of dough on equipment. Their band must combine their cash (though most bands see some members paying more than their bandmates) on recording, rehearsal, merchandise, getting from show to show, unless of course their fortunate enough to have a titan label like Revelation pick up the check for such expenses. With labels and those that set up shows, you see clearly how important money and business are to hardcore/punk. Many labels sign bands based on how popular they are and how many units they'll shift, or in non-marketing terms, how much their record will sell. A friend recently joined an "all-star" band of hometown hero scenester locals. Some of them appear in bands you've heard of and maybe listen to. Before they had their first practice, a person who runs a fairly established label called dibs on their first record. He hadn't even heard their music because they had no music. They could suck shit through a straw and this businessman was willing to slam down the bucks to put out their music. Maybe he was just being a good friend or maybe he had in mind the simple, cold fact that members of other known rock bands are in this rock band and the "Featuring members of..." tag would rocket sales through the roof. Either way, hard work and talent had nothing to do with a record being released.

I'm not out to indict label-owners and others wanting to put their money into projects they think will pay off. I'm only pointing out that labels and other aspects and practices of people in punk and hardcore are indicative of the business spirit lurking within our scene. Releasing a record costs a lot of fucking money. I know, I've done it. And I lost a lot of money. I lose money on most of the projects I'm involved in because I'm not quite the businessman college attempted to cultivate me to be. Take a 'zine I did as an example. I spent close to a thousand smackers on it. I followed the route traveled by many other kids with dreams of 'zinester stardom. I got in touch with a mess of distros. I took out ads. I interviewed some big names. I tried selling it at shows. And the result of all this was me never seeing most of that grand I blew on the 'zine and having a bedroom cluttered with boxes of unsold 'zines. I fucked up a lot and I learned from those mistakes. Sure, I lost a lot of money, but I'm proud of what I created. For me, the creation is more important than the profit. Call me an insane bastard in this world of sane salespeople, but the act of creation is much more satisfying than the act of making a profit. I think that most people doing creative things would agree and that's why the DIY ethic means everything to us in this hardcore/punk rock world: just because we lack the funds or the business skills doesn't mean we must sit back and watch others publish the 'zines, play in bands, erect labels and distros and put on shows.

Nevertheless, this scene more often than not resembles a mall and not a community. We cannot deny that we remain within the dominant Western capitalist economic predator culture of mass consumerism. We live in a society that raises us on a steady diet of junk food, fast food, commercials urging us to buy product X to make us happy and product Y to make us beautiful. TV is this society's god and that god is a puppet whose strings are pulled by corporations out to sell a product and reduce civilization to a mindless land of consumer zombies. This ideology has stamped its imprint onto

hardcore/punk. So many bands and labels and distros are selling this and selling that. I flip through the pages of some 'zines and my eyes drown in a deluge of ads. If this isn't capitalism than I don't know what is.

And is that such a bad thing? I do believe capitalism to be a flawed and destructive economic/social system. It harms more than it helps. But there is the potential here in our "community" to deal with one another on a more communal and yet still business-like basis. When most people make money off of their band or label or whatever, they put it right back into that project or they put it back into punk and hardcore by buying records or 'zines or going to shows. True, we cannot seriously expect to sustain ourselves on punk rock alone. Most of us still need to work shitty jobs to keep a roof above our heads and food in the fridge, or to fund our creative projects. But there is no reason to accept money from corporate labels and press from corporate magazines stomping around like hungry beasts ready to devour our most lucrative and famous bands.

Call me naive and laugh as hard as the music many of us love, but I think the Do-It-Yourself ethic exists and will always exist. It lives as loudly as ever in the basements and halls across the globe. It thrives in the minds of people everywhere losing their hearing in bands of going blind from typing up 'zines. If you say DIY is dead and there is no community in punk and hardcore, then I say look at ABC NO RIO in New York City or Sralag 13 in Philadelphia or the collective groups setting up shows and doing labels across the country, not to mention the thousands of people out there who may not produce anything at all searching for connection and communication. For them hardcore and punk rock is a fuck of a lot more than a business. If DIY is dead and we are just dumb, separatists edified into passivity by the products of the punk rock swindle, then what separates us from the Spin Magazines and the MTVs of the world? Pessimism is a weakness far too many succumb to, especially with the jaded passing of many years of involvement in this scene. Hardcore is without a doubt swamped with commodification and business. Just mosey on into your local show and witness the tables lining the walls with people selling something. It's the flea market of punk and hardcore. But it's our flea market. Our merchandise must be produced out of an interest to create, to communicate, to say something, to be art, to do more than simply entertain and look and sound pretty.

We have a very definite, self-contained world of business relations. Let's keep it that way. There is no need to rely on major labels to distribute hardcore records and no need for Borders to carry punk 'zines. Scan the pages of *HeartattaCk* and see the hordes of distros floating about in the hardcore/punk ocean. While those ads seem to dominate big 'zines, they can and do serve a purpose of informing, not just selling. DIY must be all about kids and anyone else taking the power to create art, spread a message, put on a show or put out records into their own hands. DIY is about us telling the big bad corporate world that we don't need to live their consumerist way of existence. True, here in this supposedly DIY culture we are surrounded by economically ambitious entrepreneurs trying to exploit hardcore and use it as a stepping stone for the big leagues of the Sonys and the Atlantics and the Warner Botherers. Many establish exclusive distribution and demand guarantees and percentages of profits made off shows. Many put UPC codes on their records and compact discs. Let them sell their souls to the corporate devils. I'll listen to my seven-inches purchased at some basement show and read those 'zines I ordered from a kid thousands of miles away and be content.

Communication is the best defense.

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STEVE SNYDER

Bar codes are symbolic of a desire to reach beyond the members of the punk community with the hope of catching the attention of more buyers elsewhere. The punk community has evolved a system

in which 1,000 copies of a record can reasonably be expected to sell, given enough time and effort from the band. To sell 50,000 copies requires different tactics and bar coding can provide access to wider markets via wider distribution. The bar code is a tool used to streamline transactions and inventory maintenance in the fast paced world of retailing. The faster and more efficiently product moves from manufacturer to distributor to retailer to the shelf and through the checkout line the better the stream of production and consumption will appear to financial analysts and corporate officers who rely on such efficiencies to increase profits by just a little bit more. Such concerns may not be relevant to every individual within the punk community, but asking those who maintain the UPC licensing system to validate a recording on the terms of international commerce seems a bit outside the realm of a DIY ethic.

Bar codes represent a desire for more than we need. Some may imagine that pressing up 50,000 copies of their next release will bring them access to the hearts and minds of a whole new group of people looking for something, anything. Possibly, if we invest our time and resources in manufacturing and distributing 50,000 copies of our next release there will be none left over to maintain the community for which those folks converted by the record they bought at the mall will come looking. Of course, the existence of a bar code does not imply a pressing of 50,000 but the issue of quantity should be considered. To desire access to a larger audience than our community can provide implies larger pressings. A pressing of five hundred 7 inchers distributed within the punk community means that 500 records will end up in collections, used record bins, the closet of the person who paid for the record, and various landfills. A pressing of 50,000 CDs distributed to the alternative music consumers of the world means that 50,000 CDs will end up in collections, cutout bins, college radio sell piles, used record bins, distributors warehouses, the storage shed rented by the person who runs the label, and landfills the world over. Ultimately it is all junk, but the magnitude of the waste varies considerably.

Documenting our activities is essential to the evolution of our community. Records are one of the ways we communicate with each other and with those folks who will become part of the community. We should provide for the community and its future. To desire more requires understanding the consequences of that desire. We will be better off not allowing the forces of capitalist exploitation any access to our community. By keeping what we do small scale and outside the realm of shopping malls and mass media we can avoid getting sidetracked by the trivial pursuit of market share and focus on better understanding who we are. Then we can continue to offer a place for those who turn their backs on the excesses of mainstream society.

BRENT EYESTONE

These comments are from Brent Eyestone of the Magic Bullet Record Co. and Waif.

I've been waiting for this particular forum to open up for quite some time now and am quite relieved that this topic is at least on a few minds out there. Record distribution and the business that has emerged from DIY punk/hardcore, regardless of what we all think, not one of us can deny that this phenomenon is upon us.

My original perspective of the situation is, quite ironically, clearly stated (in conjunction with the views of my bandmates) as part of the first track on our new CD. To draw directly from that statement:

"The supposed scene that many of us claim to be a part of has always prided itself in being so different from mainstream culture. We claim to live in the hopes that our inherently better way of life will revolutionize the systems that have been in place for many, many years. We think we can change the world but, in truth, we are just as sick as they are."

"Independent music has become another

oxymoron. What was once a loosely-knit collection of kids putting out their own records has become an oligopoly of exclusive distribution, whereby only a precious elite determine how much you will pay for your next 7". We have become yet another niche market based upon sales figures, ex-members, trends, scene politics, and old-fashioned hype. It's now dog-eat-fucking-dog.

"We've lost our sight, our vision. We are now just a bunch of young white males who either a.) want to look cute in our supposedly emo outfits; b.) want to prove that we are indeed the toughest guy in the pit; or c.) want to blindly follow what every cool scenester says to buy, believe in, and complain about. We buy and sell. We are trendy as fuck. We are the mirror to the system we claim to despise."

When we wrote this (in May), it was under the guise that nobody was going to rise up and openly challenge these new trends in hardcore distribution and thus accept the unacceptable (from a pure DIY standpoint of which I may or may not subscribe to). But since *HeartattaCk* has decided to open this wound as well, I can now expand a little on what I've thought about and realized since my original opinion was formulated back in May.

I've realized now that we set ourselves up for this. Yeah, you, me, all of us to varying degrees. We started getting predictable. We started compartmentalizing ourselves into smaller, more exploitable niches within the larger, more ambiguous realm of punk/hardcore. This has made it easy for anyone with even the slightest business sense to move in and take over things within the blink of an eye. We have all grown to lean pretty heavily toward one or another of the many sub-genres/niches that have been carved into the larger genre. These tendencies are accompanied by fixed mentalities, fundamental fashion mores, and patterns of consumption. Grindcore/Power Violence=dreads, war imagery, shorter formats, vinyl. Emo=thick glasses, backpacks, thrift store chic, recycled pop song structure, professionally laid out CDs and vinyl, and a veritable laundry list of other annoying aesthetics that have nothing to do with the initial implications of hardcore's most dangerous catchphrase. Moshcore/Jockcore=X's, basketball jerseys, open E chords, gangsta affectations, lots of money to put toward old colored Rev vinyl, etc. "DIY Hardcore"=political affectations, a negative outlook upon most things, guilt toward pure musical enjoyment, etc. etc. etc. I could go on forever with these mental images we have of each other.

What I am saying is that if we (the people of hardcore/punk) wouldn't have gotten so goddamned narrow, boring, and totally predictable, then none of this would have happened in the first place. Our mistake was turning a subculture into several nice and tidy niches that were then easily targeted and marketed toward. We became one thing or the other, rarely something in between. There just isn't nearly as much crossover as there used to be and that's where I am putting the blame.

What can we do to get away from this? "Do we even want to get away?" might be a better question, as many of us have gotten knee-deep into it without even realizing what happened. Rather than try to answer these questions by myself, I will instead bite my tongue and see what other contributors and respondents have to say before returning to this argument/discussion with further commentary and suggestions.

For now, I'll just continue to look like anyone you might encounter on the street, wearing exactly what I picked out for myself to wear, keeping my hygiene up to my own personal standards, and not worrying about meeting any other person's preconceived notion as it pertains to what I listen to and what sort of fashion shell I should adorn because of it. I will continue to play music that cannot be easily placed into a niche category to encourage its marketability. I will also continue to put out on the Magic Bullet whatever moves me, period. And while I know I could get away with it, I will continue to refuse to do bullshit like charge more than \$5 for the Boy Sets Fire and Waifle CDs, put the BSF CD in a jewel case because "you could sell so much more," and basically give in to all of the pressure that other labels and distributors try to put on me so that they don't feel so guilty and look like the money-grubbing entities that they really are.

This is still DIY hardcore/punk for me. With my label, I only take out and pull in enough advertising, promotion, and revenue, etc. to put me a little above the break-even point-just so that I can continue to put out cheap, high quality stuff that moves me and hopefully anyone who listens. This is still my passion, my love, my reflection of myself for others to see and I'll never let it become tarnished by ignoring what drew me to this counterculture in the first place. (Hint: it wasn't money or greed.)

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Claude Peloquin

We've heard it all before and it seems like a lot of people are sick of this endless debate, but it has to be done. Come on, it's our culture and the debate is about its identity and its purpose. Something with no identity cannot really have a lot of substance and then it dies. Everybody constantly questions themselves, have doubts about their direction and wonder who they are. The exact same thing applies to every human structure, including the punk community, so yes this debate has to continue, we have to know what we are about.

OK, I know, it's only a vague concept, something that we can only feel, a common bond that is more than all the words we can use in an attempt of definition. No one ever had the possibility to explain exhaustively what it is. Nonetheless, it's about rebellion. Some want to smash or transform the system while some would contend themselves in escaping it, simply living their dreams. No matter what, we are building our way. Even if we can't clearly see what it's all about, how can we be paradoxical enough to sell it to the enemy? It won't change the world but it gives us the possibility to be ourselves. We have to express ourselves as simple humans, not as experts in entertainment. The system doesn't care about us communicating in the name of simple individuals because no elite would get paid this way; it want us as consumers and as workers, besides for the few privileged who works as entertainment experts. Fuck those experts. We all have our parts because we all feel something that has to be said, screamed, written or drawn; it cannot stay stagnant.

Some argue that the message is more widely diffused with the help of the greedy, that we can raise important issues by being on major media networks and that could be a way toward change. Well, I doubt it, because once they get our products they take it and rip it of any substance, bend it and shape it so that we look completely stupid or inoffensive. We won't change the world so shut up with your shit about reaching greater audiences. No one listens and no one cares, so why would you want your feelings, passions and hopes turned into investments for crooked businessmen? It's not that I don't see any possibility of change in the global world, but wake up, realize that it won't come with music. We are so few and yet we don't agree on anything while the mainstream is full of homogenized people that are indoctrinated since birth in thinking and living the same thing: the work and buy game. Our values are so much in total conflict that there is no communication possible between the two cultures. No, it is not communication when we talk on their terms, when we do all the compromises and achieve nothing but making them richer by allowing them to sell our cool image. (Because they can't even come up with a good dressing sense by themselves, even though that is all what they care about) So let's keep it for ourselves, let's stay small but true.

When I was 12 I listened to DRI, Dead Kennedys and other bands like that. They were tapes I was paying \$16.95+taxes for at the mall. They had UPC, were shrink-wrapped in plastic and I bought them at the same place everyone bought the mainstream trash. These tapes were not really different than the rest, of course the lyrics were nicer, the music better, but still I felt like it was all the same, there was something that was not as "pure" as I wished it could be, that there could have been something more. With time I got

exposed to the actual hardcore scene and it was a lot like I would have dreamed of it a few years before that. It has never been perfect and I never thought that cheap vinyl records were something radical, but it was something I was happy to be a part of, and it still is. It just made sense, saying the system sucks and trying to avoid making our words perpetuate what they were against. Now, six years later I hear about "evolving," about getting beyond those old ideas and not worrying anymore about UPC and chain stores and greedy businessmen. I don't really care about what is going on in the mainstream hardcore/punk realm of Victory and Epitaph; it's nothing for me. But I want my scene to stay as I found it; I would not like to see businessmen trying to boost their sales within the pages of DIY punkzines such as *HeartattaCk*.

For me punk is still an alternative, something against the commercialization of our feelings and dreams, and it's not some beer commercial music. I'm only 18, am I already stubborn, stuck on old values of long gone days?

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Felix Von Havg

This will be my final contribution to *HeartattaCk* for the foreseeable future. I am resigning this august post due to the continued downward spiral of so-called hardcore into the realms of progressive rock, college rock, bad metal and post hardcore. Post hardcore my ass, I oughtta hit your poseur ass with a post for frontin' that shit. I was baffled to read the results of the *HeartattaCk* readers poll, presumably magazines do this to pin point their readership as a demographic group for the benefit of their advertisers. Maybe *HeartattaCk* just does it for the fuck of it. Who knows, but I really don't think I have much in common with a group of people who choose Fugazi as their favorite band over Minor Threat. Or those who list Dischord as their favorite label without a qualifying statement such as "up to Dischord #9." In my day the Smiths was a girlie pop band that got play on the radio not an influential pioneer of that nebulous and "beautiful" music called post hard core. Sorry to say, I just can't relate to what passes for hardcore these days or what I presume to be the readership of this magazine. To me most of the reviews and top ten lists might as well be in Chinese. Who the fuck are all these bands? Who is calling the shots? My guess is that all this stuff is a front for the manilla envelope, back pack and Kleenex industries. You can call me out of touch, and you might be right. Times have, in a way, passed me by. The final straw however, was the column in the last issue advocating nudism. Seriously wack hippie shit for 1968 not 1998. I totally oppose nudity in the punk scene except of course by consenting adults in the privacy of their own homes, Darby Crash and Iggy Pop. This could really get out of hand. We've had enough problems with naked guys at shows already, the scene has suffered. Keep your pants on!

As some of you may have heard on November 20th in Minneapolis there will be a punk celebrity boxing match. I will strap on the tape and the gloves and defend my hardcore pride in the ring against some upstart sucker MC's from the band Animal Chin. Animal Chin, a local ska band currently operating under the motto "skinny and sensitive," have shown much disrespect to Extreme Noise and tried to organize a boycott. We have offered them the simple option of Trial by Combat to determine who is right. So come on down and see me, Jason of THD records, Billy of Dillinger 4 and Rana of Scorned represent in the ring. Now that I write this it occurs to me that most of you reading this probably think Animal Chin are hot shit, that "skinny and sensitive" is a clever title and that boxing is vulgar and barbaric. Well what the fuck do you know anyway.

The theme of this issue is the DIY ethic. I guess I covered all this ground before, but since most of you got into hardcore after Earth Crisis appeared on

C-span I'll have to cover that ground again. Hardcore needs to remain free. Free from the corruption of commercialism. Free from big-business. Free from the trends and fads. Free from the pressure to be marketable. Free from control by entities outside the underground music scene. Our music is the only thing we have left to call our own in a society where all other aspects of our life are under the control of the Man. Say what you will but I know some of the cats in local alternative rock acts like Son Volt, the Jayhawks and Run Westy Run. They all tell me how lucky I am to be involved in a kind of music where I don't have some music business schmuck telling me what to play and how to sound. Those guys always say shit like "wow man that's so cool you have your own label, I wish WE did." Hardcore is the voice of the disenfranchised youth. The voice of the streets (or in today the voice of the suburban cul de sac). When we sell our souls to the system for a sack of gold we compromise our artistic and economic integrity. So to quote Raybeez who said it like it was "Hardcore music should stay out of big business and stay in the streets where it belongs."

First the bar code. Fuck the bar code. Any record with a bar code is not aimed at the underground but the mass market. If it appeals to the mainstream mass market it's probably watered down shit that you wouldn't want to listen to any way. Should *HeartattaCk* review records with bar codes? NO! And fuck the labels who put a sticker with the bar code on the records that go to chain stores while leaving the sticker off for the copy that gets sent to *HeartattaCk* for review. Pick a side of the fence and stay on it.

Second the Compact Disc. I've gone into great detail about how I feel about CDs in the past. CDs are the biggest scam foisted upon us by the music biz since Milli Vanilli. When CDs were introduced in the '80s they cost about 20 bucks each. At the time records cost about five or six bucks. The word on the street was that the industry wanted to even it out so that LPs and CDs both cost about 10 bucks. Now ten years later most record stores carry little or no vinyl at all and the CDs still cost around 15 bucks. Even so-called DIY CDs sell for ten to twelve bucks. Even in quantities as small as 1,000 CDs cost less than two dollars to make. If you are manufacturing on the scale that major labels do that cost can be as low as 60 cents per unit. I cringe when I see CDs wholesaling at 8 bucks per unit. That's a huge profit margin for the label. If the distributor and then the store marks that up it will retail at over fifteen bucks. Really unbelievable for an item that cost around two bucks to make. Drugs are about the only other commodity I can think of with such a high profit margin, and in that business there is an element of risk... I'm used to dealing with 7" records with a per unit mark up of twenty five or fifty cents at each step of the distribution chain, shit maybe I should've gotten into the CD business. I applaud Profane Existence Distribution's recent decision to quit distributing CDs unless they are priced at or below the LP price for the same release. This stand on principle effectively means Profane will quit distributing CDs. And good for them. If I was *HeartattaCk* I wouldn't review anything on CD, I wouldn't manufacture or distribute them either. If it was up to me CD would take its place on the shelf with 8-track.

Third, record pricing. Fuck the four dollar 7"! Domestic releases three dollars retail, three dollars post paid. Period. Imports I can understand reaching as much as five or six bucks retail due to the high cost of shipping and import taxes. I wholesale my 7"s at \$1.75 each to distributors. There is no reason for that seven inch to wind up in a store for four bucks, unless the store is in Malaysia or something. If your overhead is so high that you have to mark up a \$1.75 record to four bucks, you need to cut your overhead. I still think LPs should sell in the five to eight dollar range depending on the packaging. Plenty of labels are still making LPs that wholesale at four and five. Now I can understand paying a little extra for a record with really nice packaging or an import especially from Japan. But I'm sick of seeing domestic LPs at nine or ten bucks. Not so long ago every hardcore record was five bucks. I understand that tastes in packaging have gotten more elaborate and other costs have gone up but not enough to justify charging nine bucks for a domestic LP.

Fourth, record distribution. Consignment

has got to go. Pay up front or trade. Too many bands and small labels get screwed by distributors who don't pay on time or don't pay at all. Not getting paid is the number one complaint I hear from every small label and band I talk to. If any one factor has helped to kill the DIY spirit and encourage centralization it's distributors who don't pay for their stock. I'd rather ship ten records to a distributor who pays on receipt than a hundred records to a distributor who will pay me a few bucks at a time for the next two years. Not getting paid on time is what has led a lot of underground labels to...

Fifth, exclusive distribution. Once again I've already dedicated a column to this topic but here's a summary. Labels weren't getting paid so they signed exclusive deals with distributors who would pay them on time with a check that wouldn't bounce. Freed from having to spend their time trying to collect the label cats can now concentrate on putting out nice records by good bands with quality sound and packaging. Sound Pollution and Prank have signed on with Mordam. Slap a Ham with Revolver, Clean Plate with Ebullition. Etc. When Doghouse took over Lumberjack they offered about a dozen labels including mine an exclusive deal. I can see what makes this attractive to the label. For me though I think it is important to stay independent and not put all the eggs in one basket. I also know that stores are fickle and many only deal with one or two distributors, therefore spreading your releases out among several distributors gives you better access to different markets. I know when I first started my records were only distributed by Profane Existence. It didn't take long to realize that lots of stores never ordered from Profane but did order from Ebullition or Bottleneck so I spread my releases out. The downside of this is lots of different accounts to keep track of some of who may be late in paying. As I have said before the best way to get paid in this business is to put out a hot new release and then ask everyone to pay you for the last one before they get the new one. The best way of course to put out new releases without getting paid for your old releases is not to quit your day job. This is why I still get up at dawn and pick up my tool belt rather than sitting around at home waiting for the checks to come in the mail.

So don't stab your comrades in the back. If you are going to do business in the punk rock scene keep a fair and ethical business sense at all times and remember this is about music first and money second. Sure everybody has to make a living, but if you are interested in profits first and music second I suggest a different line of work. The scene is smaller than you think and if you disrespect people and rip them off word will travel fast. Still, the biggest fuck ups aren't always the sleazy rip off artists but the well intentioned who got in over their heads. Watch your bottom line and don't quit your day job until you absolutely have to. Don't take on anything you can't handle and finish what you started.

Should *HeartattaCk* accept ads from Epitaph, Victory and Revelation. Well if I ran a fanzine I would accept no ads. But my fanzine went under in 1985 so what the fuck do I know about publishing a 'zine in the '90s. I will guiltily admit to being a fan of Victory recording artists Blood For Blood and Revelation recording artists Damnation AD; both releases carried bar codes, but I bought them any way. Lenin once said "The capitalist will sell you the very rope you intend to hang him with." In this spirit fanzines accept Epitaph ads in the same issue they run a "boycott Epitaph" article in. If it were up to me I'd say that those labels already have plenty of places to advertise and *HeartattaCk* should use its ad space to support the truly underground DIY labels. I know that part of why *HeartattaCk* started was to rebel against *Maximum Rock'n'Roll's* "exclusionary" review and advertising criteria. I personally like their exclusionary criteria and wish they'd make it more exclusionary to get rid of all that damn garage rock and make room for more punk rock and hardcore. Then again if I was still running a fanzine I'd mostly be covering bands that broke up in 1984 and bands from obscure foreign countries right?

Last question: Is DIY dead? No you nitwit. The flame burns on. Hardcore is undergoing and onslaught of commercialism similar to that it experience during the Crossover years of the mid '80s but enough of us are left over who learned the lesson of that period.

Punk hasn't made any great political or social strides in the last fifteen years but we have made some progress economically. We have a better (but still not perfect) distribution network than ever before. Some will sell out and some will give up, but those of us who are true to the game will continue to keep hardcore music free, independent and honest. Hardcore survives on the underground. It will weather the current storm of interest from the mainstream and then sink back into obscurity where it belongs. It's up to us to keep the fire burning.

Scot TORGUson

Is DIY dead? I think that we've managed to smother what we consider DIY, and by doing so we've alienated a good majority of people, and in effect dug our own hole. By we I mean those of us who do 'zines, labels, or bands, or anything music related, and operate our endeavors under what has become known as the DIY philosophy. I've noticed over the last few years of doing a label and booking tours that the people involved in this "scene" have slowly dropped out as they get older. If they are still around, then they are in some crappy band trying to cash in on their street cred that they've earned by putting in their time doing this with the rest of us. We've neglected to realize that as we get older, not only is it natural for our interests to drift to other things, but most of us start to feel a need for security and stability as well. Unluckily, the DIY scene seems to be focused tightly around music, and doesn't extend to the rest of the world. People who move on to other things don't seem to carry anything they learned through this whole "scene" into the rest of their lives.

There is no reason why people can't keep the same principles and the same ideals as they move on to other things. But for whatever reason, they don't. We are all at fault here. Most of the blame falls on the person who gets a square job and ceases to do anything creative. But there is a tendency to dismiss people who are doing things other than music as "sellouts" simply because their interests have changed.

I have become less and less interested in music as I have gotten older. I still do a label and put on shows, but music is no longer the most important thing in my life. But I have carried the same ideals into the rest of my life that I put into music. I'll be entering law school in a year or so, and I plan on starting my own practice when I get my degree. In this way, I can have a direct impact on people's lives, much more so than by putting out records.

What it comes down to is this: when your interests change and you leave the music scene, there is no reason why you can't apply the same ideals you lived by before to the rest of your life. It amazes me why more people can't or won't do this. I would love to see ads in *HeartattaCk* for law firms who want to help kids that have gotten in trouble, or people selling prints of their paintings, or CPAs willing to help people out with their taxes. The possibilities are endless. I give much props to the school teachers within the "scene" who seem to be applying some sort of ethic standard to their teaching.

I think once the definition of DIY is expanded, then we will see a growth of new ideas and we will all be the better for it.

Ned KELLY

We the people, the Hardcore Kids who still believe in DIY, doing it yourself, the principle of independence and the separation of music (art) and vulgar capitalism; We, the people, who don't need our lifestyle and art legitimized by *Spin* and *Rolling Stone*; we who don't want to see paparazzi pictures of His Hero Is Gone in *People Magazine*, perhaps strolling into the Viper Room with Axl Rose; we the kids who

don't need Matt Pinfield to clue us in as to who is the hottest new up and coming band, because this week the teleprompter said it was The Promise Ring. WE—the people who don't want to participate in a “music industry” that sells consumer trends to an apathetic, mindless, and hopelessly enslaved audience that listens to whatever the DJ is paid to play, paid by corporate cronies trained to serve in a chain of command that stretches up to parent companies that made their first fortunes off of bombs and chemicals, and now they continue to expand their global empire by purchasing mass media and slyly marketing a toothless rebellion against themselves... Rage Against The Machine? Rage against a machine as we make millions of dollars for it. “Rage against a machine” that we are the willing pawns of, helping them extend their monopoly on mass media, strangling the voice of free speech in a more subtle and effective way than any government ban on printing presses could ever hope for... WE the Hardcore Kids (understanding that “kid” is a reflection of our youthful ideals and not our physical age). WE who understand what the words “I'm not your stepping stone” can mean, who don't want to be a convenient fan base for would be rock stars, who don't want to be the “minor leagues” for “major labels”, who play in basements out of choice and not necessity, not because we need the underground “street cred” so that on our next tour we'll be able to play a bar or a club, like the morons scrambling for their 15 minutes of fame and trying to escape the 4 years of college that their middle class roots offered them, claiming they “paid their dues” because they had the sheer fucking privilege to tour around the world in a van instead of working, too eager and willing to become a rock star cliché, jaded and cynical and empty because they sold their soul for a cash advance on a contract to produce “art” for the masses instead of themselves...

“Art with economic considerations isn't art, it's business” —Charles T. Sprading

We, who know that a UPC bar code marks your endeavors as PRODUCT and not PASSION and betrays your intentions to SELL SELL SELL, to shrink wrap and gloss over anything subversive, to commodify it and stress packaging over content... WE, those of us left who still believe, need to declare our independence, to break off from the stagnation and same old same old of Hardcore at large, and build something new... A scene that refuses to collaborate with those who would auction off counterculture to the highest bidder, a scene that holds some promise of threat, if only in principle, towards the rest of this sick world, a scene that encourages holding convictions and not selling records, that shows people how to think for themselves instead of relying on the lies that are handed to them at home, in church, and at school... A (gasp) Hardcore Punk underground.

HeartattaCk has been helping towards that end by not running ads for, or reviewing, Revelation or Victory records and the like. Excluding those elements (the people who are interested in marketing and selling Hardcore) is a manner in which we can assert our definition of what is and is not Hardcore, and create an effective alternative to the part of the scene that has “sold out”. Now, if **HeartattaCk** is going to start reviewing anything and everything that claims Hardcore for its moniker (thus legitimizing it and encouraging it), then it will have no more meaning than the “Victory MegaZine”—it will be a glorified catalog and a marketing tool for career minded bands.

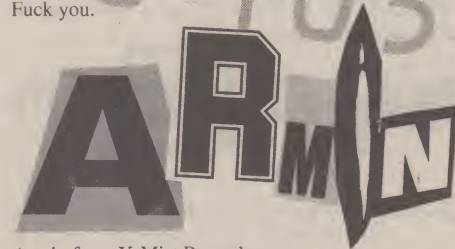
I've been saying WE because I am primarily addressing the people who already agree with me—the rest of you are living some version of Hardcore that is completely alien to what I know. You probably entered Hardcore through the safe confines of apolitical bands with lyrics that reinforce your (i.e. your parents) bourgeois values and morals. You'll all be graduated from college and working 9-5 as stockbrokers in a couple of years anyway, unless your band hits the “big time,” or maybe you'll turn your record label into some miniature version of Sony, a complete simulacrum that even relies on the real Sony for distribution. Ten years from now you'll be interviewed for some book about “the way things were” and you'll tell all of us that “things are different now...”

DIY Hardcore needs to reassert itself, to refuse collaboration and cooperation with sellouts (a remarkably useful word, even after all these years) and

we all need to start innovating in terms of how we make and distribute music. It would be great to cut money out of the process entirely. If anyone sends me or Eric Graham a blank tape and postage we'll make a copy for them of any of the records we've released, along with the lyrics. (Hell, I'll do that for ANY record in my collection—I have like 1500 of them, and there are plenty of people who have far more than that.) We will trade records with anyone (as long as we agree with the content) on a one-for-one basis. Writable CD drives are now only a few hundred dollars... people who have these could do the same thing—someone sends them a blank CD and postage and they hand-burn a CD for them. My point is that money should be made an afterthought in all of this. Obviously, it costs some money to put out a record, so a person will typically have to charge something so that they can put another record out. A minimal profit has to be made to be able to recover those resources, because unfortunately, we live in a capitalist society and that's just the reality of the situation. We can't escape capitalism entirely but we can subvert it by charging as little as possible for records, zines, or anything else. What I've been seeing running rampant for years and years is inflated CD pricing. NEWSFLASH!!! CDs cost about as much as a 7 inch to produce. Why the hell is it all right to charge three times as much for them? And don't tell me advertising and postage costs and packaging and shit like that, because unless you're taking ads out in *Time Magazine* they rarely cost more than 25 dollars or so, and on top of that—fuck packaging! If you have to charge 12 bucks for a CD because of its packaging then make some fucking hand-screened covers or go to Kinkos... or better yet, go to a “mom and pop” copy shop, if any still exist. Will we be able to say the same thing for independent record stores ten years from now? What about independent record labels? If Hardcore participates in the “music industry” it is opening the doors for a full scale corporate buy out, the death of meaning, a quick process of assimilation and commodification.

—Ned Kelly (Mr. Congeniality 1998)/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN, 55414

P.S. Yes, I am self-righteous and delusional... Fuck you.



Armin from X-Mist Records

When I saw this note in HaC #19 that the following issue was gonna be about DIY, I did not feel instantly like writing something and sending it in. I just felt like, “Let's see what other people will have to say about these issues.” But the last two questions led me to send in my random thoughts on the subject. Since I really do care, and no, I don't think that DIY is dead. If it is dead, then it was always dead—but if it's alive, then it's as prosperous as it has always been. I'm involved in record-distribution since... um, a pretty long time actually, and I have had various and mixed experiences during all those years. I had started a label and a mailorder just for the fun and love of doing something, and I have learned my lessons with the music-industry in times of having “success.” And I constantly had to re-evaluate and think about my own ethics and why am I doing all this.

I know it's a cliché, but still it's true: The music-industry is one of the worst capitalistic industries you can imagine! It's all about bribes, betrayals, sucking dicks and kissing asses! NOTHING else! Whenever I read in a band-interview quotes like, “Oh, we signed with this company, ‘coz they really do care what our band is about, blahblablah...” I get a grin on my face and keep thinking how stupid and how naive! But I won't repeat the endless rantings against major-companies here (there's enough insightful stuff to read about his issue already). I just want to say: the so-called DIY scene is not better at all! Whether it's an employee

of a company, or if it's some dude running a small label, it's always human beings—with all their greed and longing for fame and fortune...

The way I see things, the basic problem is simply that most independent labels and distributors (and naturally bands as well) regard themselves as a sort of “SUBculture.” The effect is: they are simply a SUBSidiary of the big bizniz world, but NOT an alternative to it! Already the word subculture indicates that what they are doing is just a minor version of the major ones. Epitaph is the same as Sony, just smaller—so why shouldn't Bad Religion go for the bigger one? And Good Life is just a wannabe-like-Victory. Who cares, it's all the same anyway!

If you really want to offer an alternative, then don't play their fucking games!

Just as a small example: the typical marketing rule is that CDs are more expensive than LPs—even though the manufacturing costs are vice versa! If you price your stuff like this, you obey to the rules of the market! If you want to make a difference, then offer the stuff at the same rates, or lower the price for CDs and make the LPs more expensive... the same goes for ANY sort of exclusive distribution! Exclusivity? For what?!? So there's no “competitors”? If you're thinking and talking in terms like competition and exclusivity, you're living up to industry standards. Or is it simply because you're too damn lazy to deal with hundreds of people from all over the world? Well, then I guess you're more concerned about business aspects than about communication. But most of all you lay your fate in the hands of some other people and you become *dependent* on what they will be doing (as in contrary to being *independent*). And overall, do NOT tell me that you make a fucking difference to what EMI is doing! Where the fuck are you “alternative”?! ALL you do is based on the very same economical principles that any company is working on. You may be a fan of “Straight Edge Hardcore,” but so may be the A&R dude of Sony. Do you really think asking the dude from “XYZ-zine” for an article about your bands even though you think the guy's an idiot is any different from the ads-for-features policy with the big ones? It's NOT!

But remember, all I'm saying is there are assholes everywhere, in the DIY scene as much as at the stock market. I'm not saying that the idea of DIY is dead? It's just a question of WHY you do it and HOW you do it.

A lot has been written already about UPC codes, pros and cons. Basically I do not see a UPC code necessarily as the sign of evil, but still I would not want to have one on our own records. Actually, there was a time when we had these things on our records. Our German distributor then (EFA) asked us to put these codes on the sleeves. So I did them the “favor.” Even though this sticker had nothing to do with the band, with the record and me myself! But then came a point where I started to think about it: “Hey, wait a minute, what am I doing here?” Was it my job to put THEIR marketing tool on MY records? Did I start this label to become a servant of some distributor and their chain stores? Of course there seemed to be some logic in putting the UPC code on the sleeve: due to their buying infrastructure, the bigger stores will not be able to take the record without the code! But so what, fuck them! If they don't sell the record for the music on it, but merely see it as a produce—is that my problem and most of all, is this my world? In short: I'm gonna live by my rules and not theirs!

I am NOT denying financial obligations. When you spend money on releasing a record, you need to get back money by selling it. But does this reduce a record instantly to a produce and what is a PRODUCT anyway? When you start doing something, then it may be due to this urge you feel of expressing yourself somehow. But when money comes in, your motivation can quickly change. Money is the necessary tool to manufacture a record—but there's a difference between getting payment for something you offer (records, concerts and last but not least ideas and ideals) or doing something for the sake of gaining money and degrading yourself to the level of prostitution. Our original motivation has then been replaced by the fact that you became a product for sale. And if you ever had any noble intentions, by now your main goal is to be assuring the status you've reached—in popularity, in sales and

in money. (Did you ever notice that any shitty band as soon as they got a shitty 7" out, starts talking about sales figures!?). What used to be fun has now become dead serious? I don't mean to say that you can not do a seriously good job and not have fun with it—but what's worth more? A record that I'm 100% satisfied with or a record that will sell good? Both together is perfect, but the first one is what's my intention and motivation—and THAT is my definition of success! (Even though my bank account may disagree...)

According to that I actually tend to believe that "art" can never originate under the assumption of having to make money with it. Coz then it's no longer art, but simply work, a reproduction process! And that's quite simply why most "successful" bands become boring, lame and suck in general.

—Armin/X-Mist

P.S. The question is not whether HaC should run ads from labels like Revelation or Victory. The question is, like always, "Where do you draw the line?" And that's totally up to you and not to anyone else's opinion! If you start relying on your readers' opinions, then you start losing already a part of your own integrity. What could be next then? "Not-that-bad" reviews for regular advertisers?

Nate Wilson

This issue's theme seems very important to those of us involved in hardcore, that take it seriously, and live it every day. It deals with issues that should be discussed and dealt with regularly. I think one problem with the whole DIY scene is that the people that are purchasing music aren't really thinking about where it came from, or understand the process of how it got in their palms. It seems that most distros and labels nowadays are moving towards exclusive distribution. I'm sure a lot of this is due to the fact that labels have such a hard time getting paid by distros. To me the main problem here seems to be the distros. For example when I put out a record, I pay for the recording, the plates and mastering, the pressing, and artwork all up front... then I give it to a distro like, lets say Lumberjack, who then take it on consignment and turn around selling it to stores cash on delivery. This means the distro gets paid upon arrival of a record to a shop for a record that I put out. In most cases the distro doesn't turn right around and pay the label... that's unfortunately unheard of. Instead I have to wait till these guys decide I'm worthy of paying (which in most cases is between 3-6 months). This is where the whole problem stems... the distro then wants more records (still with out paying you for the first batch), and they can't understand why little ol' me can't keep records in print. If I got paid once in a fucking while, I might be able to keep records in print, but until then it's hell! I tend to hope that the future of DIY means labels skipping the middleman altogether and selling directly to stores, keeping the records cheap. I hate saying all of this because the distros I deal with, I'm friends with and hate to slag em. Bottleneck, Ebullition, Very, Rhetoric, etc... I just have this dream that smaller labels like myself will have the connections to sell 1000-2000 records to stores directly some day. That would be my overall goal as a record label... do it yourself! I know it's not realistic, and many will laugh, but it's still my hardcore dream (that and a women my age whose fave band is Jerrys Kids).

I don't really understand why a label would continue to put out records if they don't wanna bother doing the work involved with a label. I'm not one to judge, and I could really care less, but that's one reason I never understood exclusive distribution. That and the fact that it's a tool of major labels, and moves us closer to a monopoly, or simply big business. At some point it seems to me that the distro with the biggest exclusive labels and the most labels wins and will put other distros out! It also gives the distro too much control as far as prices of records goes... here is an example of how this works:

If Mordam is wholesaling an Assück CD on

Sound Pollution (which is exclusive to Mordam) for lets say \$6.25, and someone like Ebullition wants to buy some to also wholesale to stores, he will have to pay the same price as stores, and this leads him to have to sell the record at let's say \$7.00 wholesale. So now a store needs to mark it up to make money, and now the thing has crossed through 2 different distributors hands, making the record more expensive. It just seems to me more practical for Kent to skip Mordam, and go directly to Sound Pollution, keeping the record price down. In most cases of exclusives that's not tolerated. This is again an example, and not meant to single out Ken, or Kent; if you guys feel I did, I'm sorry, I respect you both.

Please don't get me wrong. I'm far from perfect and might be missing something, somewhere... I'm sure people will tell me what it is! I've been involved with all this exclusive shit myself (unfortunately both my bands Devoid Of Faith, and Monster X, have been on labels involved without realizing it!). I just think that people who are buying hardcore and punk records should realize how all this works... it almost becomes big business, and that sucks, but seems to be where we are heading even in the DIY scene.

The last topic I wanna touch on in this long column is with how Kent should deal with labels like Revelation and Victory, and his review policies. We all know this is Kent's 'zine and he can do what ever the fuck he wants with it. I would only hope that he would leave *Metal Maniacs*, *Alternative Press*, and *Spin* for reviewing stuff on either of these labels. Neither Revelation nor Victory needs any more help with hyping their records. Sure I like Speak 714, and Dan O's voice... plus plenty of other Rev stuff, but... I know and realize these guys have absolutely nothing to contribute to the DIY hardcore scene as we now know it. These bands signed to basically major labels... let them be reviewed in the forums that they deserve... bad ones! I would love to think that the older Kent and I get the wiser we become. Revelation and Victory records have done nothing for '90s hardcore but homogenize it and make it trendy.

If you wanna write me yelling and screaming, send a stamp and write: Nate Wilson/PO Box 14253/Albany NY 12212, or e-mail me at: cryptocomx@aol.com

DAVE MACGREGOR

HeartattaCk/Ebullition give me hope. The encroachment of the corporate world in hardcore frustrates and terrifies my frail soul, but the continued adherence of *HeartattaCk*/Ebullition to the DIY ethic is a wonderful alternative to the garbage that pathetically attempts to maintain indie/DIY credibility in the "scene" today. When I see many so-called "hardcore" bands like Coalesce, Grade, Dillinger Escape Plan, and Bembury, just to name a few, signing to labels like Relapse and Revelation, I feel like vomiting. The same goes for all bands signed to labels like Equal Vision, Initial, Victory; where is the independence when Equal Vision and friends use the same tactics to sell their records as Sony, Warner, and other corporate monsters? To make matters worse, not only do these "hardcore" labels use mass marketing strategies and other tools of the corporate world, they also rely on corporate record store chains and distributors to sell their products. Where is the independence? How are these bands and labels alternatives to what Sony and Warner offer consumers? If hardcore is just a style of music, a product to be merely consumed and discarded when something better comes along, then I want nothing to do with the "scene." But *HeartattaCk*/Ebullition give me hope.

I noticed an ad for the new Converge album in *HeartattaCk* and I am left scratching my head. First of all, this is just a lame attempt by the label, and to a lesser extent the band, to be part of the real, DIY hardcore scene. The fact that I can buy *When Forever Comes Crashing* at my local corporate record store is a joke. I guess the kids can also pick up the latest Marilyn Manson CD when purchasing Converge's latest offering.

Now, don't get me wrong, the guys in Converge seem to be very friendly and they obviously care about their band and the "scene," and musically, the band generates some crazy stuff, but they should do themselves all of us a favour and end this "we're DIY hardcore" charade they have going. The same applies to all the bands signed to Equal Vision, Initial, Relapse, Victory, Revelation, and any and all other labels playing the same corporate game. When a band spends over US\$20,000 to record an album and is signed to a label that is just a smaller version of Sony, then the former should be denounced for what they really are and no longer supported by the DIY community. This is where *HeartattaCk* should and must play a role.

HeartattaCk must not allow corporate whores like Equal Vision to advertise within its pages. I would go further and denounce bands and labels that allow their recordings to be commodified through the inclusion of bar codes on CD cases. In addition, selling CDs for over US\$10 is ridiculous. If Ebullition can sell a double CD for \$8.00 ppd, then why must we pay over \$11 for an Edison Recordings release? Yes, I am tired of feeling like a corporate chump, so why doesn't Edison/Very? *HeartattaCk*/Ebullition is a beautiful example of what adhering to the DIY ethic can create. *HeartattaCk* is a 'zine of the highest quality read by thousands, and Ebullition releases beautiful recordings at great prices. There are many other great 'zines, labels, and distros that believe in the DIY ethic, as well as countless bands that work extremely hard to make our world a better place, so our hard-earned money, time, and energy should only be spent to support these groups of special individuals that make hardcore meaningful. Envisage corporate collapse!!! Smash corporate hardcore!!! Thanks and take care...

P.S. Since I could go on and on for days, my ranting and raving is obviously not in depth, so bear this in mind when reading...

Woe Martin

I have moved to America and am now the "Manager" at Revelation Records HQ. I want to touch briefly on the topics that this issue is supposed to be about, and then give my overall feelings on the matter.

Revelation is still operating in a "DIY" fashion to a certain extent. Yes we do have bar codes on our CDs, yes we are distributed by less than desirable companies, i.e. Caroline [owned by Virgin]. But look at all the other labels that also go through this company: Doghouse, Hydrahead, Jade Tree, Gravity, Kill Rock Stars, Doghouse, Teamwork, Trustkill, Art Monk, Gern Blandsten, Tree, and even the almighty Dischord. So, if we are accused of selling out to the man then it looks like we're in pretty good company.

And yet on the other hand, look what we still do. We do our own publicity, advertising, promotion, artwork, sales and distribution. We still support the independent distribution network. We still sell to the mom and pop stores direct. Compared to all of the companies that use distributors like Lumberjack and ourselves, rather than doing all the work themselves, we are far more hardworking and industrious. My own label, Simba, is included in this list of those not doing it themselves. Fuck, Equal Vision don't even deal with their own production.

I am not saying that all of this is justified. I would prefer it if we didn't use Caroline, and other corporations like it, as well. But that's just not going to happen. I'm just saying that consistency is the key point. That if there are stones to be thrown it should be noted that most labels are in glass houses. There should be less finger pointing and less name calling, as most people from record labels in our community are guilty of taking short cuts if it means selling more records, doing less work, or making more profit.

Yet I think it's really important to consider that these people aren't making a lot of money, no matter what they do. That these people work really, really hard. That although you may disagree with them "living off of the scene"—where would "the scene" be without

them? That the kids have a warped view of the larger hardcore labels, thinking that they are almost the size of majors. Revelation isn't Lookout or Epitaph. It's never had a band like Green Day or The Offspring. And it shouldn't be considered alongside or compared with them. It's just a hardcore label, putting out hardcore records, trying to get by. No one's getting stinking rich out of this.

But the overall perspective that I wanted to put across was in response to the question of "who cares?" I care; it's not all in the past. I care on a political level. But I make compromises, because on a practical level, labels need to sell records to help their bands and to pay the rent. Yeah, compromises suck, but we make them all the time, in many different spheres of our lives.

And at the same time; I don't care. I think there are so many more things to worry about than who is more DIY than who. I think so many of these types of debates are all about scoring scene points and illustrating who is more punk than who. There are so many more important things in life. Don't worry about bar codes, worry about making yourself happy. Do as much as you can, but consider people more important than anything else. At the end of the day you can be as PC and pious as you like, but if you are lonely, then you are going wrong somewhere. It's far more important to worry about being a good person. Giving your friends/family support and attention and care. Acting in a way that you can be proud of, rather than talking about it. Acting in a way that means that other people like/love/respect you, so that you like/love/respect yourself is more important than any issue of "business" within our "community" could ever be.

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TERENCE HANNUM

I hope this isn't too late to add to the discussion, but I kind of feel that we should review stuff we like.

Who cares if it has a UPC code, if we like it then screw it, let's review it. I guess it is easy for me to say being that I do a small 'zine and I just mainly review my friend's bands if I review. I mean lately if music moves me I don't know how to describe it and how do I tell someone to purchase it? Then I ask myself is that exploiting my own primary emotion towards the expression... it's a lot of questions.

But I think for the most part your "system" works, it lets bands that don't normally be heard get heard, or get press. Anyone can pick up another magazine and read the Victory review, but you guys keep the passion there, and the fresh feeling there. It is something you can call your own, you can write to these people and get a letter and make a friend. That's the beauty of it all that's what makes all of this that we care so much about so special.

Face it, none of us are going to come out of here with money or making it, well any substantial amount. But it works in the way that we get out only what we put in. I can therefore say DIY is not dead. As long as there are still people doing this, putting their hearts into making a record or a 'zine or a band or a distro or a record store or true friendships. DIY will not die. When we start thinking of buying stuff and controlling this, or owning this, I think then we stray from our ideological path. It then becomes DIFY, do it for yourself. Selfishness.

Keep the love there, that's why I'm here. Thanks. Terence J. Hannum (A Place Called Home 'zine/Failsafe)

JASON NAKLEH

I have a few comments regarding HeartattaCk and its review policy towards releases with UPC bar codes on them. I understand that HaC will not review anything with a bar code on it on the notion that these bands get enough exposure already and therefore do not need HaC to promote them. These bands are

most likely getting their CDs sold in larger chain stores (like Tower, Virgin, etc.) and are on labels that probably have a larger circulation than HaC does anyway, therefore not really needing any help from a "DIY" publication like HaC. This is totally acceptable as well as respectable to me, as HaC is a private entity and reserves the right to review/not review anything it pleases. But within these notions I see a few contradictions...

I'm holding HeartattaCk #19 in my hands right now, and as I flip through it, I see an interview with EVR's Converge, as well as advertisements for labels such as Initial, Equal Vision, Wreck-Age, Dr. Strange, etc. As far as I know, Converge's *When Forever Comes Crashing* CD has a bar code on it. All of Initial's, EVR's and Wreck-Age's releases have bar codes on them. Yet their respective interviews/advertisements still appear in your 'zine. Do you really feel that selling these labels advertising space for records that you won't review is justified? If you will not review these releases on the sole fact that they have a bar code on them and therefore don't need your "DIY" help, then do these labels really need the ad space in HaC that they are buying? Isn't it the same thing, reviewing a record, thereby letting people know about it, and selling ad space, which is intended to let people know that a release is available? How does HaC justify this? Does a band as big as Converge really need your help that comes in the form of an interview, therefore promoting their new release, which just happens to have a bar code on it? Isn't this the same thing as reviewing them anyway?

If you won't review a band's CD because it has a bar code on it, then (as stated above) they probably don't need HaC's help. But then why bother reviewing the LP version of the same release? I understand where you are coming from, but if you don't review (for instance) Deadguy's new CD because they have a bar code on it, then why bother reviewing their LP? Do they all of a sudden become this "DIY" band that deserves your recognition and assistance? Do all of their CDs suddenly cease to be sold in larger chain stores just because there is an LP version of it without a bar code on it? Just because a band has both CD and LP versions of their new release certainly does not make them any more DIY than the next band. Not all labels have the money or the resources available to put out both LP and CD versions. I'm pretty sure that Victory, Revelation, and EVR have the funding to put out vinyl as well as CDs though. Does this make their bands "DIY" all of a sudden? Is a band like Strife more deserving of a review in HaC just because Victory has the money to release a vinyl version (in addition to the CD and cassette versions) of their new recordings? What about the smaller bands who just happen to get signed to a label that uses bar codes on their records? Should they be shunned as well? In a case like this, isn't it the label who should be "punished" by not getting the free promotion, as opposed to the band, who ultimately suffers the most in the end?

Please do not take this letter as a personal attack on any of the above mentioned labels/bands. I am just using them as examples because they all appear in HeartattaCk #19, which I happen to be reading right now. I respect HeartattaCk's views on reviews and bar codes, but I also feel that if you're going to do something then do it wholeheartedly, or be prepared to answer the questions of the skeptics.

Thanks. Jason Nakleh/MostPreciousInk/
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AltarCrime@aol.com

mike WARDEN
Mike Conquer The World

When I first read that the next issue of HeartattaCk was going to be about DIY and record labels I thought to myself that I could contribute something to that. I think it was only a point to shock people into responding. When it was asked "is DIY dead," I shouted out loud and I know tons and tons of other people did "fuck no!" I think I need to break this up into two separate ideas and hopefully I

can continue these without running the ideas together. The first train of thought is my take on the many aspects of the current way many of the record labels are acting, what is happening because of it, and how shitty it makes me feel. Secondly is sort of a connected theme, just one of the problems that can occur when everything is DIY, and how I became the victim.

First of all, I am so frustrated with the way things are these days, so many labels are contributing to the commercialization of hardcore which I see fucking killing it little by little, and day by day. For the most part the record labels, the larger ones (should I name names?), you should be smart enough to tell the difference, are fucking acting like major labels in indie's clothing. These labels are more interested in image than anything else, emulating the music industry; it makes me sick. All you have to do is just get a hold of these labels "one sheets" and it will make you cringe. They are full of bullshit banter of how many records the band's members have sold with their previous bands. Everything is referred to as "units," just buying and selling and marketing a product. We can talk about marketing ploys as well, full color ads in every magazine that fits so nicely, right next to new one hit wonder shit rock band that was paid for to be on the radio so they could make a hit. So if hardcore is meant to be a true alternative to mainstream culture then why is it being presented alongside the very thing it's supposedly going against?

There is no personality in these labels either, the people behind them just hide behind their logos and just put out records, nothing else. It seems as well that there are so many magazines out there now, I can barely consider them 'zines. Look at the coverage of major type bands, and of course look at the ads, because along with a full page metal label's ad, all the cool commercial hardcore labels have their space too. If your label is not in there you might as well give it up, because then people will think that you have stopped pressing records. I can't begin to tell you how many promo 'zines and letters I get with them sending ad rate cards and the half page ads are like \$200 a pop. I can't keep up, and frankly I don't give a shit about image. I would much rather use that \$200 to press records with. I rarely pay for advertising, most of the time I just send free copies to those magazines. On the other hand, there are a few kids who are doing smaller 'zines, who are happy to trade a few copies to review for ad space and I fucking love them. I really appreciate people who are not out to get money for everything. I want to say what the fuck happened to doing records for the sake of living the experience of doing something completely liberating and something that you can be really proud of? I know that when someone buys my records from me at shows and lets me know that they liked that record a lot, and "it kicks ass," that makes me feel great and it gives me something to live for. I find myself wanting to put out records because things have been slow lately with bands and releases. For me, putting out a band and having that kind of relationship and connection with people, and the band itself is on a whole different level, it's like some sort of spiritual connection, at least for me it is. I hope that if you're running a record label, every time you hold the final result for the first time you feel like I do, and it feels so good.

My second part of this writing: I want to show a part of running a DIY label and how I became a victim. I guess I did it myself, I guess I asked for trouble when I did everything on trust. I don't fucking want to work with contracts but it has almost come to a point where you have to. Some of you probably are aware of all the shit talking and claims going around of how I treated Boy Sets Fire, Culture, and whatever else you want to fucking throw in the rumor mill and grind up and out comes an outpouring of shit. All I wanted to do with these bands and people is offer my true friendship and I tried to help them and I put records out for them. Might I add I helped them early in stages of growth and evidently when it happens that you become popular your ethics change and you become fucking rockstars. I never had contracts because I never thought it fucking mattered because this, to quote Chokehold, "was not some rock'n'roll record deal" in my opinion, and how I feel about doing my record label. Trust and friendship were evidently thrown out the window in these cases, and every time I get asked or hear "you're that guy who

ripped off Boy Sets Fire" it fucking infuriates me. Not to get into each of these situations specifically with too much detail, I won't do that here but if you have interest in my side of the story you can check my website out for further information.

I always, since I ever decided to do the label, never used contracts; the deal is the bands give me the recordings generally and I pay for everything else, then the band will receive 10% of the pressings. Most of the time I don't even expect to sell 2,000 copies of the records. I always make 2,000 record jackets and hope I can repress the records. The case with Culture is so convoluted by now I can barely explain this coherently. It comes down to the fact that they think I repressed like thousands of their records and I haven't. I just recently repressed the last copies to fill the remaining jackets. They tell me that I don't have their "permission" to press their record again. It's a similar case with Boy Sets Fire, that I need permission. I don't fucking see how all of a sudden after pressing the record initially

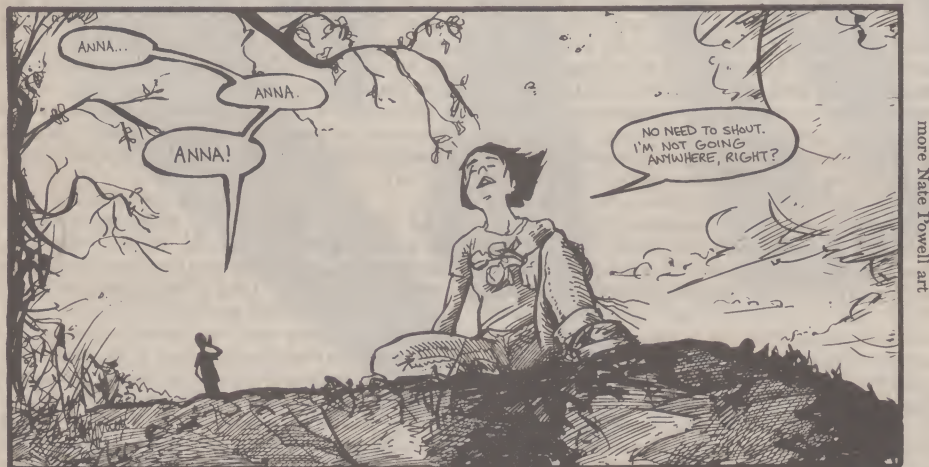
they can pull this "you don't have our permission" bullshit, because it's my view that I don't need "permission" to press my own records anyway. I put myself into the label 110% and I always feel that a record is as much mine as it is the creators of it.

Since I never had any agreements other than what we said verbally I find myself victim to all these claims of ripping off bands for pressing rights, or even they just don't believe me from what I tell them what is pressed. I have news for all the bands involved, and news for any band that has done this to their label friends, not paying a label back for the records and CDs they consign to you is fucking stealing and you're both thieves and you know it, and where is the respect in that? I have done all I could. I don't know what else I could say really. I have told them the truth and that is all I can do. Both those bands have called for boycotts on my record label. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. "Boycott CTW records, Support DIY hardcore." That is a complete oxymoron in itself, but people listen

and it makes me sick.

I am not taking all the blame away from me, obviously because I didn't have contracts or some guardian pressing angel over my shoulder to keep track of everything I am guilty as well, and I am not claiming I haven't made mistakes along the way. I just want to keep putting out records the way I always have and I want to keep doing it without contracts because that is what I believe that is what it's about. So to answer the question is DIY dead, the answer is not as long as I am still putting out records. The Blacktop Cadence 12" is not happening now because two of the members of the band think "I am sketchy." I was on the phone with Chris trying to sort through everything but it didn't matter and it made me cry. How pathetic is that, crying because I couldn't put out a record. I felt like my girlfriend broke up with me again. I am not trying to turn this into some sort of CTW vs. the world in the pages of *HeartattaCk*, there are much more important things to worry about, but to me my label is everything and I want to continue to do it. Thanks for reading. Webpage at www.conquertheworld.com, e-mail at mikectw@provide.net, snail mail at PO Box 40282/Redford, MI 48240/USA. Vanilla 12" out now!

Mike Warden/Conquer The World Records/
True Independent DIY Hardcore since 1993.



more Nate Powell art



The children played in the street, as the drizzle ran its wet fingers through the gray day. Their echoes bounced off of the slippery walls of this Paris side street, ethereal and lofty voices. Voices that smell like memories and the fix of photographs. Siphoning through your open windows and into your small hotel room like some invisible liquid.

And there you sat on the edge of your unmade bed with the taste of Belgium still on your lips like a lingering farewell kiss. Hanging there like cathedral bells. Dong! Dong! Dong! Thinking of all the rain spells you witnessed as a child back in the Washington, DC suburb. The yellow sky, the splashes of blue sky that shone like ribbons on your sister's bike. The pristine cleanness, the super-green trees shining in the fresh sunlight that seemed generously poured from gray hands.

A car passes through the side street, that card shuffling sound of tires upon wet pavement. Their voices high and lofty ringing abstractly right to you, and you close your eyes, resting your hands on your knees, and think of all the places you could be. Savoring the sounds, letting them imprint like photo-emulsion.

But here as you button your windbreaker and wash your hands, the gray hands have held back what was always promised. The gray hands have enraptured the sunlight into their folds and turned it into something else. Something alien, like fumbling for the words to say in a language you don't speak. And you stare in the mirror, searching the reflection for an answer. But it is intrinsic.

The dry click of the card-operated door, the sound of the special walking shoes down the carpeted hallway. The hum of the Evian machine at the elevator. And as the doors close so do your eyes. You press the Ground Level button and make it there. Walk through the lobby of tourists, all trying to pretend that they are French. Reciting the language they thought they knew, but the truth

is they only took two years in High School. Then there's the couch of old ladies who all think they're artists because they own and can afford the Monet coffee-table book. There are, of course, the newlyweds curled into each other like finely dressed puzzle pieces. Then the morbid twenty-somethings all trying to find something fulfilling in their lives but find only countless evenings of staring into the bottom of some mug of a beer that they can't remember the name of, talking to someone they don't understand in some language that they've never heard.

And you pass this vacant menagerie and you open the door and cross the U-shaped drive.

The children are still laughing, their continuity, their simplicity, something so longing, something so grand within your eyes and vacant from your life. You wish that you could jump in along the wet pavement that has been made darker by the rain and kick the ball with them. But you know that if you did you'd only trip over your two clumsy feet and fall and smash your head open like a thin glass object. And people'd just

look like some contraptions from the future to you, light incense by the gutter saying Krishna prayers, cash travelers checks, consult their French dictionaries, get on the Metro towards the Eiffel Tower, discuss the synthesis of light and shadow in a Renoir, etc...

Letting the sounds all grapple into your head. All fit in like some puzzle pieces that you can remove lucidly and stare at then place back for another. A glass puzzle, which only color is the sound each individual piece makes.

Finishing your tea and your vegetable soup that formed gradually shrinking red rings around the bowl, you leave a generous tip because that is what was instructed when you came here. You decide to walk this time to Notre Dame. And head back the way you came for your sketch-pad that you left in your hotel room.

A walk along the side of the sidewalk to maybe see what was playing at the cinema. You place a bet with yourself, either an American film or an American film. A little joke. Grinning, you turn the corner, the rain drips off of the white and

For your silence they dissipate, and trade your would-be words for actions. Giving them back their queen just to be a pawn.

The side-street reflected refracting police lights, flashing through the wet passageway. Out in front of the hotel the black and white cars were parked. You run down this road blindly, knowing that those fragile idyllic children were there only an hour ago if even that.

You remember the first time you let go of the handle bars barreling down the tallest hill of the Washington, DC suburb you lived in. And you travel with that speed. You trade the pieces. The cards are in the spokes; Rat-tat-tat-tat Rat-tat-tat-tat.

As you get closer something catches your eye off to the side of the street, you slow down because you see the ball that they were kicking wedged between two cars on the side of the road. Trace the blue line with your finger, the something that is missing from your life, the something that is gone.

The Police are talking to people, they're

La Silence de la Rue

by Terence J. Hannum

see what was going on inside of you the whole time.

The bright white ball with the blue stripe bounces as if the other street musicians let it have a solo, and then they start in on it. Laughing, kicking, running. In a language you barely understand, possibly enough to buy art supplies, or a loaf of bread, or ask the person next to you if they speak English. And their laughter bowls you over like a twisted car accident, yet tickles like a brook slowly traversing its rocky turns. Their pitched laughter licks at you as you turn and walk towards the Metro.

A busy road saturated with the whispering sounds of tires on wet pavement, shuffling infinite card decks that only dampen at moments but never silence. Walking down the median framed by stout trees heavy with wet leaves that drip like tears, thousands of pristine tears crashing onto the median walkway.

A girl exits a McDonald's carrying a bowl with one black fish in it. Her friends are laughing behind her. They say something to her, she turns, she drops the bowl and it shatters across the pavement.

The sound of a fish flopping on a wet sidewalk. It's black body shining in the dim neon lights of the Cinema.

The friends all crowd around it, they bend down with the scents of worry in their voices yet the hurried words that you know will make the girl leave the broken glass there and a black fish that no one wants flopping making splashes that with time will only turn smaller and smaller.

And you walk on because you know this, you know and you can't see it. Because somehow it will destroy what little faith you have left in this formless void you call humanity.

You turn the corner and cross the road, jumping over the small torrent that has formed from the rain water along the sides of the street, to the corner café where you sit at a table and know enough French to order a vegetable soup and a cup of tea and sit there. Watching people exit and enter buildings, cross streets, laugh excitedly, hold hands, scream into pay phones that

forest green striped awnings of the Café onto your damp hair and gray sweater.

A shiver like shuddering stops of trains runs through you, silver and metallic. The sight of the black fish laying there on its side, its mouth making little "Mou-mou-mou"s. The glass shards around it make you think of all the dreams and all the times sickness struck and how heavy your head was. And you stand there, you and it, you and it, you and it. You think of how cold it was in the Onze-Lieve-Vrouwekerk in Brugge. The echoing of the chants as you stared at the Michelangelo, which glowed in the vacant sinister church.

Suddenly it is in your hand, small pulses emit from its black body. And then you're crouching down by the gutter, you hear the laughter of the onlookers exiting the Cinema. The movie just let out, and you hold the black fish in your hand as you lower it into the water.

Removing one puzzle piece from the puzzle. The sound of the water gurgling like the world breathing. You feel it slowly come back to life, your sleeve is saturated, but you hold it until you know when it is time to open the floodgate of your hand and let it loose into the flowing torrent of rain water.

And you open your hand. And it is gone. Disappearing into the drain with the water. But you keep your hand there. You hold it in the gutter, as if the black fish would someday swim back. But you need to put the puzzle together again to move. And you do, and the street cars and the honking taxis, and the laughing audience you accidentally gathered, and the kissing couples, and the sirens of Police cars down a side street, and the words you feel so alien to, and the lights humming, and the vacationing grandma's talking about Degas, and the feet walking, and the faces bending in the gray mish-mashed light, the cacophony builds. And you stand up and face the audience that look silent to you with smirked faces and you don't know what to say. Maybe because you can't speak so they'd understand or maybe because you realize you've been standing in broken glass this whole time.

holding silver clip-boards. Someone is taping up the area. And you see the body of the boy that is hardly covered by the white sheet they hastily threw over the body. A man with a mustache holds his head in his hands, he rests on the driver's side door of his idling Audi. Tears stream from his cheeks. Is it the father? Then you see the dent in the hood.

All the grandma's that think their Monet or Cassat, all the twenty-somethings trying to find fulfillment in credit cards only finding debt and a long trip home, all the tourists in woven hats, all the newlyweds groping at each other's arms, all the two year French aficionados, and the other cast of characters bleeding sight onto the already damp pavement. Watching waiting until it ends to write it in their journals. Plaster it on it on the back of postcards. Talk about it over a walk when they get home. When they get away.

The Police are holding a woman who bawls like a mother; they are trying to console her and you don't know the language. But you walk up holding the ball out, your index finger parallel to the blue stripe, an offering of some sorts. And you hand it to her, and she is dumbfounded. And you wish you could think of Monet's "Waterlilies," or Renoir's Dancers, flowers in vases, or fields of poppies. But all you can think of is vanGogh's ear, and Francis Bacon paintings, books by Albert Camus, and in the distance Albinoni's "Adagio" comes wafting through the streets.

And it's then that you wish that your window was left closed, and you try and remove this puzzle piece, but it won't budge. It's become a part of your permanent structure. And your struck with silence, her lips move. But that is all. They make no sound.

Sound has stopped traveling.

The street slows down, a step takes an hour, and the sight is stretched across some plane of time and space that you'll never understand. You just wish for the whole world to open its windows and bail out all that invisible liquid that's clogged it up and let it rain out into the street again.

Then light stops traveling.

D.C. ZINE LIBRARY

A detailed black and white line drawing of a vintage typewriter, likely a Remington model. It features a prominent keyboard, a carriage, and a paper support mechanism. The drawing is framed by a simple rectangular border.

→ *jacob & caroline* ★
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& READING ROOM



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Act Your Age
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LP's are \$7ppd, CD's are \$9ppd, and 7"s are \$3ppd. Add \$\$\$ for foreign orders (PLEASE!). Send cash, checks, and money orders made out to John Christoffel, not Act Your Age. Send a stamp for a catalog of other peoples stuff I distribute. Most of these releases are distributed by Rhetoric, Rebound, Parasol, Rotz, Choke, Lumberjack, No Idea, Subterranean...or go direct thru Scenario (aka Act Your Age). **Coming Soon...** Bicycle Pilot 7", Millhouse CD (maybe?) and "Pop Songs For You" LP/CD comp.



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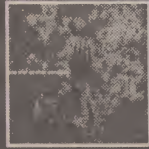
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SITTING IN MY ROOM LISTENING TO HEADACHE REMEDY BY VICTIMS FAMILY DRINKIN' BUSCH BEER - N-WONDERIN' IF I SHOULD EVEN BOTHER DOING AN AD FOR HAC OR NOT BUT WHAT THE HELL... I RODE MY ONE SPEED CRUISER TO THE GULF OF MEXICO (57 MILES ONEWAY) AND BURNED MY ARMS SO BAD THAT THEY ARE BUBBLIN'! ANYHOW, VERY SMALL RECORDS IS ALIVE AND WELL IN GAINESVILLE FLORIDA. THE FOUR TWO PUDDING CD REISSUE IS OUT NOW AND HOPEFULLY REVIEWED IN THIS ISH. I'M PLANNING ON SOMEDAY REISSUING THE ECONOCHRIST RUINATION LP, I'M DOING THE 23 MORE MINUTES & LOGICAL NONSENSE SPLIT LP AND THE LOGICAL DEADTIME LP TOGETHER ON ONE CD, THERE'S A 12" BY FLORIDAS HOTTEST DJ, DJ SOUP ASS, ON THE WAY, THE LIZARDS CD IS ALMOST DONE, THERE'S GONNA BE A SPAZZ AND J CHURCH SPLIT 412MM, A 7" COMP CALLED GERBIL ASSAULT WITH ELMER, DING DANG AND THE DOLOMITES, UMM.... I STILL GOT ELMER, SCHLONG, ONE EYE OPEN, LIZARDS, LESS THAN JAKE, SICK, -N-TIRED AND OTHER STUFF TOO!

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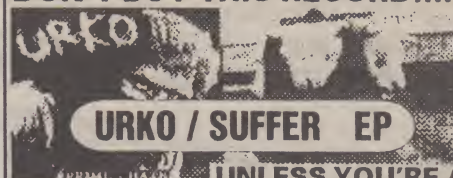
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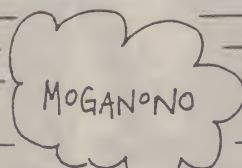
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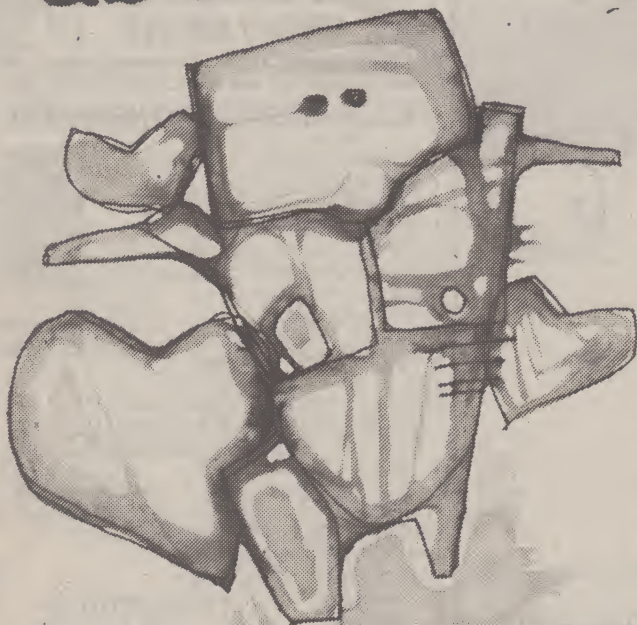
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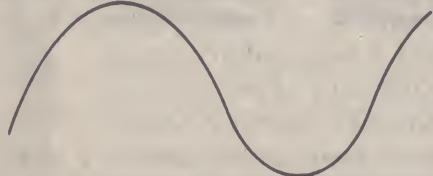
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CD-S #1: American Football

In the post-everything era, this record is refreshingly different. While Am. Football includes Mike Kinsella of Cap'n Jazz/Jean of Arc, they sound very little like either band. 3 songs that are slow yet bright with jangly, layered guitar sound and Mike Kinsella's sincere vocals.

CD-S #2: Calvin Krime

Serves much as a continuation of their 2nd LP on Am Rep-one song that's noisy w/ underlying pop melody and dual vocals, one very melodic w/ keyboards and groovin bass, and an 8 minute opus with looped drum beats, keyboard frenzy, and humming.

CD-S #3: Paris, Texas

This Madison, WI five piece serves up 4 songs that are melodic, catchy, and punchy. With members of None Left Standing, Paris Texas may have very slight similarities to a certain other very popular Wisconsin band, but are so very uniquely all their own.

CD-S #4: Braid/Burning Airlines

Each band does an 80's cover song. Oh yes! Braid does the Naked Eyes song "Always Something There To Remind Me" and Burning Airlines does "Back of Love" by Echo and the Bunnymen. Two great covers by two great bands that fit together very well.

CD-S #5: Sean Na Na

Sean Na Na is basically Sean Tillmann (of Calvin Krime) doing a 180 from previous works. Writing most of the songs and with a bit of help from K Records' Lois on vocals and help on instrumentation from a couple fellas, Sean pulls out all the stops with these 3 songs.

american
football

calvin
krime

paris, texas

burning airlines
&
braid

sean na-na

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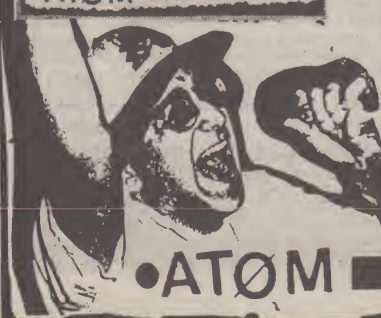
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Fuck Atom and His Package

The popularity of this man has gone on too long. We're all giving Atom top billing because, "he's so clever" and, "it's so nice to see somebody doing something new." Fuck that. He isn't doing anything original. Atom's just doing what Weird Al and others have been doing for years. The jokes over funny man. You're getting the hook.



Brad Wallace
YOUTH AGAINST FADS

9 AND A HALF LEFT #5 5.5x8.5 75¢ 40pgs.

A good part of this 'zine is dedicated to journal-style writing... but I mean the type of stuff that I would write for myself, not for other people. But perhaps that is what Mike is doing... he has thought about this stuff and now he's ready to look for answers, and he is enlisting the help of *9 And A Half Left* readers for just that purpose. He talks about a relationship he is in and about a shitty job he has, among other things. Overall, this is more about the questions than the solutions, and the pages are filled with short rants about all sorts of things. LK (Mike Rodemann/13386 Madison #4/Lakewood, OH 44107)

3RD ARM ELECTRICITY #12 4.25x5.5 50¢ 40pgs.

A bunch of ranting and writing by an opinionated Clevelander named Will. He can be amusing, annoying, and serious but he always seems to be pretty honest. In this issue much fun is poked at rappers, folks who wrote him letters, Charleston Heston, goths, and other random targets. Other covers Will's recent experiences with car accidents, bombs, gorillas, bulls and his inability to find a decent job. SJS (PO Box 41393/Brecksville, OH 44141)

AMERICA? #6

5.5x8.5 \$1 52pgs.

The theme for this one is about our favorite pastime—WORK. There are work stories thrown in throughout here, along with a funny page which has pictures of variations of mustaches that is a tribute to fast food managers. I think it's also a tribute to cops and their mustaches. There are interviews with Var and Jennifer from No Idea, Tom Hart who draws comics, and Matt Sweeting as well. 33b (Travis/PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604-1077)

AL-KEMAL #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

From the editor of *Five Knuckle Shuffle* comes *Al-Kemal*, a mish-mash of stories and observations from the life of Dirt. There is a rather long road trip story called "120 Miles On A Fuckin' Donut," entertaining one question interviews with the likes of Avail and Pezz, a long diatribe about a bad concert, and a tribute to this person named Ginger. A funky, funny, absurd little read. LO (PO Box 4244/Cleveland, MS 38732)

ALLIANCE FANZINE #2 8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

Here we have a short newspaper style music 'zine, with the emphases on short. Short interviews with Avail, Trial, a guy in Milhouse, and as they call him "a homeless madman." There are also some short writings and some reviews and some ads. Not much in the character department, you know something to set *Alliance* apart from the pack, but at the same time this is better than a lot of half-assed 'zines that look like recycled toilet paper. KM (Pat Callahan/580 Center Dyrre Ave./West Islip, NY 11795)

(ANOTHER NAME FOR)... NOTHING #1

5.5x8.5 \$3 36pgs.

Interviews often seem to either bore or annoy me. The interview with Opportunity Or Obstacle (the longest part of the 'zine) annoyed me, and the interview with Frodus bored me. Other than that there is mostly personal stuff in here... thoughts about living, straight edge, etc. Also a bit about a cassette comp John and Jason put together. LK (John Martin/1609 Persinger Rd./SW Roanoke, VA 24015)

AN INESCAPABLE APOCALYPSE #2

5.5x8.5 55¢ 30pgs.

There's not really much here—just some poetry, semi-political writings, and lamentations of the hypocrisy within the punk scene. I like the layout, which is littered with pictures of John Cusak in his various movies. The poetic (abstract?) stuff is kind of hard to get into for me, as it's difficult not knowing the person who wrote it or what inspired him to do so. There's also an article on abortion containing arguments that perhaps lend support to the pro-life side (or at least challenge us to rethink the "choice" label). I find it interesting that the writer at one point says: "My goal here is the recycled debate of pro-life versus pro-ideology because it has been often," and then

the debate quite accurately. Maybe I'm just bored with the debate or perhaps am just being but it seems that we've hit a wall with been covered. I'm not saying the topic shouldn't be debated or discussed; sometimes I just wish people would realize that their argument (whatever it may be) is anything but revolutionary. PCD (John Duerk/305 N 1st St. Apt. 20/DeKalb, IL 60115)

choice

done far too

proceeds

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recycle

abortion

pessimistic—

it, all the bases have

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revolutionary. PCD (John Duerk/305 N 1st St. Apt. 20/DeKalb, IL 60115)

ANTAGONIST REX #2/PIXIE CHIX #6

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Pixie Chix is a semi-personal, but also topical, 'zine that sort of lets you into the realm of Miriam. Inside, she lays out a biography of Frida Kahlo, a suggested reading list of books and poetry, show and 'zine reviews, and a controversial anti-straight edge letter to the editor. *Antagonist Rex* read less personal, yet more in your face. There is a short rant about mainstream values in punk and interviews with Dillinger Four, Infinity Dive, and Freshkigal. The most interesting piece in this 'zine was the piece copied from *The New Yorker* about skinhead gangs in the Antelope Valley. It is a shame when the best thing in a 'zine comes from other sources, but I was still pleased to be able to read it. Both these 'zines exude the editor's energy, which is commendable even in the face of average layout. LO (Miriam Eason/1323 E 11th St./Duluth, MN 55805)

ANOTHER NAME FOR NOTHING #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Another Name for Nothing is a basic, cut and paste typewriter type 'zine. Topics include some well written emotional stuff about a relationship gone bad, a piece about opening up and sharing feelings with other guy friends, an interesting story about getting caught shoplifting, a few band photos, and some writing about being unsure about the future. Pretty good stuff, but the last page was a piece about being disappointed in the President for having an affair, which didn't seem to fit and kinda left me with a weird impression of his 'zine. ARB (see above address)

ARMCHAIRWATERBOY #6 & #6.5 7x8.5 free 22pgs.

This is a poetry/personal 'zine. It's sometimes hard to understand someone else's poetry. Especially if you don't know the person, how they felt, or where they were when they wrote it. That doesn't mean these poems aren't good, they are certainly good for what they are, but I found them hard to relate to. I guess I'm not supposed to relate to them... that's why they're called personal 'zines. Duh. Anyway, I like the layout. It's simple and sorta moody at the same time with the poems typed out and photocopied pictures and drawings laid out neatly. Issue #6.5 is a long folded page with more of the same. MA (R. Barrett/3418 W 7th St./Little Rock, AR 72205)

ARTICHOKE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Artichoke tells the tales that have drastically affected the editor's life thus far. Inside are first hand descriptions of drug abuse, mortality, and religion. There are also pieces

talking about the editor's family, a road trip, and female genital mutilation. For the most part, the ideas suffer from the rough writing style—which is a shame. LO (M/920 W Pine St./Sandpoint, ID 83864)

BARRICADE #1 6x8.5 \$? 16pgs.

An anarcho punk 'zine from Peru with the typical stuff like letters, columns, and interviews. It has all the stuff you would think would be in an anarchist 'zine: crusty type bands and awesome pictures. I have to say personally that's one of my favorite things about being an anarcho punk. I mean who else has had drawings like a nazi getting his head blown off or Calvin with spikey hair studs and a bomb! No, but seriously, bands featured are Infexion and Magras. My Spanish is pretty choppy but good enough to know what's going on in this 'zine. CF (Pasaje Salazar 106/Lima 04/Peru)

BIG BLOOD BATH OF EXCITEMENT #2

5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.

Fuck yeah! All metal, bro! This is totally Slayer man! (That's hessian talk for "that's cool.") How can you beat this? I mean, a whole issue dedicated to the fine white trash art of metal! Yes, you might say, "Okay, Chuck, but there's already been tons of 'zines dedicated to metal." No way. How many of them have a fold out Lemmy poster? Yeah, that's right, a big fuckin' picture of Lemmy, coco puffs and all. Plus, a good examples of how to identify different types of rockers and designs to make your own metal stickers. (For me a new Iron Maiden patch.) This has to be the best 'zine I got this month. See ya in the pit bro! CF (Matt/PO Box 775/Slatersville, RI 02876)

BIG SURPRISE #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 72pgs.

This mediocre cut and paste 'zine chronicles the life and thoughts of the editor. There are numerous personal pieces about him and the people who come in contact with him, none of them particularly insightful or

"Zine reviewers for this issue: PCD=Paul Dykman, KM=Kent McClard, G=Graham Donath, LK=Leslie Kahan, TR=Tim Ream, 33b=Krisiti Fults, CF=Chuck Franco, RG=Ryan Gratzner, EW=Emmett White, SJS=Steve Snyder, SA=Steve Aoki, CKC=Carrie Crawford, ARB=Adam Brandt, MA=Mike Amezcua, SS=Shane Smith, & LO=Lisa Oglesby.

BLIND #3/POTENTIAL FRIEND #2 8.5x11 \$? 44pgs.

Photocopied. Youth crew, youth crew, youth crew. This European split 'zine has scene reports, okay interviews with Mainstrike, Eyeball, Chain Of Strength, Reinforce, and a number of others. There are also some pictures, many of which are straight out of CD jackets, and a couple of columns. While much of the English struggles with grammar, I found myself enjoying this 'zine. Keepin' '88 alive in Europe no doubt. Apparently all they are interested in is re-creating that era. (Not that it's good or bad.) It's obvious that these guys are totally passionate about hardcore. G (49 Avenue De L'île De France/33600 Pessac/France)

BRAT #7 8.5x11 \$7/4 issues 56pgs.

Every issue that I've seen of *Brat* has been great, and this one is no exception. Topics this time around include book banning, curfews, unschooling, Zapatistas, nuclear weapons... and tons more. Very well done—both politically and personal—and it's always inspiring to see projects entirely created by "youth and young adults." It is also fantastic to see that these folks are obviously about more than just writing... they're getting shit done in Louisville, and I recommend that you pick *Brat* up and start to get active in your own hometown. LK (PO Box 4964/Louisville, KY 40204-0964)

BODY COUNT #3/FEM-UH-NIST #3

8.5x11 \$2.64 22pgs.

Two 'zines back-to-back, both with a strong feminist message behind them. One makes a strong point about *not* being associated with riot grrrl and the other has lots of information about being a part of it... but regardless, these are both 'zines created by punk ladies with lots to say about women in society and taking control of your life in many different ways. There are poems, reviews, a "quiz," and lots of writing. LK (Jeannie/730 Riddle Rd. Apt. 208/Cincinnati, OH 45220)

BETTER KNOWN AS... #1 5.5x8.5 50¢ 32pgs.

I hesitate to call this much more than a photo 'zine. Still, it also has recipes, a Braid review, and a few thoughts. Send submissions. LO (Spencer/16404 Vista Roma Circle/Huntington Beach, CA 92649)

BURN COLLECTOR #8 5.5x8.5 \$2 112pgs.

An amazing piece of work. Thirty-two insightful, painful, ironic, and embarrassing short stories about a punk's life in Portland. Taken piece by piece, they are incredibly entertaining. Taken as a whole, you start to worry about our dear narrator. I guess to every downward spiral there is a silver lining. LO (Al Buriar/307 Blueridge Rd./Carrboro, NC 27510)

CAPTAIN CRUSH #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 16pgs.

A very simple cut and paste 'zine. It reminds me of something sentimental like a high school yearbook. There isn't much in here, mostly thoughts, poems, and a page dedicated to Holden Caulfield. 33b (Rena Ingram/5854 Freeman Ave./La Crescenta, CA 91214)

CHARONZINE #2 6x8.5 \$? 56pgs.

From the Charon Collective in Austria comes issue #2 of the *Charonzine*. This is sort of an outreach project for the Collective, as they are still trying to get more people involved and interested in what they are doing. They've done a better job with their 'zine this time. This issue includes columns, stories, and reviews from the collective, as well as interviews with Entheus, a Refused and Make Up show review, and a really interesting article on Rudi Dutsche.

LO (Horagasse 9/
2500 Baden/Austria)

COUNTER #1 5.5x8.5

Fuck, there is a lot of information has news, addresses, and general going on in the straight edge/ (Andrea Delbello/Via Forlanini 55/

1 IRC 4pgs.
in here. *Counter*
facts about things
hardcore scene. LO
34139 Trieste/Italy)

COUNTRYCIDE #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 48pgs.

One of the best 'zines I have read out of my batch. I got into every story and article that was included. The interviews were surprisingly good, especially the Thoughts Of Ionesco close-up. I never really cared about this band in the past but after reading this interview it makes me want to take them a bit more seriously next time I listen to them. The best writing in here was the "Pro-Pleasure, Pro-Sex" article written by Krisie Gregory. Her arguments for sex parallel mine so fucking well. It is awesome to find out there are people like herself that can eloquently raise an issue so important. A nice and very introspective story on the jaggedness of relationships and

CHUMPIRE #105 7x8.5 55¢ 16pgs.

Wow, and issue of *Chumpire* that is more than one page. I am taken aback. This special is all about Greg's trip to Spain. Lots of space is given to stream of consciousness pieces documenting his thoughts and/or feelings at one time. It was a nice change to read something from him that was a little more personal and less information-based. LO (Greg Knowles/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

CHUMPIRE #106/#107 8.5x11 stamp 2pgs.

As always... filled with tidbits about Greg's life and the happenings in PA and elsewhere. 107 sure is a heck of a lot of issues! Definitely worth the cost of a stamp—sort of like getting a letter from someone all the time and learning a bit more about them each time. LK (see above address)

CRUSH 'ZINE 5.5x8.5 \$2 56pgs.

Carrie of *The Assassin And The Whiner* has compiled the crush stories of 33 folks. Using text and comics the relate their tales of happiness found, unrequited love, and joy turned to misery. Just about every imaginable scenario is covered: people with crushes on people who don't know they exist, people who are unavailable for preferential reasons, people who are too shy to ask out, people oblivious to their crush no matter the lengths to which you go to make it obvious, people who are otherwise committed, people who disappoint, and people who feel the same about you. Each contributor tells an excellent story. The illustrations are diverse and the varied styles are well suited to the stories told. *Crush 'Zine* is a whole lot of fun. SJS (Carrie McNinch/PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

CUM GRANO SALIS #1 8.5x12 1 IRC 2pgs.

I'm growing tired of flyer 'zines... This one has a wealth of reviews from information on bands and labels internationally, a Malaysian scene report, and a couple quick rants. LO (Matthias Reinder/Hartwig-Hesse Str. 40/20257 Hamburg/Germany)

DANCE PARTY #2 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 40pgs.

A 'zine about dancing which, for this issue, focuses on folks who are wallflowers and the fine art of dancing alone. The bulk of the content is essays and comics submitted by Russell's 'zinester friends and compatriots, and all focus on dancing: school dances, dancing at shows, swing dancing, dancing with a lawn mower, etc... About 1/4 of the 'zine are answers to questions like: "What was your first school dance like?" "What's your favorite dance scene in a movie?," etc. There is a brief discussion of breakdancing with Martin of Los Cruados and some movie reviews. *Dance Party* is an entertaining read. SJS (Cool Beans Press/715 Duncan Ave. #811/Pittsburgh, PA 15237)

THE DEAD HERRING #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

This is a smart 'zine with a good sense of humor. It is mostly interviews, but they are good interviews, with prepared questions that focus on the relationship each interviewee has with his band, the underground music scene, and the rest of the world. Plus there is plenty of room for goofy associations of true/false questions. Those questioned are Rodrigo Alfaro of the Satanic Surfers and Intensity, John Samson of The Weakerthans, Jord Samolesky of Propagandi and Diesel Boy. The Diesel Boy chat delves into pornography which editor Derek takes up as a topic for an essay in which he explores the pros and cons. Other stuff includes essays on cover art from '80s metal bands, the stunning mystery surrounding who wrote and recorded the original version of Agent Steel's song "Taken By Force," and the lameness of the evening news. There are also pages of record reviews, show reviews, and web site reviews. SJS (Derek/PO Box 68007/471 River Ave./Winnipeg, MB/R3L 2V9/Canada)

DECEPTICON #5 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

Decepticon has definitely gotten better and better with each issue. This is made in the hopes of being a community 'zine where everyone can contribute and have their voice heard, and slowly that is happening. In this issue, Jonathan asks several people for their ideas on cloning, an issue which, quite surprisingly, I haven't heard too many people talking about. Scary stuff. Also included are interviews with Deathbeat, Avail, Hail Mary, and Harriet The Spy, and a bunch of various columns. Punk is supposed to be about community, right? So maybe it's time that we all start getting involved in punk-wide community projects. LK (Jonathan Lee/1479 Carr Ave./Memphis, TN 38104)

THE DEVIL'S OTHER STORY #4 5.5x8.5 32c 30pgs.

The whole content is this person's writings on random subjects. Along the way he gives tons of definitions to what the devil's other story actually is. I am still having trouble figuring out what it is. It seems to be of great importance to him. He writes about some interesting things, but sometimes starts to ramble off and talk about things in which it is hard to find the point and my attention starts to dwindle. It is interesting when he writes about things that have happened in his life and things that are happening in the world. RG (922 Dartmouthglen Way/Baltimore, MD 21212)

DIAREAH OF A MADMAN #7 8.5x11 \$? 4pgs.

Short part 1 of interview with Rick of 25 Ta Lye, reviews, and a few thoughts. I don't share the editor's sense of humor. LK (PO Box 193/Pen Argyl, PA 18072-0193)

DISMAL FANZINE #10 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

The major piece of content in this 'zine was an article on child labor which assesses and recounts the present day situation. Much of this 'zine consists of cut and paste ads and images from other sources. They've printed an Q&A with Nada Surf, though the person interviewed apparently has nothing to do with the band, and a letter debating mainstream 'zine distribution. Overall, this 'zine didn't have much that interested me. Were it not for the boastful introduction, I probably would have been more forgiving. LO (5275 Whisper Dr./Coral Springs, FL 33067)

DREAM WHIP #10 4.25x5.5 \$3 156pgs.

I want to call this a travel journal, but really it is different from that. It is more like a journal of reflections and observations had while traveling, which I guess is really what a travel journal is, but that term just doesn't seem fitting. Thoughts about home and life in general fill these 156 pages of writing, along with several illustrations. There were some parts that I could totally relate to and some that I couldn't, but really that wasn't the point to me. It was less about relating someone else's life to my own and more about simply learning from someone else about what their reality is. Very nice to read. LK (PO Box 53832/Lubbock, TX 79453)

DUHHE #9 5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.

The theme for this issue is romance and the cost is one broken heart, at least that is what it says on the cover. The columns were all about love and crushes, which were disgusting and cute at the same time. I enjoyed reading them though and actually were probably the part I liked best about the 'zine. Also included are interviews with Cavity, 16, and Nootgrush, as well as lots of 'zine reviews and other commentary on things other than romance. 33b (Anthony P./PO Box 47/Bradford/BD8 TTX/UK)

ENNOBED MIND #12 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This 'zine has always stood out to me. First of all, I love this name. It is just a good solid name that catches your eye and, second, they are always armed with dense content. I have to say, however, the last issue was much more interesting than this one. In this issue they feature Smart Went Crazy, Reading Frenzy record store, some writings on religion that went over pretty well, reviews (of course), and an unexpectedly interesting interview with Roadside Monument about religion. That was definitely worth a read. I still read through the whole 'zine though, and it carried its weight through the entire issue, but their last issues were a bit more raw and striking. The pictures in here are getting better and better and that is something they can't do without. This photographer should come down to the Pickle Patch sometime and take some shots down here. I would surely appreciate that. SA (7622 SE 36th Ave./Portland, OR 97202)

EXCURSIONS INTO THE ABYSS #2 5.5x8.5 32c 36pgs.

Like I have said a million times before, I fucking love personal 'zines. They transcribe life so much better than any other 'zine I have read. They are just closer to home. *Excursions Into The Abyss* leaves that feeling of personal accomplishment and I totally can relate. Some poetry and writings on day to day life, what is to come, and what shitty and awesome things have happened. I have to agree with Damien when he says how "he hates mindless sxe fucks more than the burnt out stoned hippie motherfuckers." It is a pretty good article amongst the many in this 'zine. Help this kid spread his message and order one. SA (PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805-0138)

ENNOYING CRACK #5 5.75x6 \$2 56pgs.

The layout kicks ass! Simple, maybe even a bit *Punk Planet*-ish at times, but it still comes across very strong. He uses graphics well, loves bikes, and expresses it through his writings. Makes me a bit sad cuz I can't ride my bike around my 'hood. The stories in here are real interesting to say the least. There's also an interview with Los Huevos and some book and 'zine reviews. Overall it was very enjoyable and a pleasure to look at. For two bux, I'm down. MA (Tom Sap/Kranenbroeklaan 19/8930 Lauwe/Belgium)

EXCURSIONS INTO THE ABYSS 5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.

This is a personal 'zine that I do not like. Everything is just too disconnected and it's hard, if you don't live someone's life or know that person, to relate when you just get random thoughts and feelings in no kind of context. Plus it doesn't look too good. Pictures are nice though. EW (Damian/PO Box 50138/Ft. Wayne, IN 46805-0138)

EYE OF THE STORM #4 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

Nice cover art, unexciting and irksome content. This 'zine begins with an article on the Y2K bug, then moves into a few different pieces. (I'll call them columns, but they are mostly just stories and observations.) The thing that really made me dislike the 'zine was the story called "An Experiment I Bad Taste," a poor telling of a mindless, outrageous tale for the sake of shock value. At least, I hope so. They are looking for people to contribute for the next issue, maybe you can help this project out. LO (Pete/338 George St./Fredericton, NB/E3B 1S7/Canada)

FATE #5 5.5x8.5 free/trade 28pgs.

A travel diary of western Europe sprinkled with tales of sights and scenes. Sounds like the group dynamics (read: drama) didn't ruin the vacation, but merely distracted her from some of what she was looking for. Overall, very interesting and thoughtful. CKC (Okie Dokie Distro/PO Box 890701/Oklahoma City, OK 73189)

FEAR NO LOVE #12 & #13 8.5x11 \$? 2pgs.

More news, gossip, opinions, and band-hyping from this group of Swiss hardcore freaks. I rarely agree with them or take interest in what they say, but that's not the point, communication is. EW (PO Box 9351/CH-8036 Zuerich/Switzerland)

FIGURE 1 #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

This is mostly journal entries about nothing in particular aside from what goes on in this girl's mind and what she does. There's an interview with someone from the ARA, an article on the development of the 3rd world, as well as some nice art work that the editor did. 33b (3708 Bloomingdale Ave./Valparaiso, IN 46383)

FLYER TIMES #2 8.5x11 free 24pgs.

This isn't really a 'zine, more of a newsletter for those people associated with The Small Publishers Co-op. That group is essentially a bunch of independent people who join up to get lower print prices through bulk. So inside you'll find price quotes, print schedules, a bit of news, and the catalog of other 'zines and such that get printed by the co-op. LO (2579 Clematis St./Sarasota, FL 34239)

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD #7 4.25x5.5 free 18pgs.

This is a personal 'zine from a guy in Minneapolis. He writes about some of the small events that happen in his life. A snowy road trip, the start of spring, the meaning of life, and his mischief making at a younger age. The writing becomes very personal as Jason questions his insecurities and decisions. This is a good read. SJS (1915 3rd Ave. S #202/Minneapolis, MN 55404)

FORTHRIGHT #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

I cannot tell you this person's audience is, but it seems to me like s/he is talking to a single person, which is not a very affective way to get one's point across. And that person happens to be someone who has absolutely no idea what Christianity or *The Bible* is. What follows is page upon page of telling and explaining that Jesus Christ is our Prince of Peace and what is contained in *The Bible*, etc. The insecurities that this person has is flowing like water throughout. The feeling I get when I read this is flowing like vomit. When reading, one gets a sense that this person is scared out of her/his mind. Phrases like, "doomed to hell" and "dead to sin" are used often to describe the people who don't have the same beliefs as this person. Fact: many historians question if Jesus actually existed because of the lack of evidence. *The Bible* is not a history book (except for wars), and Mary was almost certainly raped, most likely by a Roman. Not surprisingly, this person only interviews and reviews Christian bands. Quality reading for all you junior televangelists. This truly gives new meaning to the words holy shit. RG (4133 Oceana Ave./Lakewood, CA 90713)

FALAFEL FANZINE #1 8.5x11 \$3 62pgs.

Photocopied. Cut and paste layout. Horrible pictures. Lots of wrestling stuff. Pictures of skateboarding. An article on Civil Disobedience. (This is the Civil Disobedience issue.) A long interview with Ignite. A really short interview with Propagandhi. Some columns. Some ads. Not much else. For a 'zine that was so thick, there wasn't much content. G (125 Reynolds St./Ludlow, MA 01056)

FRIEND OF MINE FANZINE #7 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.

A Christian journal that contains band interviews with Zao, Warlord, and Morella's Forest, ads featuring Christian bands, articles talking about the end of the world, and the personal story of a mafia hitman. The layout is very linear and the pictures are nice and clear. So I guess if you're into Christian punk and hardcore this would be a good buy and a fulfilling use of your time. And if you're not into Christian punk and hardcore... I commend you. TR (PO Box 26203/Birmingham, AL 35260-0203)

FUERZA DE CAMBIO #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 30pgs.

Written in Spanish. The title translated into English means "force of change." This 'zine is made by a group of people that live in Ensenada, B.C. Mexico. At first glance, the cover looks like one of those sxe 'zines which were coming out in the late '80s/early '90s. But the content found in here goes way beyond that. Along with the typical explanation and history of the sxe movement, two music reviews, and a local scene report, you will find writings on human rights, racism, the invention of the skateboard, and a very interesting column on people there losing touch with their indigenous roots. Overall this 'zine is very straightforward and to the point with not being boring at all. If you can read Spanish then make the effort to get this it is well worth it. Bien hecho muchachos/as. MA (Javier Molina/Bahia Constitucion #822 Col. Moderna Oeste./Ensenada B.C./Mexico)

FRACTURE #3 8.5x11 \$2 72pgs.

This is the UK's version of HaC or MRR. Lots of columns, letters, and interviews with Karate, Zoinks, D.B.S., Refused, and the boys from Overground Records. As well as record reviews, a tour with Broccoli in Japan, and more! 33b (Dave/PO Box 623/Cardiff CF3 9ZA/Wales/UK)

GEEK AMERICA #6 11x17 \$2 17pgs.

This 'zine is fucking hilarious. A day-to-day diary of Brent's 74 day trip to Japan including a description of the Japanese "Green Day Holiday." Also a comical description of every type of annoying customer you can think of. The size is a little weird but worth it. Recommended. PCD (PO Box 3195/Dana Point, CA 92629)

GENETIC DISORDER #15 7x8.5 \$3 64pgs.

There is SO much to read in here. Some sixty-odd pages of straight text. Issue #15 highlights and exposes the shit that went down on Larry's summer vacation. He was foolish enough to get in a motorhome with a few friends for a trip around the country, but the fruit that is this 'zine of travel thoughts and human interpretations. For those of you who are fans of his MRR column or past issues of GD, you should check out this text intensive issue. LO (PO Box 15237/San Diego, CA 92175)

GIVE THANKS #3/#4 8.5x11 25c 10pgs.

The question of the issue is "Which show is more punk rock: The Simpsons or South Park?" this time around, with a bunch of different folks responding. There are also some reviews and local news type stuff... and then Kevin discusses the top ten hardcore and punk 7's from the '90s which takes up a bunch of space. Finally there's a column about band names and this issue of *Give Thanks* comes to a close. LK (Kevin Murphy/606 3rd Ave. 234/San Diego, CA 92101)

GIVE THANKS #4 8.5x11 32c 6pgs.

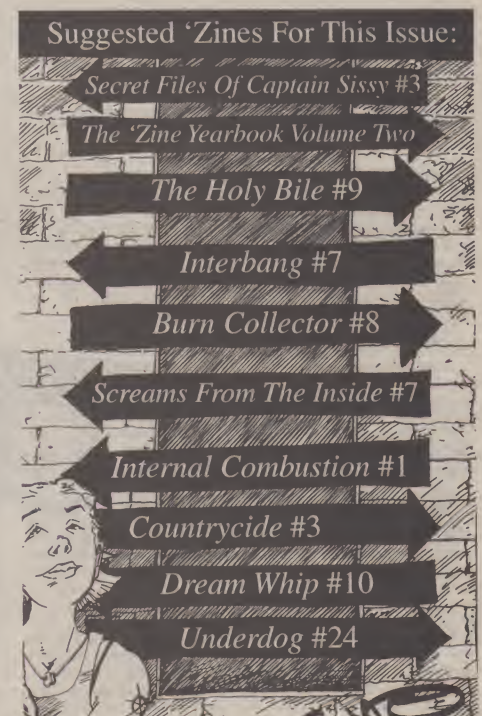
Kevin Murphy at it again but this time with a computer and pen. His critique on hardcore is something we should all give our undivided attention to. He, among the few left in his age category, brings DIY into a whole new light. Most people thought that DIY lasts about as long as your dependence does from your parents or thought that if you have a wife and/or kids and you are in your late 20's then you must wear that suit and tie and flock with the rest of the sheep. He relates to the scene with wise eyes and a very critical heart. His wit keeps this 'zine full of humor and sarcasm that might help you swallow down the "ugly truth"; and he keeps this shit so fucking real it is incredible that the guy is still around. In this issue of *Give Thanks*, he headlines it with the "Top Ten Hardcore And Punk 7's From The Nineties." I have to agree with him for the most part because he does include the Inside Out "No Spiritual Surrender," Rorschach "Needlepack," and the "Murders Among Us" comp—but what about the monumental Farside "Keep the Soul Awake." Now this is a punk record that has changed my life. His reviews in every issue are the most articulate I've read; and the most infamous and notorious. "Here's A Thought: FUCK YOU," which is always inserted in the back of each issue, comes with something new and untarnished to destroy bit by bit. This 'zine may only be a few pages long but it most definitely is enough to give thanks to Mr. Murphy. Punk and positive as fuck! It deserves the Aoki guarantee with a double two finger positive GO! SA (see above address)

GOVERNMENT INFESTATION #1/2 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 40pgs.

Boring and basic interviews, propaganda, fact sheets, reviews, and vegan recipes make up this incomplete little 'zine with a red foiled title. EW (690-A Los Angeles Ave. Box 114/Simi Valley, CA 93063)

HARDCORE FUN AND GAMES 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.

I grabbed a few 'zines to read on a plane trip, none of them were very good. Which made me all the more excited to pull *Hardcore Fun And Games* out of my backpack. Inside there were punk-themed word searches, jumbles, a maze, a mad lib and more. I had plenty of mindless fun with this little activity book! I even kept working on it once I was in the terminal. LO (Ian/8193 Winewood Way/Riverdale, GA 30274)



HANGING LIKE A HEX #10 8.5x11 \$1 64pgs.

Yet another music centered 'zine. And I say "yet another" cuz it follows the format to the point. So as you can imagine, it's got tons of ads, columns, interviews (Brutal Truth, Tortoise, Overcast, MikeAllRed, Braid, 78 Days, Order of Deceit, and No Reason), and a bungload of reviews. It looks pretty nice and has a few extra tidbits, including some info about comic books. The addition of an extra color could've been utilized better. I picked this one out of the 'zine box because of the paper bag it was enclosed in and the title burned into it, so I was disappointed to find the contents so impersonal. Oh well. My problem. Folks with interest in this sort of thing should probably find this interesting. EW (201 Maple Ln./N Syracuse, NY 13212)

HAPPY GOAT #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 48pgs.

Iowa's own MRR, only smaller. Articles, essays, rants, record and 'zine reviews, plus heaps of columns. Topics range from power rangers, work stories, hating winter and family, to choice sentences like these: "lots of girls like guys to treat them badly" and "stupid bitch," blah blah blah. CKC (1706 NW 10th St./Ankeny, IA 50021)

HARDCORE FRIENDS 8.5x11 32¢ 1pg.

This is a flyer questionnaire for people who want to network via this 'zine. You answer some questions about yourself and your interests, then HCFs finds you a penpal. Designed for prisoners, but anyone can be a part. LO (Bram Sherin #728266/McNeil Island Corrections Center/PO Box 881000/Steilacoom, WA 98388-1000)

HARD TIMES #1 8.5x11 free 4pgs.

Doing a parody of a newspaper, *Hard Times* reports on what the editor sees as the sorry state of straight edge. There are "Dear Abbey" style letters to Mikey Edge, an interview with a fake band, an editorial, and other newspaper filler like word searches and cartoons—all done very tongue in cheek. The editor seems to be fed up with the dismal state of the scene and people who were previously straight edge. This is his contribution to the fight for a better future. LO (Chris/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

THE HOLY BILE #9 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs.

Judging from the cover art, I really didn't expect this 'zine to be so, well, intelligent. I mean, I read even the letters section. The 'zine is basically comprised of a set of articles; they were short, but informative and well-written. Topics include the unreality of independence under the structure of capitalism, nihilism, genetic research in respect to homosexuality, and the threatening practices of the local forestry industry. The letters section had a lot of back-and-forth about a few articles from previous issues discussing altruism and a few other slippery slopes. To top it off, they do a good roasting of R. Crumb's work in a comic on the back cover. LO (Greg Simmons/515-916 W Broadway/Vancouver, BC/V5Z 1K7/Canada)

HOMILIA #1 6x8.5 \$3 44pgs.

First off, this 'zine is written in Polish. I only know 2 languages and this ain't one of them. But from the looks of things, this is very well put together. The style is cut and paste but layed out very neatly. It kind of reminds me of a 'zine a person I know does called *Less Than One* in that the record and show reviews are layed out in similar fashion. There are also interviews here with Post Regiment, God LTD, Professor Wilczur, Beyond Description, Antifada, and the mighty Disturbio Menor. From what I can see it just might be worth those 3 dollars. MA (Piotr Stelmach/PO Box 55/37-720 Przemysl 2/Poland)

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT A FANZINE #3 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Newsprint. First off, the print quality is horrible, which makes the not-very-interesting photos even more so. Interviews (the short "releases, tours, past bands, etc.," not very good kind) with Grade, Bloodlet, The Mister T Experience, and Assspatula. The Green Day interview was a little better than the rest, but not by much. Lots of ads, some columns with not much to say, and a teen's account of his own spring break. Not much here. G (PO Box 4501/Highland Park, NJ 08904-4501)

IF THE BIBLE TOLD YOU TO JUMP OFF A CLIFF... #3 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 44pgs.

There is a lot of information in this 'zine, including an article about the effects of Chernobyl, an interview with Moral Panic (mostly about political-type stuff), and various writings by Chad. His writings are about work, having a cop for a dad, and being involved in organized sports as a kid. This 'zine is well done, and I hope Chad continues writing it. LK (Chad Cronk/4006 Lakeview Ave./Regina, SK/S4S 1H9/Canada)

I HATE YOU #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Honest and personal writing from Jen. She's been through a lot in the last year—moving across the country and all that went along with it (a roommate expecting to receive more than just a monthly rent check)—and that comes across in this 'zine. All about the way people live their lives and the different things that we may or may not encounter someday. Jen has an angry and strong voice that clearly conveys her message (see her letter in this issue for an idea of her writing style... wow). LK (Jen Hate/14 Easton Ave. #207/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

I HOPE LOSE THE OLYMPICS #1 5.5x8.5 32¢ 40pgs.

This 'zine contains interviews with That's All She Wrote, Devola, Sandy's Best, Knapsack and Tom Ackerman. They're short, but for the most part interesting, avoiding the usual resume talk for some more contemplative questioning. There are several essays which reveal the editor's author, Ian, to be quite fascinated by bowel movements, airplane crashes, and juvenile practical jokes. The essay titled "Wishing Death" is a very astute categorization of the variety of unpleasanties that could befall those folks who bring grief to his life. It seems Ian has determined death to be to strong a punishment for most folks so he wishes different types and lengths of setbacks for them to fall down. Other calamities are devised for jock bullies, AOL users, and bad teachers. BYETO also has record reviews that envision how each band would murder person listening to the record, and there are some really awful comics. SJS (Phil/PO Box 2239/Hanover, MA 02339)

INITONIT #9 5.5x8.5 50p/trade 28pgs.

English 'zine consisting mostly of interviews, with some articles and 'zine reviews thrown in for good measure. Interviews with Worm, Wat Tyler, Speed Urchin, Dwarves, and Griswold. Article about the Active Minds, and a few 'zine reviews. This is nothing special by any means, short and basic and average. ARB (Paul/6 Hix Close/Holbeach, Spalding/Lincs/PE12 7EN/England)

IMPACT PRESS #16 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Impact Press is a political journal containing mainly "leftist" interpretations of issues such as nationalism, abortion, consumerism, and (as the main feature) the increasing amount of violence among elementary school children. For the most part, the articles are intelligently written and are accompanied by cartoons that are moderately funny. The highlight of the 'zine was the "Schoolyard Armageddon" article. By examining specific cases in which children and young teens have gunned down their classmates, teachers, and parents, *Impact Press* created a very convincing argument against a society that they see as largely contributive through its irresponsible romanticizing of violence. Coupled with Border's Books and Socialist Party of Florida advertisements (two things completely at odds in my mind) make this informative as well as an entertaining read. TR (10151 University Blvd. Suite 151/Orlando, FL 32817)

INFANTICIDE #8 w/tape comp. 5.5x8.5 \$1 52pgs.

A 'zine called *Infanticide* and no pictures of dead babies? Boy, am I disappointed. About half of this was lyric pages for the bands on the tape, while the rest of it was mostly lists of "funny" stuff off of the internet (uses of the word fuck, country music song titles) and band photos. This could have been much better had they cut out all that crap and made this just into a booklet for the tape plus the original writing. If you are going to buy this, buy it for the tape, which includes Elliot Bronson (acoustic guitar, political lyrics), De Nada (fast thrash hardcore ala Charles Bronson), and Underneath (heavy, straight ahead hardcore). The tape is pretty good, but the 'zine is a waste of time. ARB (324 Red Magnolia Ct./Millersville, MD 21108)

INTERBANG #7 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Wow, one guy does all this! Insanity. Politically motivated and very in depth. Tons of news and information from Anti Racist Action, to the massacres by paramilitary groups in Chiapas Mexico, to the bashing One Life Crew and the Victory records label. (Good). There are the regular columns and letters. The columns were very controversial and had very good arguments for and against the subjects discussed. There is an interview with a hip-hop group called Urban Guerrilla Poets. I probably would have never heard of such a group if not for this 'zine. I liked their interview and will most likely want to check them out. There's also an interview with the familiar J-Church. This is packed full of stuff so check it out. This will keep you from getting bored for a long while. Contender for Chuck's 'zine of the month. CF (Ben/PO Box 671/Ravenna, OH 44266)

INTERNAL COMBUSTION #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 34pgs.

This is what I have been talking about. Something with clever little pictures that reads real fast and won't choke you with too many words, just pictures. There are about a dozen stories in this one all with a different feel, almost a different artist's touch. Migraine, the label, so to speak, does a good job at selecting a good range of artists to blow up their spot in the Do It Yourself punk culture. I can't wait for the next batch of these cutesy half page 'zines to head our way. SA (Migraine Press/PO Box 673/Portland, OR 97207)

I STAND ALONE #10 8x10 \$2 48pgs.

Offset print. This issue features fairly good interviews with John McKaig (2 pages), Despair (3.5 pages), Harvest (3 pages), and Josh Trustkill (1 page). It also contains a Comin' Correct/Krutch tour diary (3 pages), some columns (12 pages) that proved fairly interesting, and the rest is composed of ads, reviews, and thank yous. This is my first time reading this 'zine and, while it was put together well and had some better-than-average content, much of it seems to have been already said, just not as well. This was better than average, though, and I'd pick another up if I saw it. G (Adele/PO Box 321/Buckner, KY 40010)

THE JOFS #1 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 40pgs.

This 'zine had plenty of entertaining things to read. There were interviews with Furious George, a local street performer named Daniel Buxton, and John K. Samson of Propagandhi and The Weakerthans. There are also shorter pieces on how to make your own firecrackers and ketchup bombs, personal stories from different people, and articles on public schools and oppression. Trades and submissions welcome. LO (Hose Clamp Press/PO Box 35078/Edmonton, AB/TSK 2R8/Canada)

JOYS OF LAWN CARE 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Art 'zine of design and expression. None of the content is very concrete, it all fairly abstract; especially since it is a compilation of different people's work. There are pieces of poetry and creative writing, pictures, photos, and collages. LO (PO Box 944/San Mateo, CA 94403)

KARISOKE: Blow Up 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 76pgs.

A personal, diary-like look into the life of Caroline. There were some parts of this that completely threw me off because they so mirrored things going on or that have happened in my own life... eerie. She recently moved to Washington, DC from California, though that is not really the focus of this issue. More of it is about what has been going through her head, though that is definitely influenced by the cross-country move. From what I gather, Caroline is very into communication of the sincere variety, and she is a self-described 'zine freak, so if you are of a like mind you would do well to write her a letter. LK (Caroline/4621 43rd Pl. NW/ Washington, DC 20016)

KISS OFF! #3 5.5x8.5 50¢/trade 40pgs.

There is quite a bit of varied content in this 'zine: personal stories, short articles, reviews, and anecdotes. Of that, my favorites were the pieces on smoking and the meat industry. The smoking piece has two people with varied experiences talking about how smoking has effected their lives. The piece on the meat industry is a long article, detailing some of the more horrifying and disgusting aspects, especially how it relates to Canadian eating habits and government regulations. While most of the 'zine was average in terms of content, those two compositions were really quite good. LO (Chris Landry/26 Assiniboine Dr./Nepean, ON/K2E 5R7/Canada)

LOVE ETERNAL LOST INFERNAL #4 5.5x8.5 \$4 44pgs.

Just as the cover says this is a Xstrhate edgeX 'zine. It's pretty ridiculous. The editor is very adamant on separating the different punk scenes. Most of the articles are from contributors, there's an interview with Legion, but most of it is ads. It's hard to understand, partly from the broken English but mostly from the font that was used. This 'zine is definitely not positive. I think the editor should go listen to a Good Clean Fun record. 33b (Antonio Gnani/Vicolo del Forno, 4/43044 Collecchio (PR)/Italy)

LESS SILENCE MORE VIOLENCE #2 11x14 32¢ 2pgs.

Like any other flyer-'zine, this was a quick read. This one has interviews with MK Ultra, 97a, Burned Up Bled Dry, and Left For Dead that are as in-depth as the space allows. (The Left For Dead interview is a reprint from MRR though). LO (no address)

LIBERACION TOTAL 'ZINE #5 6.5x8.5 \$1 22pgs.

Written in Spanish and hailing from Argentina comes *Liberacion Total 'Zine*. This is more of a music oriented 'zine. Interviews with 720= and the awesome Eterna Inocencia (both from Argentina). What I liked about the interviews was that they give us, the readers, more insight into what people are listening to down there. Other goodies included here are reviews, columns, pieces on vegetarianism/veganism, HIV/Aids prevention, DIY, and much more. A good thing about 'zines that come from this area is that the editors always have a positive vibe going on, they want to write to the whole world, trade with everybody and listen to what other peoples ideas are, I love it. Plus anyone who prints D.R.I. lyrics in their 'zine has gotta be dope. Get this. MA (Juan Esteban/Calle 6 # 1628 DTO. 1 'B'/Torre 2 La Plata/1900 Buenos Aires/Argentina)

LIQUID FOUNDATION #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 50pgs.

Liquid Foundation is definitely on point. The editor has put together some well written intelligent pieces on a Socialist revolution, "Nicaragua: A History Of Neo-Colonialism," and sweatshops. When people do these types of 'zines I feel it is important to list some of their references so that readers who are interested can go and do some research of their own on the subjects. The editor didn't do this, but what he did do was put together a list of websites about various struggles out there which can also be very helpful when doing research. This 'zine is also put together very nicely with pics of bands thrown in here and there, record reviews, and some personal ramblings. Some people might find this type of 'zine boring because of all the text but I think it should be an example to others out there on how these little publications can be much more than just music. Looking forward to issue #4. MA (Justin Conlon/2614 Grove Ave. #1/Richmond, VA 23220)

LOCKDOWN #3/CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #9 5.5x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

The *Lockdown* side sucks. God help me, a 7 page (small print) interview with the Get Up Kids. And it's one of those where there are people talking who aren't in the band nor from the 'zine (I think) and it's just fucking confusing. In any event, there's like 4 people conducting the interview. Oh, and did I mention the interview is about nothing. SEVEN PAGES! Oh, but wait, there's an interview with Al Burian! (?), in which he talks about his favorite type faces for his 'zine (which I've never read). The *Cryptic Slaughter* side is pretty good. The layout and comic art adds to the writer's account of his travels in Europe and the UK. There's an interview with Vae Victis which I didn't even read because I noticed it was conducted by the same 4 people who interviewed the Get Up Kids on the *Lockdown* side. I just didn't have the stamina. PCD (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99210)

NATURAL MYSTIC #7 8x11 \$1 32pgs.

Many of you somewhat familiar with the Argentine punk/hc scene should know about this 'zine already. It has become a major source of information for the kids there, and hell, for us too. It's for the most part a music 'zine with letters, columns, reviews, and interviews. The layouts are always simple, making it easier to read. This time around they've got Komando Moriles (Spain), Logical Nonsense (USA), Cleanser (USA), and Contraventores (Ecuador). The writings are always good, I like the way Checho laces his introductions with such emphasis on the importance of doing things yourself and not trying to be a part of anyone else's style or scene and creating your own, "hacerlo vs mismo en tu barrio." All in all this is a damn good 'zine and you should make every effort to get your hands on it... oh and by the way, they still got those nude pics in here. MA (Checho/C.C. 3893/Correo Central (1000)/Argentina)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #8 8.5x11 free 40pgs.

Not too much variation from basic 'zine faire. A few pieces from the editor with general news, some columns, letters, a write up on The Gimps, short interviews with The Suicide Machines and Muckfurgason, a longer interview with Pinhead Circus, and record and 'zine reviews. The special thing about this 'zine is that they seem very into promoting and informing the local Colorado scene. LO (3032 McIntosh Dr./Longmont, CO 80503)

A MILLION MONKEYS 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

This is fall semester Creative Writing 101 (including the final paper: *Stay Outside, Stay Outside, There's Nothing in Here that You Would Call Alive and The Nation of Ulysses, the Make*Up & The Sense Of Community At Punk Shows*) with an attractive cover. It is the swell of emotion felt while chanting "Yeah" with the Make*Up. Symbolic of the elusive ghost of family we all seem to search for in punk rock? Read this and make your own decision. My question is: How many more people are going to write big college papers on DIY, hardcore and the scene? They'll never understand or appreciate us, they'll only use it against us. Beware. CKC (PO Box 492/Hudson, IL 61745)

MUDDLE #13 8.5x11 \$2 136pgs.

(This review is also late, so *Muddle* staff are allowed to flog me if they wish.) Very nice. I'm not sure why I'd never seen this before. The layout is wonderful. Just the way punk don't mean we can't have good layouts. For the best layout spread turn to pages 102-103. I was so glad to see a 'zine NOT use the MRR standard style for columns. And I gotta say, Jay's column was very clever!!! So what else is included? An article on the portrayal of African-Americans on TV (we need more stuff like this!), interviews (only 3 of which I feel like mentioning—my new favorite rockstars, The Enkinds, Anarchist heroes AK Press, and, of course, Atom & His Package, too). *Muddle* also profiles many record labels for an interesting look "behind the scenes" (where's Ebullition Middle Earth with Lisa and shirtless Kent?). My hero, John Yates has two of his pieces here as well. If all that was not enough, *Muddle* #13 comes with a split flexi featuring Tugboat Annie and The Wicked Farleys. I liked both bands. My roommate was reminded of The Pixies. All in all, a big thumbs up from me. SS (PO Box 621/Ithaca, NY 14851-0621)

THE MURDERED MINORITY ORGANIZATION 5.5x8.5 free 4pgs.

This is an informational pamphlet about the MMO and their goal as activists. Anyone with a strong urge to resist can be a part of this organization, just get in touch. LO (PO Box 158185/Nashville, TN 37215)

THE MUCKRAKER #7 4.25x5.5 \$1 80pgs.

Previously, issues of *Muckraker* have been increasingly absorbing, yet I found myself disinterested in this particular issue. Once again, the editor tells stories of being on the road, as this issue is entitled "Nomads." Long descriptions of horizons and views mix with quite observations in the travel stories; the 'zine is broken up into sections, each section brought under the heading of a specific place. Travel anecdotes, while popular in many 'zines, are pretty hit or miss. LO (David McMahon/PO Box 125/Worcester, MA 01603)

MY ALPHABET #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

I couldn't finish this 'zine, or should I say thesis paper, about the history of a letter in the alphabet. It read like stale bread and kept my attention span at a minimum. I wouldn't mind reading something of this level if it had a more signifying trait in my life. But I am sure there are kids out there that might fall deeply into the educational matters it wants to portray. SA (Migraine/PO Box 673/Portland, OR 97207)

OBESE #1 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

A new newsprint 'zine on the market... *Obese* has all the makings of a standard music 'zine, and this issue contains interviews with Powerhouse and Overcast that talk about touring, etc. Also included is a short tour journal about being on the road with Diecast; a few short writings fill up the remaining pages. LK (Keith Ward/PO Box 15499/Boston, MA 02215)

OLIVE PIT #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

A collection of poems and stories done by different people. Almost everything here is well written. A couple of these stories had a lock on me but I read through the rest without feeling much afterwards. Some artwork, pictures, and 'zine reviews included as well. MA (PO Box 744/Evanston, IL 60204-0744)

ONE UP! #2 8.5x11 free 2pg.

This is one of those one pager 'zines folded up into four squares. Automatic points for putting Ozzy Osbourne on the cover. Scattered around are little snippets of things you probably never knew before. There's also one record review, one show review, and one book review. MA (Noah Gordon/18 Blackberry Ln./Amherst, MA 01002)

OUTBACK #20 8.5x11 free 40pgs.

This is a pretty diverse 'zine. It covers a lot of musical styles from hip hop, international, ska and reggae, to hardcore and punk rock. There is a lot of creative writing that people contributed. My favorites being the one about being picked up on through IM's and the one about crushes. There are interviews with DJ Q-Burn, Braid, and a few pages on Gangstar (which wasn't quite an interview), and more! The layout is very nice and clean as well. All in all this is one good 'zine. 33b (PO Box 780132/Oroville, FL 32878)

PIECE OF DUMP #1 7x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

If you are going to name your 'zine *Piece Of Dump*, you better make it damn good to avoid the obvious pun. Unfortunately for these folks, I did have the urge to say: "This 'zine is a piece of dump." Though, all in all, I have to give them credit for attempting to jump start the Las Vegas scene by bringing a new 'zine into the mix. Issue #1 features interviews with Lance from *Help*, the roadie/singer of Atari, and Second Chance. None of them were especially interesting, just interviews. Beyond that, this *Piece Of Dump* has columns (some good, some bad), a local scene report, a piece on backyard bowling, and lots of pictures. These folks were pretty stoked about their highly computerized layout, so there is also a few pages dedicated to that. LO (Bobby Franks/2447 Winterwood Blvd./Las Vegas, NV 89122)

THE PINK REALM #1 8.5x11 \$1 20pgs.

A woman's standpoint on life distributed through these quick to flip pages. Mainly about dating and relationships, show reports, poetic ramblings, and nice tidy pictures of this and that. Of course there is other funny business too, but not that much more. SA (12 Mallery Pl./Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702)

POTTSIE NATION #10 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

This 'zine has spunk. I don't think that is actually a real word but when I think of *Potssie Nation* I think of spunk. It is kinda wacky and well rounded but at the same time rough around the edges, and has a lot of input on the most insane of things. It has wit and uses it to spell out that the trivial things in life are fun and exciting so let's not make them oblivious to our eyes and ears. Suzy also uses the cut-and-paste method which gives it that more DIY feel, more personal, and more fun. It is a project that probably makes her really happy because the writings and the input I am reading is definitely from a girl who smiles a lot. Don't ask me but I can tell these things. This issue has got spunk and that is all you need to know. SA (15501 SW 42 Ave./Ellendale, MN 56026)

THE PROBE #7 8.5x11 \$5 148pgs.

This is one fat issue. All the standard *Probe* stuff, you know the usual 'zine stuff, like pictures of naked people showing off their genitals, pretty standard every day stuff. Kris "Rock Ass" and Aaron do their usual ranting and raving. The best thing in this issue, and something I would actually recommend to anyone, was the interview with Ben from Ringworm. This guy is a cop and a punk. The interview is extremely interesting. I really enjoyed reading it, and I wouldn't doubt if it is the most interesting interview I have read in a 'zine this year. Otherwise the *Probe* is filled with your usual *Probe* stuff; some dumb as nails and some sort of funny. Also, the photo reproduction in this issue isn't very good, which is too bad. KM (PO Box 5068/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #36 8.5x11 \$3 64pgs.

This will be the second to last *Profane Existence* since they have announced that they will stop doing the magazine, label, and distro. This issue features all the usual political content along with interviews with Anti Product, Abuso Sonoro, and A/Political. It is a real shame that this is one of the last issues. If you haven't given PE a chance yet, then you had better do it soon. KM (PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

A PLACE CALLED HOME #1 7x8.5 \$2 12pgs.

Some personal writing, an interview, and some reviews and tour dates... that's it. The most remarkable thing in this issue was in the intro where he relates his shitty situation and explains it off as "not in my hands." Yes, this person is the C-world and, yes, this attitude of the world and especially our lives being completely controlled by some other-worldly source really bugs me. I can't think of a bigger and more debilitating scapegoat. EW (Terence/10561 Regent Cr./Naples, FL 34109)

PLEASE FALL MORNING #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

In the intro to this collection it is explained that these writings were a product of four painful months and that this is somehow his way of dealing with it, or making something positive out of it. And, I will admit, most of the content is pretty depressing, but gives a good caption of Mr. Seth's life. This writing made my head burn in relation to my own struggles with growing older and into a lifestyle so contrary to anything I wanted to accomplish and my own happiness. The look is pretty grainy and static, which is unfortunate, but the empathy was felt and mission accomplished. EW (PO Box 49657/Atlanta, GA 30359)

PLEASE DON'T FEED THE BEARS #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 72pgs.

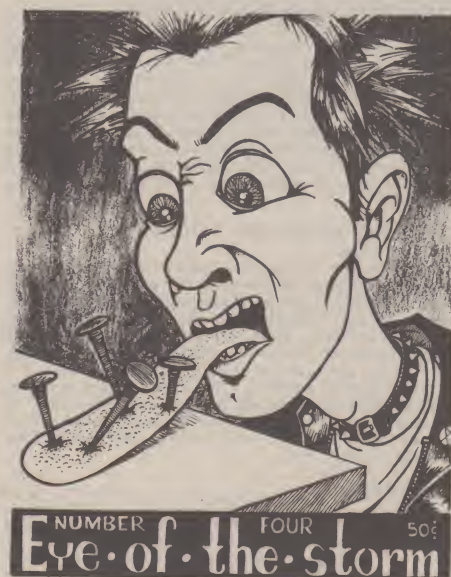
Vegan cook-'zines are great... GREAT!!! Kristi and I were cooking up a feast for ourselves a couple nights ago and we used *Please Don't Feed The Bears* for some cooking inspiration. The scalloped potatoes are delicious, and I am simply obsessed with trying the vegan bacon recipe. Lots of good stuff in here. Sort of reminds me of *Soy, Not Oi* in that it looks a lot the same and has musical accompaniment suggested for all of the recipes (my only question for Brad is where is the Life... But How To Life!?! recipe?). Every kitchen can use another cook-'zine! (P.S. Tried the bacon a couple days ago... fantastic!!) LK (Brad Misanthropic/PO Box 1151/State College, PA 16804-1151)

POESY #4 7x8.5 50¢ 12pgs.

I'm sorry, but I must admit, I'm just not into the poetry bit. I'm not one, but there are those who care, and if you're down you'll find happiness here. EW (Brian Morrissey/72 Cabot St. #9/Beverly, MA 01915)

RAINBOW OF GOODNESS #6 5.5x8.5 \$1.64 32pgs.

This is a comic 'zine and it kicks ass! It has pages and pages of comics and stories done by a number of people. Some comics are funny, dumb, or weird; some just leave you asking what kind of twisted insane shit is going on in these peoples minds. Whatever it is they'll certainly get a reaction out of you. It made an otherwise boring Tuesday night very entertaining. There should be more comic 'zines like this one. Thank you *Rainbow Of Goodness*. MA (Mark/1289 Browning Ct./Lansdale, PA 19446)

**THE REAL LIFE DIARY OF A BOY #8**

7x8.5 \$1.50 48pgs.

This 'zine is comprised entirely of postcards and letters that people have sent to the editor. It sort of reminds me of the *Griffin And Sabine* books by Nick Bantock, although this is not as exciting. I wasn't too pleased with this. I find it quite boring to read letters written to someone else about how wonderful they are. It's quite egotistical if you ask me. But that's okay, maybe people are into this, probably mostly the emo kids. I like the layout of this at least! 33b (Phillipe Jean/221 Oakcrest Dr./Wilmington, NC 28403)

RIPPING THRASH #16 5.5x8.5 60p/\$3 48pgs.

Ripping Thrash does a great job of covering the DIY/punk music scene within Europe and other neighboring areas. It is a music 'zine with a mind and heart. Inside you'll find news and thoughts from many corners the punk community, including scene reports from Lithuania and Israel, interviews with Uge from Don't Belong, Dierthead, Hibernation, Terror Art, as well as gig, music, and 'zine reviews. This issue, like previous ones, is chocked full of info. LO (Steve/PO Box 152/Burton-On-Trent, Staffs/DE14 1XX/England)

SCREAMING AT THE WALL #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

This seems to me to be more about the editor finding himself than anything else. He writes short rants and poems about stuff going on, and also prints some longer articles about his life and where he's been and what he's seen. The longest writing was about dating a woman and ultimately being rejected. Also included are some scams you can pull with vending machines and payphones. LK (Zak/PO Box 26263/Fairview, OH 44126)

SKYSCRAPER #2 8.5x11 \$1 64pgs.

This is a very intelligent and well thought out 'zine. The columns are good and there are awesome interviews with Avail, Rocket from the Crypt, Converge, Mike Simonetti from Troubleman Records, Far, Ron Richards of *Muddle Fancine*, and Earth Crisis. The nice thing about the interviews is that they seem more like conversations than questions and answers. There's also a history of presidential assassinations and assassination attempts, and a list of indie record distributors for those who have record label. This is chocked full of information! 33b (PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

SCREAMS FROM THE INSIDE #7 8.5x11 \$2 52pgs.

The latest *Screams From The Inside* is all about punk women. There are contributions from such well know ladies as Adrienne Droogas, Jen Angel, Christine Boarts, Amanda Huron, and Vique Simba. Most of the issue is comprised of lengthy, interesting interviews done by Carissa. They sometimes jump around, and you can tell they were done by mail, but the topics discussed were handled well. A lot of it was her sort of probing to see what these women thought, and I liked that. As with past issues, a section of the 'zine is donated to small articles. This time Carissa tells about various major players in non-violent revolution, like Emma Goldman and The Mothers Of The Plaza. She also includes thoughts about some places she has lived and some reviews. This is probably the best issue of this 'zine to date. Check it out. LO (4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104)

SECOND NATURE #7 8.5x11 \$2 72pgs.

This is gonna be quick and probably won't do this 'zine justice, but I am late. Maybe you know of *Second Nature*. It's pretty big and very, very nice. A member of Coalesce does this 'zine and I think that offers a really cool perspective on topics such as bands vs. labels, etc. In here you find Braid, Cave In, Hot Water Music, Hydra Head Records, and the ever present, always annoying Atom & His damn Package. Elliot's drummer talks shop also. The layout is superb!! Big ups on the reviews layout. Oh, and The Wang Files give tips on streaking. Yep, good. Since I am late, if you want this 'zine, you probably already have it. If not, I'm uppin' you, so get it. SS (PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #3

7x8.5 \$2 48pgs.

Workers of the world unite! There's an awesome interview with Frithj Bergmann in here. He's a philosophy professor who believes in a New Work system, which is about people working in a place they enjoy towards something they enjoy creating. It's a little more advanced than what I can write about in a review, which is why you should get this 'zine and read it yourself. But that's not all, there is so much more in here! There is also an interview with Eli Rosenblatt with the prison activist resource center, a review of a naked protest, thoughts on franchise activism, and more. Even though it sounds like this 'zine is strictly serious and educational the editor throws in humor along with the education, which make this an awesome 'zine all around. 33b (Andy Cornell/PO Box 4493/Ann Arbor, MI 48106)

SILENT WITNESS #1 5.5x8.5 50¢ 14pgs.

Started this 'zine a year ago? Well, there is not much contained within for a years work, but who cares? I am not one to criticize. Or am I? (Yes, I am.) It starts off with her writing about how she first heard about straight edge on MTV and then decided to become a sanctioning member of the exclusive one-with-the-edge organization. She then gives info on Manic Depression because her mom has Bipolar disorder. I thought that was informative for personal reasons that I choose not to discuss. And I am not talking about me, but someone close to me. There is also some poetry by her. The cover has some cut outs of classified date things and one of the men seeking women ones says, "should own hiking boots, mini-skirts..." What a Romeo. RG (Jen M/I Pine St./Boscawen, NH 03303)

SLUG & LETTUCE #56 news 55¢ 16pgs.

Once again, S&L provides an informative, engaging, and cool read. This issue highlights the oppression of motherhood, the reality of fams, activism and Chris(tine)'s happiness through its columns. There is so much packed into a regular issue of S&L, it is easy to overlook the amazing contributions that vary from issue to issue—especially since this 'zine is as much an information source as it is a personal 'zine. As with every issue, there are music and 'zine reviews, photos, classifieds, ads and general information. Go out of your way to check this 'zine out. LO (Christine Boarts/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23161-6332)

STATUS MAGAZINE #7 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Here we find yet another pure music coverage 'zine, or magazine as they say in the title. *Status* has decent photos and the interviews aren't bad. This issue features Enewetak, Converge, Incision, Waxwing, Judas Factor, and a few others. Then of course there are some reviews and some short columns. Music, music, music, and more music coverage. If you like the bands covered then you might like the 'zine, but otherwise *Status* probably won't be all that interesting. KM (Seth Brown/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

STIGMA #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 42pgs.

Various submissions by 4 dudes, collected by Seth, who (by the way) should be receiving his personal letter bomb anytime now. The introduction claims to aspire towards a 'zine about emotions rather than boring bands and records. Spring Break part 1 and 2 chronicles dude drinking beer and smoking pot or dude bored and searching for hot chicks in between record store pit stops—not to mention the story about the "unattractive and ugly and annoying" girl with the little green worm. Which ceased any questions in my mind as to who the boring one is. Hated it. CKC (3912 Livingston St./Hyattsville, MD 20781)

STRANGULATED INFANT #3 8.5x11 \$1 26pgs.

Crazy, cut and paste thingy filled with obnoxiously amusing thoughts. My favorite piece was the one called "Mason=Shit," exposing some of the basic evils of masonry. It even came with one of those Chick Publications that claimed masonry was the work of the devil. Other contents include a Hellnation interview, record reviews, some short thoughts about disaster films, mediocrity, and debunking Catholicism. LO (PO Box 3991/Ontario, CA 91761)

SUBVERSION #6 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Slick-ish newsprint 'zine that feels like it wants to be noticed. Lots of wasted space in this large format, most of it concerning beer, hating work, record/zine/show reviews, and the like. There are some glimmers of a former hardcore kid in this 'zine having made his transition from college to downtown mover and shaker, it hasn't slipped away completely. Lets hope he continues to chronicle the inconsistencies of these worlds colliding. CKC (PO Box 320141/San Francisco, CA 94132)

SUPERBLIND #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

I think this is done by one of the people that works on *HaZo Tu Mismo*, a more popular 'zine out of Argentina. *Superblind* is a bit more on the personal tip with a lot of scribbles tossed in here and there, some of them with a political feel. There's interviews with No Fraud, Del Mar, and Pink Lincolns. Also lots of ads, drawings, comics, and a Black Flag discography. MA (Mariano/C.C. 3288 (CP 1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

SOUTH CHICAGO ARA ALERT #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 64pgs.
For those of you interested in activist politics, you might want to check this out. This booklet contains news articles, reports from ARA members, and general information about the Anti Racist Action network in the Chicago area. They are always interested in talking to perspective members or those who are looking for some information. LO (South Chicago ARA/PO Box 721/Homewood, IL 60430)

SOUND VIEWS #51 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
Sound Views covers the New York underground music scene with some occasional coverage of hardcore. This time around the interviews are with a bunch of bands and musicians I have never heard of; Controlled Bleeding, Rocker T, Sean Altman, etc.... KM (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)

SILENT NATION #4 5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.
Very similar to *Government Infestation*, minus the political content and recipes, but all the fact sheets are useless and interesting or funny. EW (PO Box 264/Ogden, UT 84402)

SPECIFIC HEAT #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 76pgs.
Specific Heat hails from Singapore. I haven't read many 'zine from that region, so it was interesting check out this one and see what was going on. From the looks of this 'zine, I would say quite a bit is going on. There is a lot of music news in this issue, including interviews with Ossuary, Moderates, Global Chaos, Refused, Flying Pills, Manifest, INPS, and a few other write ups. It was nice to find that SF included a lot of original writing as well. The sections called "Astute Lines" were donated to poetry from various people, and there were more than a few columns and contributions. The rest of the space was taken up by photos and ads. LO (Watie/BLK 842H Tampines St. 82/#05-82/Singapore 528842)

SWALLOW GLASS 5.5x8.5 free 14pgs.
Hmm... not much to say about this 'zine. It's mostly writings, things the editor would like to get off his chest and some 'zine reviews. There is one story in here I kinda liked called "It's All In The Game," but other than that I don't feel much effort was put into this, maybe that's why it's free. MA (Tom Naughton/19 Palmer Rd./Foxboro, MA 02035)

SYSTEM #6 8.5x11 \$1 40pgs.
What a fucking awesome hardcore 'zine. This is what the kids will buy at shows when they want to read about straight forward hardcore politics. Tons of fucking positive hardcore shots and pics all over the place. Interviews with Boy Sets Fire, Coalesce, Second Division, Overcast, Point 04, and Lunacy. Reviews and a few other writings finish this issue off well. A compact and rooted hardcore 'zine with its fine points sharpened and its organization well planned. SA (8 Moulton Terr./Danvers, MA 01923)

TAIL SPINS #31 8.5x11 \$3 112pgs.
Tail Spins has all the elements of a run of the mill music magazine with its letters, classifieds, reviews, and ads, but they include a fair number of cool features as well. An entertaining letters section, articles about phenology, post rock, and a lengthy and interesting piece on the assassination of JFK which talked about Oswald, the magic bullet, Ruby, and more fill much of issue #31. Plus interviews with Electric Frankenstein, Cows, The Oblivians, and a Coil write up. I don't give a shit about the bands they like, but their original stuff is good. LO (PO Box 1860/Evanston, IL 60204)

THIS IS HOW THE WORLD ENDS #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.
An addition to the world of personal 'zinedom. Drifting thoughts and ideas from the creator, Jason. This is the sort of thing I always like more when I know the writer, but perhaps that is exactly the point, to get to know them. 4-track recorder excitement, instrumental music thoughts, and things that Jason likes are contained within these pages. LK (Jason/PO Box 125/Madonna, TX 78054)

TRIUMPH: HARDCORE FANZINE #1 8.5x11 \$? 36pgs.
"Old School" or "real hardcore" 'zine from Belgium. The basic theme for this issue (and I'm guessing the ones to come) is that we should all get together (unified like) and build a giant time machine so we can go back to 1988 and kiss Ray Cappa's ass. Included in this issue are interviews with In My Eyes, Sportswear (Oslo City Hardcore), Floorpunch, and um...the always active Youth of Today. There's also pictures of Fastbreak, In My Eyes, intermingled with pics of um...the constantly touring Gorilla Biscuits, Unit Pride, and No For An Answer. There's a good article on the hatred of One Life Crew. Although I think the irony of the Floorpunch interview must have escaped them. It's kind of funny because it calls on us all to log onto the internet and do the "positive hardcore alliance", an internet group protesting us all from crazy teenage internet dorks from orange county. Whew, now I can sleep at night! Oh yeah, and there's pictures of guys jumping and hugging. PCD (Kristof/Altoona, 237120 Diest/Belgium)

UNDERDOG #24 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.
There is always so much to talk about with an issue of *Underdog*. This is a high quality, community based, informational, and thought provoking 'zine. Some of the features of this issue are pieces on drinking and driving, dinner scenes in movies, pet overpopulation, punks growing older, why television is bad, and eLoping. My favorites were the article on a history of women who dance and a vacation diary from a contributor who traveled the TransMongolian railroad. In addition to all this, there is the usual local scene news, reviews, *Underdog's* back catalog and other columns. A truly DIY and dedicated project. Awesome. LO (2206 N Rockwell/Chicago, IL 60647-3004)

VITA 'ZINE #9-#11 2.75x4.25 free 16pgs.
Very short, very small, and very quick reads. The editor jokes about how the 'zine is really a game: Read it on the toilet and see if you can poop faster than you can read this 'zine. My poop never won. Anyhow, each 'zine spends a little time discussing something the editor is thinking about, has a comic, and lists the upcoming shows in the area. LO (Jeremy/1120 Mulberry/Denton, TX 76201)

WASTED YEARS #5 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 44pgs.
A sweet little personal 'zine that tells four tales from Jacob's life. Without really relating to them, I liked these stories. The whole thing is just a big dip into how it feels to be alive. This 'zine is very human, and quite cool. LO (4621 43 Pl. NW/Washington, DC 20016)

VALUE OF STRENGTH #5 8.5x12 \$4 96pgs.
Straight edge, hardcore music 'zine out of The Netherlands. This issue features rather long interviews with ClouDED, One King Down, H2O, Extinction, Liar, All Out War, Morning Again, and a headline activist named David. Of those I think the headline one was the most original by content alone; the band interviews didn't stand out as much. Lots of band photos, too. There are also numerous 'zine and record reviews, as well as a piece on the Chicago scene. LO (Jean-Paul Frijns/Kloosterstraat 53/6369 AB Simpelveld/The Netherlands)

THE WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS #3 8.5x11 \$3 28pgs.
The Whizzbanger Guide To Zine Distributors is exactly what the title suggests... a guide to 'zine distributors. There are descriptions (by the distributors themselves) of distros from all over the world, talking about what they do and don't distro, how to get them to carry your 'zine, and information about their catalogs. There are almost 200 different distros represented here. A good reference. LK (Shannon Colebank/PO Box 5591/Portland, OR 97228)

YOURS SINCERELY, NOT YOURS 2x4 free 16pgs.
Short. A couple cut-and-paste graphics and a few words. Average of 5.4 words per page. LK (Ashley/182 Hamilton St. 2nd Floor/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

YUMA #3 4.25x5.5 \$1 44pgs.
I think this is my favorite genre of 'zines. Usually small, neat looking, always personal and relatable, the type crammed in; not complex in layout but usually containing some awesome stories that leave me feeling enlightened, happy, moved, or touched after reading them. Now that I look back it only has 3 features: a recount of his experiences on tour with From Ashes Rise, an interview the way they were meant to be done (interesting and entertaining) with Dave Cloud, and a (true?) story called "The Tightest Taper in Town," which was the topper. For some crazy romantic reason, this brings me joy and hope in a world crumbling and turning darker every moment. EW (John H./727 McGraw St./Clarksville, TN 37040)

THE ZINE FORMERLY KNOWN AS SHOWCASE #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 64pgs.
Okay, I'm hella late with this review. Much apologies to TZFKAS. So, with no initial excitement, here goes... This 'zine was *Showcase* and now its name is an odd fate of a woman. I say get this! Why? Becuz you won't find it at Tower, The Enkinedos don't sell it, and it is good!! Topics include humorous Christian TV, legalizing drugs, glam rock reviews (yeah, you know I am THE glam rock fan!), gated communities, and an article on HIV and AIDS that will knock your socks off!! Get it just for that. The only negative I can come up with is the visuals. The layout and sparse pics could improve. You don't care. Buy it! SS (PO Box 151372/Cape Coral, FL 33915)

THE 'ZINE YEARBOOK VOLUME 2 8.5x11 \$6 128pgs.
Each year *The Zine Yearbook* compiles articles, interviews, stories, art, and general 'zine content from various smaller 'zines. The goal is to get people excited about 'zines by giving some examples of cool things people have done, which is a great idea. Avid 'zine readers may find they have already read much of the content, but that isn't really why this project is aimed at. For those of you who want to read more 'zines but either don't know where to start or are sort of lazy, this is a good resource. It is accessible and priced reasonably. There is also a resource page in the back with a list of addresses to write to for more info or actual 'zines. Of course, there is a certain amount of bias on the part of the editor, so don't be mad if your favorites didn't make it in. LO (PO Box 590514/San Francisco, CA 94149-0514)

Book reviews:
NO GODS NO MASTERS: An Anthology Of Anarchism edited by Daniel Guerin translated by Paul Sharkey, \$16.95 each
No Gods No Masters is a complete English translation of a four volume work by Daniel Guerin. Originally published in French, these two books contain two volumes each of the French edition. The documents compiled were apparently not very available prior to the French edition. Writing by well known, lesser known, or unknown anarchist authors and activists are combined to provide an overview of constructive anarchist ideas which Mr. Guerin hopes will be of aid to folks today who share and envision them.

Though this anthology does not claim to be a history text, the contents provide a considerable amount of info about some major events of the 19th and 20th centuries as seen through the eyes of the selected authors. Bakunin and Proudhon write of their activities during and after the French Revolution of 1848. Bakunin also writes of his struggle against Marx's authoritarianism within the socialist International and his subsequent excommunication from that assembly. Later, both Bakunin and Marx write on their observations of the Paris Commune. There are some harrowing descriptions of the manner which Lenin and Trotsky dealt with and put down anarchist communal movements in the Ukraine and a revolt by sailors at Kronstadt. Nestor Makhno, one of the people who inspired and helped establish a federation of communes in southern Ukraine following the Russian Revolution, writes of his ideas, meetings with leaders of the Bolshevik government, and the struggles which ultimately wore down the peasants and workers of those communes. Emma Goldman writes on the uprising at Kronstadt and its destruction by Trotsky's leniency bombardment. These two episodes illustrate the rift that developed between the philosophy and practice of anarchy and Marxist communism. The anarchist ideal does away with single leaders and top loaded governments to create a broad organization of land and factory based collectives requiring all it's members to take part in decision making. Soviet communism created a central bureaucracy to collect and distribute information and goods throughout the country. For people who need or want to be leaders anarchy does not offer much comfort. At one point in a conversation with Makhno, Lenin refers to anarchists as "being fanatics they ignore the past and have their thoughts fixed exclusively upon the distant future." The association of collectives envisioned by the anarchists requires time to develop and stabilize, but time was not provided for the nation sized movements in Paris, Russia and Spain.

The books are set up chronologically and various threads of thought and action are allowed to intertwine and develop with the only guidance from Mr. Guerin being his selection of writings. He does not intend this to be a definitive or authoritative compendium. It is a collection of excerpts from books, letters, speeches, newspapers, biographies, and

other sources that add up to a compelling story of the ongoing development of a social system.

The story begins with Max Stirner writing on the relationship between the individual and society. He prefers associations chosen for the mutual benefit of individuals to an oppressive society. A lengthy section is given to some of Proudhon's ideas and activities, including a segment called "Property Is Theft" as well as his concerns with communism as it began to develop under Marx. His description of serving as an elected official in the Parisian government foretells the inability of idealists to change a system from the inside. Next, Mikhail Bakunin grinds away at the cozy relationship between church and state finally concluding, "It is not for us to expound upon the problem of eternal salvation, because we do not believe in the soul's immortality. It is our conviction that the Church is the thing most harmful for humanity, for truth and for progress. And could it be otherwise? Is it not to the Church that falls the charge of perverting younger generations, women especially? Is it not the Church which, by its dogma, its idiocy and its ignominy, tends to do logical reasoning and science to death?"

Volume two begins with anarchist/Marxist struggles in the words of Bakunin and Marx. The remainder of volume two and the beginning of volume three covers the folks who attempt to define anarchy in terms of a movement that can be understood by a mass of people. James Guillaume attempts to devise a blueprint for a social organization based on anarchist thought. He tends to excel at organizing the peasants and factory workers but when he gets to infrastructure like waste removal and waterworks he assumes they will take care of themselves out of necessity. However Peter Kropotkin goes much further in devising the groundwork for a new commune, government, and philosophy of anarchy. Assuming destruction of the existing order followed by the rise of a new society, he writes "For us, the 'Commune' is no longer a territorial agglomeration, but is instead a generic term, synonymous with a combination of equals acknowledging neither borders nor walls. The social Commune will very quickly cease to be a clearly defined whole. Each group from the Commune will of necessity be drawn towards other similar groups from other Communes; they will band together and federate with them through ties at least as solid as those binding them to their fellow townsmen and will constitute a Commune of interests whose members will be scattered across a thousand towns and villages." It is not difficult to see a relationship between that statement and the underground that has developed around a worldwide collection of city and region based scenes engaging each other through production and exchange of music, information, ideas, and people.

Two essays from Italian Errico Malatesta set up bounds for defining and understanding the terms anarchy, revolution, and organization. These are not dictionary like summaries of a word's historical development and consequent meanings. It seems Malatesta wrote these essays to inspire new ways of thinking about these words and the power they can have within a social movement. Each section focusing on an individual begins with biographical material covering their relationships with established governments and society. Most spent a lot of their lives chasing after revolutions, publishing journals and papers, and running from or jailed by the various governments they offended with those activities.

The remainder of volume three and all of volume four covers the practice of revolution and anarchist association as carried out in Spain, the south Ukraine, and at during the Kronstadt revolt. The communal militia led by Buenaventura Durruti in the Spanish civil war is described. Much is made of how the lack of superior officers battle decisions made by committees of soldiers spurred these troops of volunteers to great feats of bravery and sacrifice. The anthology closes with a look at the debate surrounding the participation by members of the Spanish anarchist movement in the governments opposing the rise of fascism following the revolution.

The information collected here can be inspiring, educational, and depressing. Many readers of *HeartattaCK* certainly share many of the ideals written of, though we may not be aware of their origins. The ideals and thoughts chronicled were not lost with the downfall of each succeeding revolution. They just went into exile and then underground where they continue to ferment in the minds and actions of people who comprehend a difference between collective activity and passively being bought and sold. The *No Gods No Masters* set is a well-written and well-documented anthology. Though it has considerable academic value it is not difficult to read, combining the paths of anarchist thought into a decent story. SJS (AK Press/PO Box 40682/San Francisco, CA 94140-0682)

REBEL MOON: Anarchist Rants And Poetry by Norman Nawrocki, \$9.95

Norman Nawrocki combines political commentary and art in *Rebel Moon*. He is very much an anarchist, so the familiar themes of breaking rules and taking society back for the common good are prevalent themes in his work. This collection documents his "rhythm activism," something he describes as being partway between poetry and theater. Many of these poems and rants originally appeared as part of a performance. Ideally, this book would have musical accompaniment, so this is sort of a stripped down version.

While I found the topics valid for address and the ideas quite interesting, the actual verse did little for me. Not because of the wild style or anti-form, but it just didn't transfer from the page to the reader well. Perhaps if I had seen his "rock and roll cabaret" I would have been more impressed. Albeit thought provoking, this collection would be best suited for someone already intensely familiar with similar works who might be more forgiving. LO (AK Press/PO Box 40682/San Francisco, CA 94140-0682)

TELEVISIONARIES: The Red Army Faction Story 1963-1993 by Tom Vague, \$6.95

This history of the Red Army Faction can be interesting reading for those looking to gain insight into a modern day resistance movement. In the early sixties, their violent protests of the social norms became well known not only in Germany but many other countries across the globe. The legacy of his rebellion continues to influence activists today. Their political and social struggles both within the group and the greater populous highlight prevalent aspects of human nature. I have always wanted to learn more about this group, so I was excited to pick up this book for review.

Unfortunately, this book was incredibly difficult to read. It read like a series of newspaper articles, all jammed together with no unifying theme. Obviously the RAF is the theme, but random data and hypotheses are thrown into paragraphs that totally interfere what you are currently reading. While it is incredibly factual, if you don't already have a strong grasp of the linear plot, confusion is inevitable. It is a disjointed textbook lacking narrative. The fault of all this is just poor writing. I pushed myself to read the book, but it would take another read for me to say I really processed anything. LO (AK Press)

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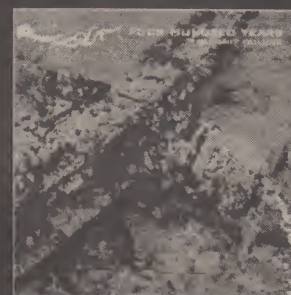
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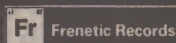
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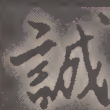
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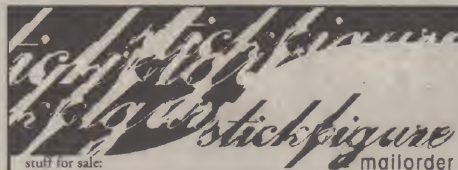
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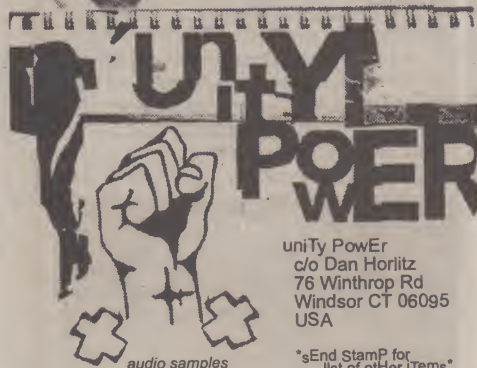
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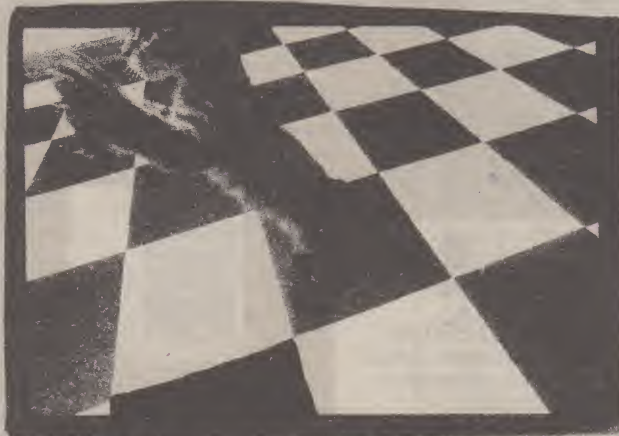


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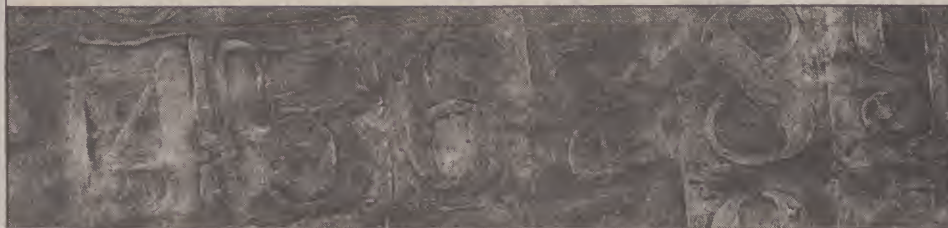
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Reversal Of Man interview through the mail by Graham Donath. Thanks Graham!

HaC: You guys open up in the booklet of the 10" with the line, "Internet and indie rock are killing hardcore." How so?

Dan: Disclaimer—The pages of the booklet were ideas expressed by many different individuals, and are not necessarily ideas of Reversal Of Man as a whole. I like indie rock.

John: That question would be directed to me. Indie rock in my opinion is music that just wallows in self pity and somehow it has permeated into the hardcore/punk scene and it just bothers me. I mean I get a feeling of pretentiousness, and personally I don't want to hear ballads of relationships gone bad. Don't get me wrong, hardcore/punk sure has its own share of pretentiousness, but just the feeling, the energy of it—something is there, unlike going to a show and waiting to stab your eyes out with your horn-rimmed glasses or, even worse, strangle yourself with the nearest cardigan. To me, there are so many more bands that deserve attention than any radio friendly indie rock band and their guarantees. I know hardcore/punk isn't immune to the greedy rock star syndrome, but I wouldn't consider those bands hardcore and yes, I do realize we are not immune to exactly wallowing in self pity, but by my definition (which we all have one) of hardcore there are more feelings and emotions put into this music than any buzz clip indie rock band. Again, by my definition of hardcore it is sincere, something that many bands from various genres will never have.

As far as the internet goes, let's face it, when it comes down to hardcore and punk rock on the net, it is nothing but shit. Its purpose is to spread information, or rather misinformation, and to entertain those with no lives who would like to talk shit to more people than just in their city or state, if that wasn't enough. If I was someone new to the "scene" or whatever you call it and I was interested in this, the internet would not be a good place to start. It's time to start the generalizations now. The majority of people that you would encounter are complete jackasses who: a.) eat Victory Records shit up even though everything on Victory or associated with it is garbage; b.) like the infamous racists One Life Crew; c.) talk about how their "crew" is better than anyone else's "crew"; d.) are sexually frustrated due to self-inflicted hand jobs which cause the user to type with one hand; e.) are insecure people who hide behind their computer screen and talk shit. This was written out of frustration, I know not everyone is like this, but it seems like this is what it has come down to. Also, I think it sucks there is a punk room and a hardcore room and they are the very same thing in my eyes and many others'. You have to have X's in your screen name or an emo name to be in the hardcore room, and you have to listen to Epitaph and Fat Wreck Chords shit to be in the punk room. Go figure. I'm full of generalizations and the stereotypes are flying on this question. GO!

HaC: Where did the name "Reversal Of Man" come from and what is its meaning?

Matt: John and I were sitting around a coffee table at about 2am going through the dictionary and record inserts trying to find a name. We were both extremely into Frail at the time and went through the Idle Hands Hold Nothing 7" and found the line "Reversal Of Man" in the song "Love." Frail was such a big influence on us at the time, a fast/energetic/non-typical sXe band was hard to come by then. We tried to model everything after that band who, after a while, (personally) let me down. Ideologies change, you just have to accept that. If it was 1998, we would probably find the name in a poem, or fictional writing, maybe even the Honeywell LP.

John: To me, it basically means reversing our roles as humans and as a society. We seek the past for future knowledge and our progression is regression.

HaC: What roles do straight edge ideas play in Reversal Of Man? Would you consider Reversal Of Man a straight edge band?

Jason: I guess if you're asking what roles straight edge play in ROM, it would be hard to say. I mean, straight edge is a personal choice that I guess most of/all of us are a part of. We still wear X's on our hands sometimes for fun, even if it has become super unpopular to do. I think we all enjoy being straight, and young at heart. ROM really doesn't need drugs or booze to act silly, be happy, or be fucked up. We are most all of these things—naturally! But yes, personally, I would say we are a straight edge band.

Dan: This is something that I have been thinking about a lot lately. It works like this... we are all straight edge, all for different reasons, which is obvious. To me it's not so much about the whole drug and alcohol thing anymore. It's more about just being a kid. We all know the story of how it started or have at least gotten a similar version of it. But what a lot of people miss in the telling of the story is the whole reason behind the idea. Underage kids who wanted to see bands play couldn't because the clubs served alcohol and there were kids who were more interested in seeing their favorite band rather than drinking. So they came up with this idea and it fucking worked! It was really just to fight for all ages shows. They didn't really start this because of pride or whatever, they just wanted to see a punk rock show. So all of the X's and all of that stuff didn't mean shit but, "I'm a kid and I'm at a punk rock show!" And to me it really defines just that. I remember being at some of my first shows and how I was in such awe because this was all done by kids, just like me. As far as the band goes, we could all argue over it for a while and still not really know. But when I look at the five of us, it just makes sense to be because we are kids who really

against Victory Records and Earth Crisis in particular and were threatened not to play a song in which you expressed such discontent. This brings up the serious issue of whether or not hardcore is worth "fighting" (both in the sense of struggling as well as physically fighting) over. Some take the stance of "one scene for them, one for us," while others hope for one whole unified scene. Where do you stand on this issue and how did you deal with this issue specifically?

Jason: Well, I do not think "hardcore" is worth fighting for, and I don't feel that was the message we were trying to get across. I think what we were "fighting" against was more someone's opinions, not their music. I really would like to go into detail about this subject, but for me, it's been talked about too much. I think we've explained it over one thousand times to one million people, so...

Jeff: This issue is no longer a "big deal" with us. It happened and now it is over. We attacked Earth Crises in our own way—through music. After the physical shit, we wrote a song about the incident and we ripped off the Firestorm riff. I do not know if they even really knew about it, but some tough dudes were going to smash us if we played that song at the Gainesville Fest last year. Once again it would've turned into a physical thing. Well, within the scene, I don't consider those bands with fucked up ideals such as "smash or be smashed" punk. Disagree or agree, I don't care. Punk rock is not about how tough you are or what jerseys to Tommy Hilfiger clothes you own. Punk isn't a fashion, it is the way you live. Being able to live comfortable without a real job off of the so called punk/hardcore scene is not punk!

John: I would love for there to be a unified scene but as long as you have individuals like these, that will never happen. This could improve, but it will never be unified. "Where's the unity" —Infest, ha ha. I thought it was funny about the threat. I heard so much shit that if we played it we would be used as human punching bags, that we would be unplugged by the jock gestapo, that anyone singing that song would be subject to a "beatdown." It was just disgusting and we decided not to play it because our set was just so fun—Minor Threat covers, nude moshing, circle pits, Elvis impersonators, and ridiculous costumes. We didn't let it get us down, we know how to party. It's about having fun. In regards to the question if this is worth fighting... I think that words hit these individuals harder than any punch; their insecurities are in the open. That "one scene for them and one for us" bullshit



care about what we are doing and it just fits.

John: Well, we are all straight edge kids (insert stage dive here) minus the negative aspects, which nowadays there are quite a few. I would like to add fuck the Courage Crew for cheapening something I truly believe. This is personal to me, it's not something I use as an excuse to be a violent, macho jock or use for some kind of gang symbol. I think it is a conspiracy—the Courage Crew are really drug addicted alcoholics who are trying to infiltrate the straight edge community and make it more of a joke than they make it out to be now. Ha ha ha. Militance and headline have nothing to do with straight edge as much as Christianity, they're practically the same thing. I wish the mothers of the headline schmucks had abortions, what a bunch of jackasses. And yes, I would consider us a straight edge band or simply just a band that has all straight edge kids in it. Whatever.

Jeff: I do not consider Reversal Of Man a sXe band because we do not preach our views in our music or the way we live our lives. I am sXe for myself, not anyone else, nor am I sXe to have something to sing about. There are a lot more topics/situation in life to be pissed off about, not because others are fucking up their own bodies. All five of us are sXe for our own personal reasons, not just to start a band. Being sXe is very important to me, but it just has nothing to do with music I play.

HaC: You guys have taken an extremely strong stand

has got to go.

HaC: I know this might sound like a dumb question, but what is the point/goal of Reversal Of Man?

Dan: The point of Reversal Of Man is always to have fun. The goal is to survive this crazy experience and remain friends... always.

Jason: This question is easy. Personally, I need this band to be my creative outlet. Music drives me off the deep-end. I think and feel music all day, all night. It's everything to me and my life. So for me, it's about living. Together, I guess our goal is to create chaos and friendship. Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun.

Jeff: Fun! We have fun playing/making music and maybe even making some people think. And for kids to have fun rocking out in their room to the record or to rock out at the show! It is fun to be young, we need to make it last as long as possible!

John: To me it is five friends making noise, screaming, having fun and sharing with others our feeling and sincerity while pissing off a few people along the way. The point is we all have problems and this is my way to express myself all the while doing what I love. As cliché as it sounds this truly is my life. These experiences are forever.

HaC: Do you find hardcore to be as political as it makes itself out to be?

Jason: I think people discuss it, or write about it in a political/governmental/environmental sense, sure. But

as to the sincerity to each, I couldn't guess. To me, political means everything. Political involves all life, all thoughts, all feelings. All of my answers here are "my politics." Politics to me are your feelings about whatever, so I would say everyone writes about it. Even if it happens to be a sappy love song!

John: No, no, not at all—I fully believe it's what you make of it on an individual level. Hardcore doesn't make itself out to be political, it's a percentage of people who comprise hardcore that may believe it is so political, but there is a definitive line between activism and awareness. What this is for one person may be completely different from someone else's idea of what this is. I don't want anyone dictating what this is to me.

HaC: If you could make a living off of Reversal Of Man/hardcore, would you?

Jeff: Never would I make a living off of punk ideals! Yet if I could live off of making some really catchy music, I would. I would never bring punk into it. Yet, punk rock would always come first, before the other stuff.

Jason: I would, maybe. If it meant touring exclusively, writing music, living music only—and still living, sure. I wouldn't bring it into the forum of, let's say, MTV, but would I make it my "job"? Sure, it would never really be a job to me; this is what I love. I'd do it if we could still eat and everything.

John: No, even though this band drains my bank account. I am in debt because of this, but if I was able to live off of this I would feel like I was in Guns n' Roses, like a total rock star. I would feel like Axl Rose in spandex.

HaC: What are your feelings about commercialization within hardcore? What would you consider as negative

with these four kids, just creating and experiencing and then stepping back and saying, "Wow! We did that!" We all sacrifice a lot for this because we realize it's so unforgettable. Other people who inspire me to write, play, set goals, or just interest me: J.D. Salinger, Fugazi, Jay Robbins, Tom Hanks (yes, the actor...), family and friends.

John: My parents, friends and family, traveling, the people we met while on tour who restored my faith in punk rock, everyone who actually takes time to write us, 403 Chaos... all of these things have just made me smile.

Jeff: I don't know about "heroes," but inspirations are everywhere around me, from bands I love to my friends that have affected my life in a positive way. I'm happy right now.

Matt: Czeslaw Milosz—I was lucky enough to take a class on him last semester. He is currently a professor at Berkeley and an incredible poet. Every poem seems to have an insightful thought or idea. His writings have this inspirational kick to them. You would have to read him for yourself to understand.

Jason: Inspiration for me usually comes from just the simple thought of music. Every time I hear a band and they play some amazing song—I go straight to writing. I get so excited. I guess I'm inspired by these three kids abilities and motivations that live here in Florida—Jasen, Steve, and Dan—each for different reasons. I'm also inspired by some writers such as Bukowski, Shirley Jackson, Tom Robbins, Ferrol Sams, Jewel, and my friend Lisa. Writing has become a passion for me as of recent. I enjoy the feeling of words now too, as opposed to only music. Words can be just as powerful to me.

HaC: Are you religious as a band or as individuals?

HaC: Education... opinions on its relevance/importance/influence. What would you consider education?

John: In my opinion, education is essential to evolve into who we are today be it if it is taught by parents, behavior, spelling, reading, etc. or by some basic schooling, math English, etc. Self-teaching is more rewarding in my opinion because it means you "want" to learn as opposed to "have" to learn for grades. Life experiences educate you also on how to make decisions.

Matt: Living life is an educational experience, whether it be in a class or walking down the road. Communication plays a large part. Ideas expressed among individuals seem to stick with you, or ideas written on paper to be read to someone or yourself. There seems to be a lack of this seeing that people are too prided upon themselves, too closed up in their own little sphere. You have to open up, express your ideas and get feedback. Wherever I go people seem to walk with a muzzle and flaps over their eyes. People are too concerned with themselves and do not care about what others think/do/say. I feel that not only an institutional education, but education through socialization has helped me understand/cope with what surrounds me. You need to understand (not everything in detail) what works in order to live life (hopefully what works is for the better).

Jason: Education is important. I really wish I had the time and the money to go back to school. The more knowledge you have, the more enriched your life is. There are just so many things I want and need to know but don't because I'm at work all day.

Jeff: I just graduated high school in the fall of '98, so I may only feel the way I do about education (such as

★ revolution summer REVERSAL OF MAN is fun, fun, fun! ★

commercialization?

John: Fuck that. First off, fuck the Andrew Thomas Company who prints shirts with all those stupid ass slogans of my beliefs for way too much money. Capitalizing off my beliefs and turning it into a marketing scheme, how clever. I hope that jackass isn't around anymore. Then you've got Victory "putting the hard back in hardcore" ad placed in the back of a porn magazine or some shit. It's a fucking joke—everyone's trying to cash in so everyone who doesn't understand our community can further stereotype it even more thanks to these and others. It's all about DIY. I would consider anything having to do with hardcore/punk being exploited as negative commercialism.

HaC: Heroes/inspirations? What have been their effects?

Dan: I used to think that heroes were a bad thing when I was younger. I always thought that you shouldn't look up to others for answers or ideas, but I've grown out of that now. I've just met too many amazing people not to be inspired by them. And I've learned that heroes don't have to be about molding yourself to resemble this person, but more just finding good places or qualities in people and using these things to motivate yourself or make yourself a better person. I'd say my only hero would be my grandfather on my mom's side. Everything about him amazes me. How he can tell me the same story a hundred times and how I can still find it interesting, his sense of humor, and how he is so in love with my grandma.

There is nothing more inspiring than playing

Does religion have any place in hardcore? In your opinion is hardcore a religion of sorts?

Jason: I personally do not care about or think about religion, so I have no comment.

John: No, not in the least. Religion has no place in my definition of hardcore at all. Hardcore could be a religion to some, but not in such an extremity. I can see it now, the next trend in hardcore will be speaking in tongues and snake handling. I think everyone wants something they can believe in, something to put their faith in and be with them always.

Dan: I'm not religious. But that whole subject is kind of a double edged sword because it sucks that people use hardcore to spread the message of whatever religion, but how does that differ from people handing out information on veganism or straight-edge. I know it differs in the sense that religion has really fucked a lot of people throughout history, but I think hardcore really suppresses religion as a whole rather than religion in hardcore. Hardcore almost makes it seem like an evil, which it has proven to be in some cases, but I think hardcore sways a lot of opinions of what people want for themselves. So, does religion have a place in hardcore? You could argue this for hours, but what it comes down to is this. Are we being oppressed by religious views or are we oppressing religious people involved in the hardcore community?

HaC: Can hardcore be defined?

John: No. It's what you make it. Although I wish I had the authority to revoke scene licenses to make this a better place.

school-related) because of high school. I hate school. I always have. Maybe I'll go back—who knows. Education in itself is important. I feel I do better with learning when I'm not sitting in a desk staring at a blackboard. I also just see how busy some of my friends are with school and I don't want to be like that. I like having my own time. Who knows, I may change my mind and go back to school. I'm only 18 years old. I have plenty of time. Right now is time to rock.

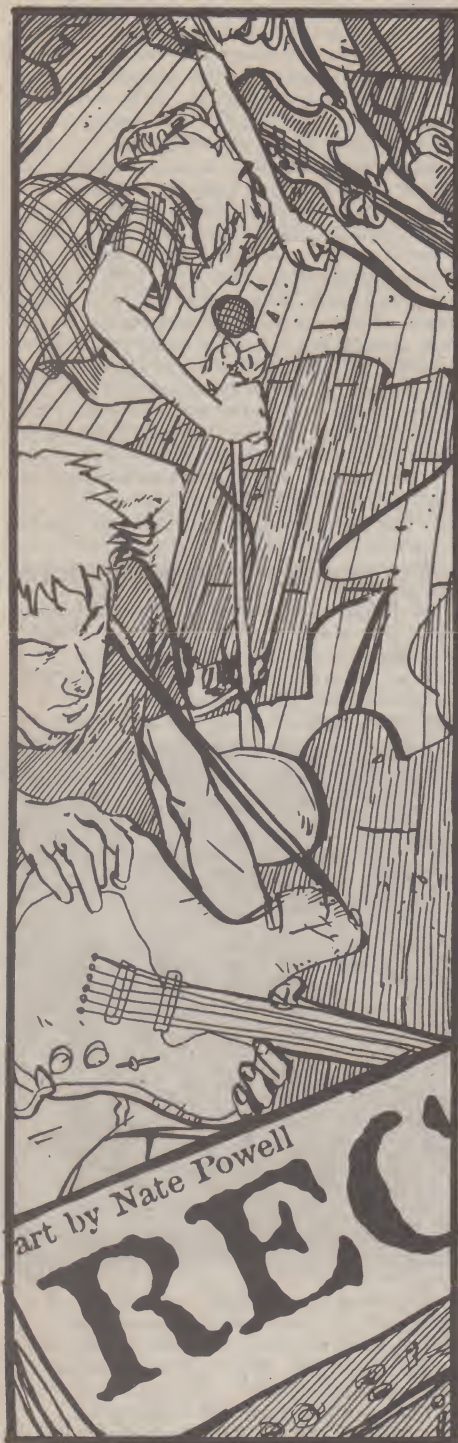
HaC: Where would you like to see Reversal Of Man/hardcore go in the future?

Jason: I don't really like to look too far into the future of the band because you never know what is going to happen to it, or to anything. I guess you could say that nothing is permanent, but I would like to see the band continue for several more years. It's been a fun time for me so far; I couldn't see giving that up.

John: I would love to be the Aerosmith of hardcore and rock out for a couple more decades. As far as hardcore goes, I would like to see us embrace and not take each other for granted. Also, I would like to see more people speak their minds and not be concerned with what others are thinking. This isn't a popularity contest even though I myself tend to think otherwise.

HaC: Biography...

Matt: We started in John's extra bedroom in April of 1995. We are John, Jeff, Dan, Jason, and Matt. Releases have been a 7" on Valrico, split 7" with Cease, split LP with Holocron, split LP with Puritan, split 7" with Enemy Soil, many comps, 10" on Independence Day, and 18 new unreleased songs.



THEY WHO WROTE REVIEWS:
 SJS=Steve Snyder, ROB=Rob Girardin, BH=Brett Hall, TR=Tim Ream, LO=Lisa Oglesby, CF=Chuck Franco, SGL=Sara Gwin-Lenth, KM=Kent McClard, DO=Dylan Ostendorf, DF=Dan Fontaine, M=Mag, DM=Doug Mosurak, LK=Leslie Kahan, PCD=Paul C. Dykman, GOR=Eric Gormley, ADI=Adi Tejada, SA=Steve Aoki, C=Casey Watson, ARB=Adam Brandt, and RG=Ryan Gratzner.

DOGPRINT #11 with Laceration/The K Shipley • split 7"

I assume most people that like music orientated 'zines are familiar with *Dogprint* at this point. It is well put together with all the usual features. The interviews in this issue are with Slap-A-Ham Records, Refused, Amber Inn, and Three Studies For A Crucifixion. Lots to read. The record included with this issue features Laceration on one side (low-fi thrash with silly but true lyrics) and The Ken Shipley on the other side (more silly thrash meets trash stuff that makes Laceration seem like slick professionals). I didn't care all that much for the 7", but the 'zine had some good stuff in it. KM (\$5 to Dogprint/PO Box 2120/Teaneck, NJ 07666)

REFLECTIONS #10 with V/A • What We Share 7"

Straight edge hardcore. Go! Thumbs Down, Atari, Lifesign, Spirit '84, Mainstrike, and Reaching Forward all contribute a song to the comp. Most of these bands play late '80s style hardcore. My favorite track was Mainstrike's cover of Youth Of Today's "Slow Down." *Reflections* #10 has interviews with all of these bands along with letters, reviews, and photos. The photo quality is a bit too grainy due to the excessive computer use, but otherwise the 'zine looks good and makes a good combination with the record. KM (Reflections/De Nijverheid 30/7681 MD Vroomshoop/Netherlands)

WOOZY #20 with V/A • CD

Nicely organized and well laid out, this 'zine/comp is something new and interesting. It is nice to hear a compilation where I have never heard of any of the bands (with the exception of the Cannanes) because finding something positive as a surprise is awesome. Another plus about the comp is that it is international in a sense. There are bands from the Philippines, Australia, the UK, and Amerikkka. This definitely lends its hands out to those with indie and experimental interests. A lot of 4-track dubbing, weird improv songs, ambient noise, and other wacky and tacky music. A few notables are Full Boney, who have members from Spitboy; Abrasive Relations from the Philippines, the funnest band on the comp; and Casini, with members from Sleater-Kinney and Dogfight. This is a surprisingly positive compilation indeed. SA (Wozy/PO Box 4434/Melbourne/Uni/Parkville, Victoria/Australia 3052)

.FUCKINGCOM • 7"

More than just a great name, .Fuckingcom pound out five hard as fuck tunes. Their lyrics delineate observations of and resistance to this messed up world. The music falls somewhere between heavy hardcore and straight up crust stuff. Distorted guitar couples with intense female vocals to sock you in the gut. By that fact alone, it is hard not to be reminded of Detestation or Damad. This is a good record. LO (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

50 MILLION • Quach 7"

Five tracks from this San Francisco band. You get three noisy tunes recorded in—on purpose—lo-fi fuzz with tinny banging and distorted vocals. The other two tracks are acoustic, one with strum guitar, the other with piano. One or two of these tunes would fit nicely on a Bananafish compilation, but taken together these five tunes don't do much. 50 Million are probably a lot of fun live. SJS (Rally Records/PO Box 114/3288 21st St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

RECORD REVIEWS

1066 • 7"

This is another decent enough record dominated by low end sounds. 1066 manage to stay just to the right side of the line between a good slow tempo and a sound that merely drags through a song. They seem adept at wielding this style's big sounds as easily as, say, Disembodied. Four songs with lyrics included in a good looking sleeve. Recommended. DF (Billy the Kid Records/3203 Overcup Oak Dr./Austin, TX 78704)

97A • It's In Our Power 7"

This is a limited edition 97A 7" that includes "It's In Our Power," "Crossing '98," and "Kill The Messenger." One of these songs is from a previous 97A release and another is from their upcoming 12". "It's In Our Power" is a pro voting song that makes the claim that each of us holds the power to vote and to change our society. A little idealistic if you ask me. Musically, 97A play fast straight edge sounding stuff. They play a lot faster than most though, and some of the Youth Crew influences get lost in the rush. Great hardcore with an attitude. KM (Teamwork Records)

ANONYMOUS • Easily Unamused CD

20 tracks at 64:20 minutes. A CD full of big music from this trio. They play a varied bunch of punk tunes, some medium tempo, some fast that get heavy and despairing as they move through their changes. Sonically Anonymous employ a good amount of texture and extra noises to extend a few tracks into crashing and buzzing magnus opuses. This is not pretty music though it has enough depth to reward multiple listenings. The vocals range from strangled gasps to hoarse yelling and do not overpower the rest of the band. The lyrics are dark with an emotional edge. They focus on ensuing chaos and destruction. The CD begins with a spoken description of the habits and nature of cockroaches. The songs which follow seem to imply that we humans will soon succumb to our stupidity leaving the world to the roaches. The CD is split in two parts by a long segment of white noise. The last four tracks are much more grinding and not as varied as what came before. SJS (anon_mous@msn.com)

ACLYS • Helduntergang CD

There is a lot of this stuff coming out of Germany lately, especially on Per Koro. It is all heavy, thick, metal influenced hardcore with growling vocals and tight music. Some American bands play this kind of stuff, but the German bands bring a whole other feel to it. It is all very dismal and tough, never forgiving. Surprisingly, a couple songs vary from the formula and bring in a more melodic, emotive feel. All the songs are well recorded, though a little over produced for my taste. LO (Per Koro/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

AS FRIENDS RUST • The Fists Of Time CD

More melodic yet energetic pop punk meets emotive hardcore from Florida. The guitars sound can be almost moshy or totally pleasant and soft, while the vocals can be screamy or melodic. All in all, As Friends Rust does a good job of using different elements to create a nice sounding approach that doesn't wimp out. KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

ANOTHER VICTIM • Apocalypse Now LP

Tough fucking hardcore with gruff vocals a lot like the singer's voice from Coalesce. Personally, I really couldn't get into it as much as I thought I would. It just doesn't pick-me-up like hardcore should. At the same time, it kinda reminds me a bit of Earth Crisis or some other band in that vein. Shit like that just doesn't do anything for me anymore. Lyrics remind me of those from the Earth Crisis *Firestorm* 7". This may be your mosh metal if you want it in your face. SA (Equal Vision)

AS DARKNESS FALLS • 7"

CHUN CHUN, CHUN CHUN, CHUH CHUN. That's what the guitars sound like. Very moshy metal hardcore type stuff. Really beefy guitar tone and double time drum beats. Two singers, you know the deal, one goes rahhh rahhh and the other one goes eeahh eeah. Very personal type lyrics and a die Tom (who's that) die part. Pretty good if you're into the slower end of the hardcore spectrum. Tuned down and ready to mosh! CF (Bush League Records/PO Box 10165/New Brunswick, NJ 09806)

ASBESTOSDEATH • Dejection 7"

Two tracks from Asbestosdeath's 1990 out of print single. "Scourge" is an instrumental, while "Nail" has words that could be called abstract lyrics. The music is slow and heavy with lots and lots of repetition. Painful and tortured. If you missed it the first time around then here is your chance. KM (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

ANTARCTICA • CD

Antarctica, which includes Eric of Christie Front Drive fame, is overflowing with talented musicians. The shimmering guitars and pensive strings immediately bring Radiohead to mind, with some extraterrestrial sounds in the manner of Joan Of Arc thrown in to break things up a little. The atmospheric, faraway vocals are, in all honesty, rather thin. These elements together make for a lovely, melancholy little recording. But all things considered it left me sleepy and wishing the singing away. While CDF was heartwarming and thoughtful,

this is haunting and monotonous. I remember being impressed when I saw them play at the Pickle Patch, but the recording doesn't do much for me. Maybe I was expecting too much... SGL (File Thirteen Records/PO Box 2302/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

AXIOM • Establishing A Culture Of Resistance 7"

Another cool little political record from Catchphrase. Axiom are a six piece from Portland, Oregon. They play political punk with a thrashy feel. The sound is really savage and distorted; what else would you expect from a band that has two guitars and two vocalists? Lots going on in every song! The lyrics are extremely political and they use a lot of sound bites in between their songs. The enclosed booklet features more writings and politically inspired art work (all black and white of course). Definitely worth some attention, especially if you find the political-crusty-punk sound to be appealing. KM (Catchphrase Records/PO Box 533/Waddell, AZ 85355)

ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION • The Many Faces... 5"

I dislike 5" records for the very fact that most people can't play them on their turntables without the tonearm picking up on them before the needle actually makes it to the record. I dislike this 5" record in particular because it's really uninspired garage rock from some Bostoners who thought it would be funnier to play sound snippets from the '70s hardcore exploitation film "Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS" than write lyrics. The flip of this forgivably short record is a cover by a band called the Eyes, who I think I've heard of before, but I forgot it as soon as it was over. You will, too. DM (Acme Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA, 01826)

AINA • 150 Watts 7"

I'm really envious of the beautiful vinyl pressings that European bands get. This 7" may not be able to stop a bullet, but it's thick, mastered well, and excellently (as well as minimally) packaged. Unfortunately, Aina are another fallen victim to the dreaded high-gloss sound of bands like Mineral, with big production and not even a fraction of the song to fill its shoes. To their credit, they do it well, but so does Ethel Mervise, and I don't care about them either. Makes me embarrassed to be an American, this sound. DM (Marry Me Records/PO Box 35395/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

THE AASEE LAKE • Two Song Introduction To A Suicide... 7"

The Aasee Lake are a soft, subtle ensemble who play long and winding ballads. It is very much background noise for a coffee shop. It may surprise some that Duncan Barlow, from By The Grace Of God, plays guitar since this project is so different. Though, all in all, I see a lot of bands tending toward this increasingly popular genre. Much of the material on this seven inch reminded me of the Shipping News songs from the split CD with Metroshtifter. LO (Nerd Rock Records/PO Box 5159/Louisville, KY 40205)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE • Behold, I Shall Do... 7"

Atom And His Package is an insane phenomenon that has swept the scene. People go ape shit over this funny guy and his geeky, synthesized sounds. This record has two new songs and one Dead Milkmen cover. One song praises the metric system and the other gives props to Rob Halford for coming out of the closet. He gets more and more clever with every release; sometime soon he will reign supreme. LO (Vital Music/PO Box 210/ New York, NY 10276)

THE AUDIENCE • Young Soul 7"

Such an ace record! Only two songs, but both are fairly long. Song 1 is a listless, meandering song. Good, but song 2, oooh, song 2. This song really got me moving. I could hardly sit still to write down the review; very rocking. Reminiscent of Nation Of Ulysses, but way more rock oriented. Definitely not for everyone, but it sure makes me happy. ROB (GSL Records)

BANE • Holding This Moment 7"

Fuck does this hold the damn moment! I love it and love it some more. I haven't been that moved by a SXE band in long time, with exception to Former Members Of Alfonsino, but this is really something that surprised me. Lyrics don't stray too far away from your ordinary hardcore correct band and of course those sing-a-longs are in the right parts. They got me singing along and it sure has been a long time since I have moshed in my room by myself. The layout is beautiful as well, funded my one of the biggest HC labels around you can sure present some beautiful and expensive looking covers and inserts. The music here reminds me of a very modern Turning Point with the hardcore presence of Battery. Just what I want to hear, fucking positive, melodic and hard to the heart-core. I just hope they can come out to Goleta to come play at the Patch and fuck shit up, but not too much. GO! SA (Equal Vision)

BEEKEEPER • Ostrich CD

13 tracks @ 36:45. I remember getting singles from this band at the radio station I work at, like, 4 or 5 years ago. That was right at the tail end of when an indie-rock band could put out a single and people would notice it. I'll assume that this band remained dormant for x number of years, got back together and convinced someone at Southern to let them have an album. Rest assured, it's not "hardcore," especially for the hardcore, but rather a pleasant, unleavened-sounding slow burn of a pop record. Subtle use of guitar atmospherics, adequate drummery, and dissonant chord structures back co-ed harmonizing singers in such a way that calls to mind a non-prog, non-frenetic cousin to San Diego band Heavy Vegetable. I know they're going on tour with Ida (coincidentally, Dan Littleton plays guitar on one song), which is a sensible double bill. Zero political content here as they tow the line of the timid-core shuffle. DM (Southern/PO Box 677375/Chicago, IL 60657)

BLACKHEAD • ...The Unfantastic Four CD

Eleven pop punk songs with borderline offensive, goofy lyrics. Some are about weird people, some about their geek status, one about a dysfunctional family barbecue, and a new version of "Itsy-bitsy Teenie-weenie Yellow Polka-dot Bikini." The songs are generally upbeat and high energy with lots of "woah, woah's" and the like. LO (Flat Broke Productions/PO Box 1048/Goldenrod, FL 32733)

BLADE CRASHER • 7"

Although musically this typical hardcore is totally predictable, something about the Blade Crashers speaks to me. They have a song called "Do it for Yourself." The lyrics of "In the End" contain, "Let's go positive kids with goals in sight. Nothing you say or do can silence our fight... Being told there is no chance, but with positive minds and caring kids, we'll give our best and make a change in the end." Almost Goletan levels of positivity here. Five songs on a label with a great name. Fucking Go! DF (\$3.50ppd to Young Blood Records/217 West Main St./Ephrata, PA 17522)

BOMBRAID • Destinations CD

Bombraid is comparable to Discharge or Masskontroll, without sounding too much like either band. Bombraid is a little slower and less Swedish influenced than Masskontroll (though Bombraid are from Sweden, which might make this statement seem a bit bizarre), but more modern sounding than Discharge. Thirty minutes of heavy assaulting hardcore with personal lyrics, which seems slightly odd for a band in this genera. Well done. KM (Malarie Records/PO Box 106/60-170 Poznan 27/Poland)

BOOBY HATCH • Hip Shaking Asscore 7"

This record easily fits into the category of fast and angry hardcore. You know, the kind where the vocals are chirped instead of snarled. The lyrical content involves the difference between us and them, the badness of them, and general all around angst. There are six songs, and the insert has some funny stuff on it. Recommended to those looking for something familiar. DF (House of Pain Records/PO Box 120861/Nashville, TN 37212)

BRASS KNUCKLES FOR TOUGH GUYS • CD

This comes with an interactive program that lets you listen to some sound bites from other bands on Divot and to read an interview with the band. Not the most exciting program I have ever looked over, but I guess there aren't too many bands doing this in the underground so it is kind of cool. Brass Knuckles For Tough Guys are slightly metal influenced, slightly abrasive, slightly odd, slightly hectic, and slightly experimental. They seem to blend a whole lot of styles together to create something of their own. KM (Divot Records/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

BRINK MANEUVER • 7"

This is a strange one. It doesn't cut it to be a musical masterpiece, not in the least, but it does have a quirk in them to bring out the Fender-ampish feel to me. Quiet and jangly these guys don't break bricks like I wished they would. They need a bit more practice and some better songs to grind up the indie rock fine like the coffee grounds they probably came from. SA (Rags to Records/PO Box 971/Bloomington, IN 47402)

BURNED UP BLED DRY • Cloned Slaves... For Slaves... 7"

This 7" is really good. Driving, crust style hardcore with intelligent lyrics. It hadn't really occurred to me before, but on this record Burned Up Bled Dry particularly remind me of His Hero Is Gone. There are ten songs on this 7" and they are all good—even the Black Flag cover. Get this. LO (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

COOS BAY CITY ROLLERS • Living With A Rebel Girl 7"

What the fuck? Techno shit meets dumb rock. Side two is dorky medley of a Bikini Kill's "Rebel Girl" and Madonna's "Material Girl." Awful. KM (Severance Records/PO Box 2271/Portland, OR 97208)

CAVE IN • Until Your Heart Stops 2x12"

I saw Cave In live a couple months ago and they were one of those bands that just made me feel pathetic as a musician, they were so tight and crazy. I picked up their double 12" after the show, went home, and just sat there getting ruled by the incredible musical ideas these guys were rocking me with. I guess you could classify this as hardcoremetal but it's pretty fucked up like in a Nine Iron Spit Fire meets Botch sort of way and I don't throw those names around loosely. They also do some less brutal parts with singing and eerie rock but then they'll just bust into another insane transition making my head spin off, then they'll slice me up with some dual guitar leads or pound me into a bloody pulp with some gnarly mute work. The production job is one of the best I've heard in awhile and I swear everyone who's been over to my house in the last couple months has had to listen to this. Hydra Head is releasing some of the best shit out today—first Botch, now this. ADI (Hydra Head)

CAVE IN • Until Your Heart Stops CD

Maybe I am just too old to listen to Cave In. When they played here I thought they were really bad. I just can't get into this hardcore meets classic rock sound. It isn't something I can listen to. No way. I have listened to *Until Your Heart Stops* countless times now, and every time I just cringe at all the rock parts that seem to push through. I can't stand this stuff. Does that matter? Not really. Cave In are quite popular now, and I don't see them losing any ground with this new release. The sound quality is top notch and the production is solid and heavy. I am sure Cave In fans the world over are banging their heads and rockin' out to this one. Complicated and diverse, Cave In displays many influences; unfortunately I was never a fan of '70s rock, and I find 90% of these influences to be irritating and agonizing. For those about to rock, I give you Cave In. Enjoy them while you can because with this sound and these influences it is only a matter of time until Cave In attract real world interest. KM (Hydra Head Records/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN • What Flavor... 7"

Prepare to have your ear drums ripped open and lacerated by the bloodthirsty howl of Combat Wounded Veteran. A sick and twisted concoction of feedback and blistering fast hardcore. Brutal and painful! Combine that with excellent packaging, and this is one great 7". Prepare to be annihilated. KM (Schematics Records)

CALL IT IN THE AIR • Just A Morning Thought CD

This makes me sleepy, witch can be good since it's 5:30 am. This all sounds kinda British to me, probably because to vocalist sounds like he might have an accent. Musically this is intricate piddle-paddle with some mellow grove parts, much like a stroll through a fairy land with little gusts of wind blowing the Autumn leaves around. Well done, but this CD does start draggin on. After awhile the mellowness of it gets to me and there's no release. CIITA practice must be really confusing because two of the members are named Tom and two others are named Mike. If you can't get enough stuff like Very Secretary or any of them wimpy indie bands (that they now call emo) then you'd probably jump in a toilet for this one. ADI (Outback Entertainment Group/PO Box 78013/Orlando, FL 32878)

CHOKEHOLD • Tooth And Nail 7"

Four more tracks from Chokehold; these ought to be their last since they split up some time ago. Chokehold started out as a moshy straight edge sounding band that had a lot of political statements to be made. They had a hard time bridging the gap between the macho straight edge mosh scene and the more political DIY community. I saw this firsthand at a few shows where a lot of boneheads showed up to see them play, which didn't sit all that well with the more peaceful Chokehold fans. In any event, this last 7" is way more harsh and trashy sounding. The early mosh influence is still there but Chokehold has gotten more brutal and more ragged over time. Harsh and mean. KM (Jaww Records/5145 North Bridges Dr./Alpharetta, GA 30022)



CATTLE DECAPITATION • *Ten Torments Of The... 7"*

Weird, noisy power thrash. All the lyrics are about demons, satan, pain, blood, shit, and other unpleasanties. Very evil and very out of control. I've listened to this record about five times now and it has sort of put me in a trance with its violent discord. LO (Humanure/5249 Stone Ct./San Diego, CA 92115-1122)

CHAMBERLAIN • *Go Down Believing* CD

Chamberlain speak a different language now. These adults have changed so damn much in the past few years and I wouldn't say that it is a good change at all. They play country music now kids. Just picture Chamberlain's first LP, not Split Lip, but imagine being in the middle of a rodeo surrounded by spurs, leather hide, and Garth Brooks. It ain't pretty but for those hodown lovers this may be your best call. You know it is really disappointing 'cuz their last album was so dang good and this one brings the cowboys/girls to my door. SA (Doghouse)

THE CLOCKS • CD

These seven songs remind me of Circus Lupus... as in noisy DC influenced punk stuff. I liked these songs okay, but I most certainly wouldn't recommend this to anyone that is into weird off-kilter stuff. It is all well done, but The Clocks will only appeal to a certain portion of HaC readers... perhaps if you find Circus Lupus to be of interest and if you found Monorchid to be a nice listen then The Clocks will wind your clock, so to speak. KM (The Clocks/8420 Bridge Rd./Philadelphia, PA 19111)

CONFUSED • 12"

This band is all over the place, unfortunately it spends too much time in boring places and not enough in interesting places. It ranges from a discordant Fugazi type sound to a more metal sound to a funkier sound to a more straight forward hardcore sound. None these sounds really grab you, mostly this record just sort of plods along. Not horrible, just boring. BH (Kultur/Elsenborner Str. 2 H831/65929 Frankfurt/Germany) or (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

THE CONNIE DUNGS • *Driving On Neptune* CD

The spokesman for Micro Machines must have mated with The Ramones and out popped The Connie Dungs. Plenty of "whoa-oh-oh-ohs" thrown in with fast-paced, high-pitched, gravelly vocals and a hybrid blend of the old style punk tunes and new school line of song-writing. Lyrics are silly in general, with a fair number of interesting songs and a handful of pretty damn hokey ones. This is happy music any way you cut it and they play it well, so definite points for them, even if it's not really my scene. It seems like people have the most fun at punky-poppy shows (and ska shows, but I won't be going there today, thanks), so I certainly can believe that these fellas could put on a good show. This one playing on my stereo ain't so bad, either. 12 songs, 27 minutes. DO (Mutant Pop Records/5010 NW Shasta/Corvallis, OR 97330)

CRACKED COP SKULLS • *Why Pussyfoot... 7"*

Nine songs from Cracked Cop Skulls. The sound is pretty much classic '80s British hardcore. It is done well. Lyrics about the things that you expect a political English hardcore band to sing about, which isn't meant as a slight nor as a complaint. KM (S.O.A. Records c/o Paolo Petralia/Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

CRAVING • *Emphasis On Traditional Values* 10"

This rocks. This really rocks. I think this would be a good band to see live, as this is great dance music with interesting vocals (at times high pitched and singy-songy, other times screaming)—too bad they're all the way over in Germany. PCD (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

COLLAPSE • CD

Twenty minutes of moshing New York hardcore with gruff vocal work. All seven songs sounded pretty much the same, and after listening to this a few times I can't say that Collapse grew on me. Not for me, but if you do the windmill and the lawnmower in the pit when listening to the latest New York mosh then Collapse should get your motor started. KM (Collapse/605 New York Ave./Ogdensburg, NY 13669)

CREAM ABDUL BABAR • CD

Part screaming chaotic hardcore, part alternative rock. Hardcore similar to Botch and Will Haven. Alternative similar to Tool and maybe a little Korn. This really gives you a blast of emotions and energy right in your face. With a name like Cream Abdul Babar, I could have thought of a lot more interesting things to put on the cover than just the name and a blank white background. Six songs, my player doesn't tell the length, but it's probably between twenty and thirty minutes. Neat lyrics. RG (Albert Ayler's Jukebox Records/1350 Mahan Dr. #E4, Ste. 203/Tallahassee, FL 32308)

THE CREEPS • *Victims 7"*

Metal... whoa, get out your old Metalica-t-shirts, this is it! Reminds me of Slayer crossed with Resurrection, but a lot tougher. Good vocals on side one with some pretty impressive guitar work. Side two is not as metal and I think someone else in the band has taken over the vocal duties. This is pretty good stuff (P.S. Bonus points for the Iron Maiden cover). M (Retribution Records/PO Box 3506/Columbus, OH 43210)

THE CUFFS • *Death By The Bottle 7"*

Beer drinking seems to be the theme here. Pretty basic straight-forward punk circa 1988 (with your sadly missed breakdowns and sing-a-long choruses). Personally I couldn't get into this. The lyrics are a bit absurd, but I'm sure drunk punks everywhere will eat this one up. M (Headache Records/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

CULTURE • *Born Of You* CD

This is a re-release of Culture's first LP that was originally on Conquer The World. I guess it has been re-mixed, but otherwise it is pretty much the same as the original LP, which I believe is still available on Conquer The World. In any event, Culture is a straight edge band from Florida that plays mosh metal. It is all well done, though maybe I've heard too many bands that sound like this to be overly impressed. KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

CWILL • *Beyond Reality* CD

Metal. Mosh. Deep and throaty mosh style vocals. Devil music. Then throw in a violin for some additional mood and atmosphere. Unique and diverse, Cwill have created a powerful sound that is worth checking out. Their lyrics tend to be written from a negative perspective. KM (Prawda/Scholastikastr. 24/9400 Rorschach/Switzerland)

CYPHER IN THE SNOW • *So You Have An STD 7"*

An all girl band, composed of two guitars, trumpet, bass, drums and two singers (plus the bassist sings) all going in different directions. The drums seem to be Crass influenced with lots of snare. Both guitars are distorted and sound like shit; one is usually playing sloppy chords while the other is playing leads clashing with the trumpet melody causing chaos. Then the two singers are both all over the place adding confusion. This record is pop for the truly insane. I probably won't ever listen to this again, but I'm glad these folks are creating their own mutated breed of pop-punk-confusion-ska-core stuff. On a closing note the lyrics for the song "Scabies" are righteously moronic as well as the music. ADI (Bad Monkey Records/473 North St./Oakland, CA 94609)

DAHMER • *Dahmerized* LP

Serial killers and bloody body parts, Dahmer are the crusty dried blood on the bonesaw. Most of the lyrics are in French, but I assume they are mostly odes to mass murders. I'm not sure why Dahmer is as popular as they are, but I guess there are a lot of people interested in Dahmer's grindcore meets crusty thrash. The vocals are deep and totally distorted beyond recognition. Go berserk and kill your neighbors and blame it on Dahmer, maybe you'll be able to get off on the "Dahmer defense," which would be something like the "Twinkie defense." I didn't want to cut off their hands, but Dahmer made me do it! KM (Clean Plate Records/PO Box 709/Hampshire College/Amherst, MA 01002)

DAKOTA • *I Got Called A Teenager... 7"*

Three rockin' songs with a garagy-emotive feel. Slightly noisy, but probably not enough for one crowd and too much for another. Well done with some good catchy songs, but don't try to read the lyrics unless you think going blind would be a fun new experience. KM (Twistworthy Records/PO Box 4491/Austin, TX 78765)

DANDELION • 7"

With an awesome layout like this, I will definitely take this seriously. I enjoy this sweetness and the same Rusty James feeling. The first side kicks right in and offers some straight up melodic music. But when you flip this kid over it leaves you with both hands empty. These kids hail from Germany and it is quite obvious in the music. It is nice to hear some difference in emo-ish styles and they do a pretty good job in the two quick numbers on side A. Dandelion, if they stuck with their quick wittiness would travel the airwaves pretty well, at least in my ears. SA (Hobnob/Rolandstrasse 4/33615 Bielfeld/Germany)

DARKEST HOUR • *The Prophecy Fulfilled* CD

6 songs of your darkest hour fully equipped with scary faces, your weapon of choice, and words that breathe fire. They have decently long songs and a heavy set fury that leaves you in trepidation and fear. Strangely, some of the songs are catchy enough to even dance to, but most of the time I am banging my head against the computer. They have this one Metallica intro in one of their songs that did make me laugh a bit but was well done and evil. This short CD might be worth your while to fulfill your most evil temptations. SA (Art Monk Construction)

THE DAY OF MAN AS MAN • 7"

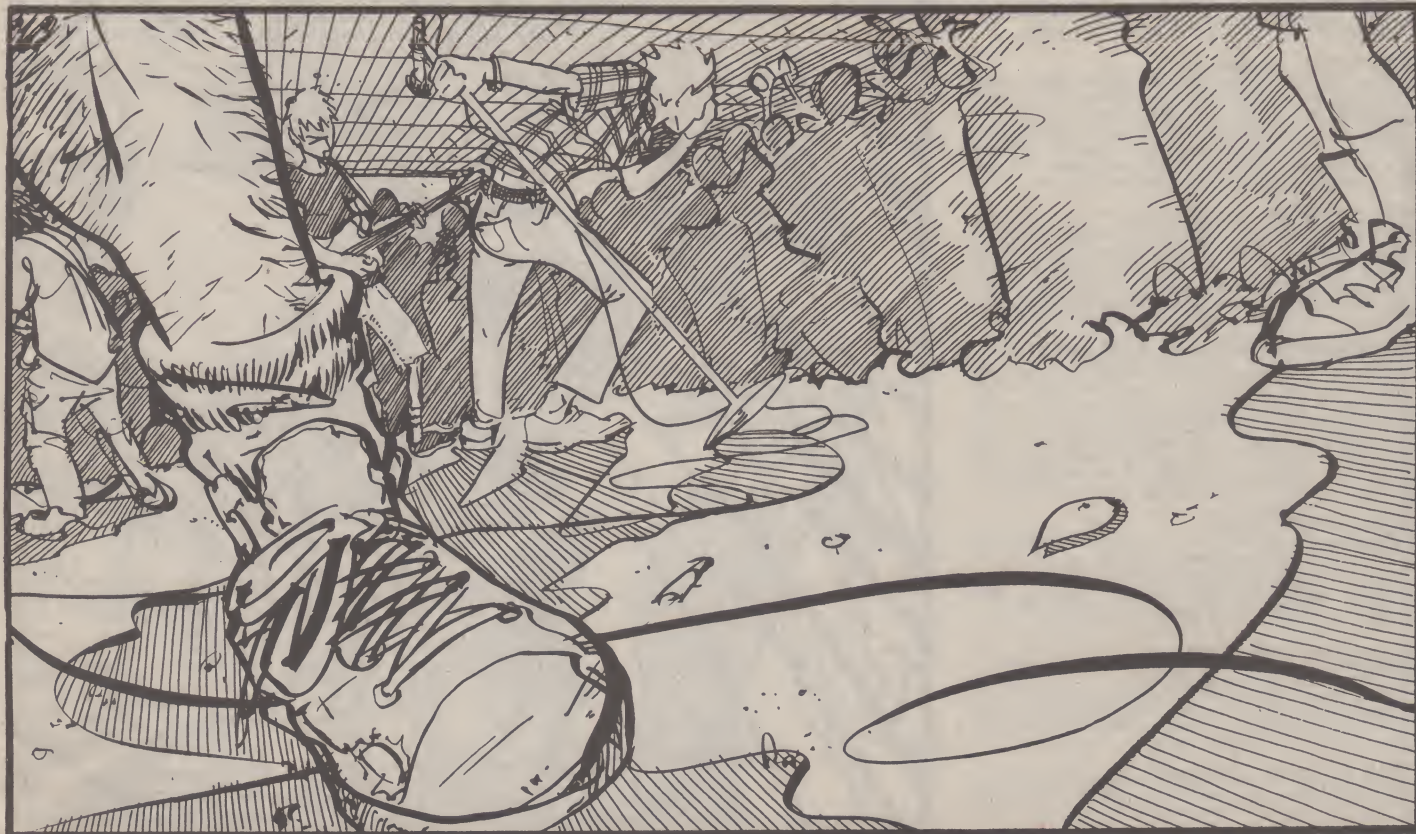
Heartfelt hardcore in the vein of Native Nod or Current. (From those band's lighter sides, that is.) The bassist from Behind Closed Doors plays guitar on this record, but this band has a more structured sound than BCD. I would have liked to have gotten an insert, so as to have a more concrete idea of what these two songs were about. Sometimes the songs sort of drift lightly towards a point, other times they focus in on a sound deeply. The only real problem with this record is the recording isn't very good and there is some distortion on side A. I'd like to see them live. LO (\$3 to Rice Control c/o Forbes/PO Box 3489/Silver Springs, MD 20918)

DEAD NATION • *Face The Nation 7"*

I'll keep this short. If you're currently a fan of Gorilla Biscuits you should definitely get this record. M (4 Delmar Ave./Morris Plains, NJ 07050)

DEMON SYSTEM 13 • *Aborted Teen Generation 7"*

This is an American re-issue of a 7" that Sweden's DS13 put out earlier this year. It fits perfectly on the Havoc label. The music is great political hardcore with a punk edge. If you missed this gem the first time around then snap it up now. Great Swedish thrash combined with straight up hardcore. Good stuff. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)



DÅLEK • Negro Necro Nekros CD

I can see that Gern Blandsten is opening its doors out quite a bit and definitely toward the right direction. Dälek is an intelligent hip-hop band with fat beats and grand samples keeping your head bumping up and down and the bass loud enough to keep up the pace with your heart. 5 songs or poems with positive sounding motion inside this CD single. Enough to taste the styles of Dälek. This shit goes down real nice and the flavor is definitely worth the purchase. SA (Gern Blandsten)

THE DESERT JET SET • 7"

From the creative genius that made the Trigger Quintet's short life such a remarkable one comes The Desert Jet Set, whose life seems to have been cut even shorter than their predecessors'. This 7" is the only thing that I've heard by them and it is obviously the vocalist and guitarist of The Trigger 5, although I haven't quite been taken away by these guys as much. That's not to say that this effort isn't as good as their other band. I just need a few more listens. This is damn fine stuff with tricky timing that gives into some nice rocking stuff with high-pitched, mush-mouth vocals that kick much ass. The design of the record is beautiful and the contents of the vinyl are certainly worth having. Get this, fans of Trans Megetti and you math-core types who aren't content with lo-fi... DO (Inchworm Records/53 W Park Ave./Lindenwood, NJ 08021)

THE DESPISED • Scourge Of The South 7"

5 extremely fast and tough punk barnburners with an ugly, violent streak in the lyrics. Yeah, this band hauls ass and rocks out way hard with old school hardcore velocity, but songs praising the Oklahoma courthouse bombing and rebelling against America with guns and violence (as well as shouting out a warning to "back stabbing bitches" in the liner notes) make this something I couldn't make myself listen to twice. These Atlanta, GA guys just don't get the point. Another reinforcement to the stupidity of the American South, which at this point may never die out. DM (Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/Netherlands)

DETESTATION • Blood Of The Gods 7"

Two new songs from this Portland punk band. It is nearly impossible to describe Detestation without mentioning Nausea, especially since they sound so much like them on this record. One song talks about the seasonal depression that looms over Portland for most of the year. The other songs is a tribute to inspirational people who have left the punk realm. Both tunes are mostly mid-tempo and not too crazy, emphasizing the lyrics, though they do break down into a more circle pit sound at times. I think Detestation is great, but musically this isn't their best stuff. Still, I really like these songs. LO (Profane Existence/PO Box 8772/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE DIMITRI GUREVITCH QUINTETTE • CD

I used to listen to a lot of jazz but lately I seem to have strayed from it. The DGQ has now given me an incentive put on some old jazz greats that have been stored away in the back of my collection. They play really solid and saturated jazz influenced rock. An amazing drummer, a lead saxophone, guitar, and bass are what comprises this quintette. Not only do these guys play jazzy smazzy shit but they go on to the more mainstream frontier of ska as well. I definitely find myself listening to the tracks with more funk and jazz. Also reading that they have been in the studio for almost an entire year blows my mind that they had that much money and patience. For that alone, I am impressed. The DGQ might be something to look out for if you are into the brass. SA (Smelly Kat/8214 5th Ave./Brooklyn, NY 11209)

DROP DEAD • LP

The newest release from Drop Dead is exactly what you would expect. Fast hardcore with gruff vocals that are blasted out with energy and power. Eighteen songs that all sound exactly the same with simple straight forward lyrics. Actually, I couldn't listen to the tracks on side A because the grooves run from the inside out; meaning that you have to place the needle on the inside and it will work its way out towards the outside as the record plays. My linear tracking turn table refuses to play from the inside out, so side A is unplayable. Side B is cut normal. In any event, Drop Dead does this sound with power and precision. No thrills or frills, but no let downs either. KM (Armageddon Label)

DINNER, 1933 • 7"

Some of this is sort of hard driving hardcore with plenty of distortion and some of this is Moss Icon style hardcore with varying degrees of energy, and then they will slip into a very quick thrash beat. DIY in appearance and sound, and limited to 300 copies or so. My copy has a quote from Nation Of Ulysses on the back cover. The slower moody parts are more effective, but it all seems as if sort of come together in an arty sort of way... They refer to themselves as "Jazz thrash violence." KM (Boxcar Records/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902-1141)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE • 7"

Yet another non-descript pop-punk record. Nasally vocals, buzz saw guitars, etc., etc... If you've heard one you've heard them all. There's also a short article on the back of the sleeve rebuking the punker-than-thous for giving pop-punkers a hard time. The author goes on about how those that are down on pop-punk have no sense of rock history or musical reality (?), and that if pop-punk isn't really punk we should inform the Buzzcocks, Ramones, etc. Regardless of the fact that these bands haven't existed for many years (complicating the task of informing them of their non-punked-ness), maybe we should mention that aside from higher production values and a bit of a tempo increase, the music that the vast majority of pop-punk bands play is almost exactly the same that these bands played over fifteen years ago. At a time when people were cursed with the scourge of "progressive" rock, the less-is-more attitude of these bands was just the swift kick in the ass that music needed. But today it seems that this sound has about played itself out when almost every pop-punk record that crosses my turn-table sounds exactly the same (not that this isn't a problem universally, pop-punk just seems to be especially guilty). Not to mention the fact that the bands of yesteryear had a force of personality that the majority of today's pop-punk bands lack, the few that escape this generally seem to become side-shows on MTV. And referring to a political band like the Clash as "bubblegum schmalz" leads one to question what type of crack the author has been smoking. BH (Mutant Pop)

THE DOWNER BOYS • Werken Men Und Pirates 7"

Sloppy, aggressive punk rock. It's a really bad recording, but I guess it's supposed to compliment the style. The music is fairly catchy, and I recommend it to anyone into '80s style sloppy punk. GOR (Eye 95 Records/7380 Broken Staff/Columbia, MD 21045)

THE DOWNER BOYS • Hot Mistake 7"

I don't know what exactly to say about bands like this. It sometimes strikes me as something exciting then I lose it real quick. The singer's voice is the best part in this band because it reminds me of Sean Brown's voice so damn much. The musicianship could use some immediate attention and the recording could use some also. If this band was a bit more patient they could actually put out something good. But for now, I don't really advise buying this piece of wax. SA (Eye 95 Records/602 141st St./Ocean City, MD 21842)

EARTHMOVEMENT • W Sprawie Ocalenia 7"

Four heavy and straight forward songs from this Polish band. Unfortunately, the insert of another 7" was slipped into here so, aside from the sing called "Earth Punk," I don't have much of an idea what they are singing about. Every song is typical punk rock, not too much else to say. LO (Dwie Strony Medalu/PO Box 55/58-260 Bielawa/Poland)

EL DIABLO • Texas Rockers 7"

Featuring members of Hagfish, Reverend Horton Heat and Mess, El Diablo is a testament to all thing sinful. More exciting than most of schlock we get in, but be warned... they like to sing about things like "they like to shake those big tits for cash," so those offended by such statements (or by jockish, drunken pop-punk), steer clear. Three songs: "Sure as Shit," "Hell's Got a Bad Rep" and "Set it on Fire." Chuck Norris on the cover... you have a good idea of what the fuck's going on here... wouldn't be too surprised if the singer was named Babs Larson. DO (Sin City Records/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

EL GORDO'S REVENGE • Action Packed! 10"

Straight forward hardcore punk. Reminds me of stuff you would have seen at Gilman seven or eight years ago, very reminiscent of Corrupted Morals. Had some nostalgia value but wore thin fast. BH (1287 Hidden Oak Rd./Chesterfield, MO 63017)

EXQUATION OF STATE • Exploded View CD

The first time I heard this I wasn't all that impressed, but after a few listens I have grown to like this more and more. The enclosed CD booklet is well done and has lyrics, photos, artwork and some writings. The music is chunky, slightly mushy at times, with some melodic elements laying underneath it all. Duel guitar attack. The vocals are strained and screaming. The production could be a bit more powerful, and I'm sure if they do another record then their sound should be even better. KM (\$6 to Subprofit Records/PO Box 34029/Scotia Square RPO/Halifax, NS/B3J 3S1/Canada)

ERIC THE RED • 7"

A complete surprise to these ears! Eric the Red's sound leans toward that searching, open-field farmland-core jive (see my Ethel Meserve review), but these guys are a total power trio, are completely in tune with one another, play tight as hell, and concentrate of combining a simple melody with a wallowing rhythmic drive. The little Caulfield catalog insert compares them to Mission of Burma, one of the most lofty and abused references in the history of punk, but it almost makes sense here. The A-side, "Life After Tuesday", bristles with tension and that rhythm section, particularly the bass player, just hauls ass through the whole thing, and builds to remarkable tension. The flip side is a bit of a let-down in the wake, but it's a fairly noble instrumental nonetheless. Vocals sound like Simon Le Bon (of Duran Duran fame) and are the weakest thing here, but I am genuinely interested in seeing where these guys take this sound. Best Caulfield release since the Gernbox 7". DM (Caulfield Records/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501)

ETHEL MESERVE • Tansen 7"

I saw this band twice a few years back, and after initially being impressed with their first single, it became evident that they were trying to fit in with that open-field, post-emo, Midwestern sound... somewhere in between Boys Life and Friction, but sounding more like Journey. This single contains what must be posthumous recordings; they certainly hadn't done much to trim down the length of their songs, which was my biggest problem with the band. A song needs to be able to justify its length, particularly when all of said band's songs are over 5 minutes, and I'm squandered the opportunity with aimless repetition time and time again. The two songs on this single do just that, albeit with better production and more screaming in the vocals than before. If you enjoyed their previous efforts, you'll like this, but it's not very groundbreaking stuff and it bores the pants off of me. DM (Caulfield Records/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501)

ENVY • From Here To Eternity CD

This is really quite good. They combine an emotive and melodic sound with an abrasive and frantic squalor to create some really complex and diverse songs. Every song has a driving power, screaming vocals, an abrasive edge, and a softer melodic underbelly. The recording quality is well done, and the mix works really well for Envy's sound. Very modern sounding hardcore that displays some of the musical diversity in today's sound. There are a lot of good bands in Japan right now, and I would certainly count Envy as one of the better ones. KM (H/G Fact/101 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 161/Japan)

ETHNIC • CD

Four catchy songs with a rough edge. Some of the people in this band were previously in Halfman. There is a slight Halfman feel, but not too much. Ethnic do a rough, grinding hardcore sound without becoming muffled or mushy. Other current bands, such as Cave In or Converge, are doing similar stuff—though the Ethnic stuff doesn't suffer from being overproduced or over dramatic. I'd like to hear more from this band. LO (Framework/PO Box 216/Port Jefferson, NY 11776)

ETTEL VRYE • 7"

Emo core in the vein of Policy Of Three and Moss Icon. Some parts move and groove, others sit while pontificating an idea: so there is a back and forth between minimalism and climax. All the lyrics are personal and easy to relate to. Of course, it is packaged in a paper bag as well. Though I find myself quickly tiring of this genre, I liked this record. LO (Moganono Records/c/o Peter Zetlan/30 Glenville Ave. Apt #1/Allston, MA 02134)

EVANCE • False Peace 7"

Alright, another release from Japan's Evance. This one isn't as heavy as their last release from Japan's Evance. This one isn't as heavy as their last release from Japan's Evance. This one isn't as heavy as their last release from Japan's Evance. More of a G.B.H. type sound this time. Very fast and very cool guitar and bass lines. Reminds me also of Chaos UK and Discharge. This is very worth your money and so is the last record. I think Defiance might enjoy these guys. CF (H/G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164/Japan)

THE FACET • Established Watchers 7"

This is actually a pretty good record. The songs are modern, catchy, and appealing, never really becoming tiresome or harsh. The Facet play three hardcore songs of discontent and observation, each with its own theme though they sound similar. LO (\$3 to Lucky Seven Records/PO Box 9546/Denver, CO 80209)

FANSHEN • 7"

At times Fanshen remind me of a less metal version of Citizens Arrest, though I don't think that Fanshen is as good. Still this is a solid hardcore 7" with political lyrics. The vocals are well done, and while there are a few problems I think the good outweighs the bad. Solid political hardcore. KM (\$3 to Slaughterhouse Records/4 Delmar Ave./Morris Plains, NJ 07950)

FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS • 7"

Garage punk stuff with snotty vocals. The vocals actually sound sort of Ink & Dagger influenced. If you like rock, mid tempo rhythms, and snotty vocals with an arty attitude then definitely check out the Fatal Flyin' Guilloteens. KM (Twistworthy Records/PO Box 4491/Austin, TX 78765)

FAY WRAY • CD

At first listen I thought of this as just another energetic pop punk record with lyrics about lost love and friendships gone sour. For the most part that is pretty accurate, but Fay Wray are quite infectious, and after many listens I find this to be more enjoyable than I would have suspected. A few songs throw curve balls. "Potpie" for instance is fast and snappy, while "Father To Son" has some very disturbing lyrics that really changed the way I perceived the song once I had read them. Fay Wray probably won't win everyone over, but they are off to a good start with a quality sounding release. As a side note, I was surprised to see a "hedge diving" photo on the cover. I used to do some hedge diving back when I was still young and limber. KM (\$4 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

FIRESIDE • 7"

Two songs here from Fireside. The record doesn't come with a lyric sheet, or with even an address for the band. So I am not sure if this band is from some remote country in Africa, Spain, or from some lost suburban neighborhood in America. Both songs are melodic and rockin' with a good catchy sound. Lisa compared them to Jawbox, and that works pretty well for me. Polished and refined. KM (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

FIRESIDE • Uomini D'Onore CD

The more and more I listen to Fireside the less and less they sound like Quicksand. I suppose they have found their own sound now but it took more than a few listens to cling on to their rockin' experience. They have gone a bit more rock than their last album just as Quicksand did but for some reason I can't compare the two anymore. I just hope their next album I won't compare them to some MTV heartthrob band. But in all, this album has got what it takes to rock you out of your pants. SA (Startracks/Hogbergsgatan 33/116 20 Stockholm/Sweden)

FOR THE LOVE OF IT • Feeding On The Will Of... CD

So this is the face of evil? Hmm... I have a hard time swallowing For The Love Of It's attempt at being evil. Musically they play tightly wound metal influenced hardcore that is heavy and moshable. Way more metal than Endeavor, but in the same vein. I think I am getting tired of bands using sound bites from movies. KM (Ferret/PO Box 4118/Highland Park, NJ 08904)

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS • Transmit Failure LP

At first I thought that Four Hundred Years had really given up all their edge and gone for something way more emotive and mellow. I had to pull out *Suture* and give it a listen. I remembered Four Hundred Years as this totally driving and rhythmic trip ala Shokmaker, but in truth *Transmit Failure* is a natural follow-up to *Suture*. The older harder sound that I remember is really coming from the earliest Four Hundred Years stuff. With each listen *Transmit Failure* grows on me. Even the nauseating religious bile of "Give Us This Day" isn't all that bad after a few dozen listens. I'm not sure that I would compare Four Hundred Years to any bands in particular, but their sound is a throw back to the early '90s when some of the best emotive hardcore bands were defining a new sound. Well done. KM (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210-9998)

FRANKLIN • Major Taylor 7"

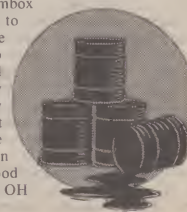
Franklin are a great band. Their sounds are interesting, catchy, and well played. These two tight tunes highlight their talent for eclectic rock, as they bring in various musical influences without losing any of their punk rock feel. Both these songs are upbeat and fun to listen to. I was dancing in my room. LO (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657)

FREE THE FOUR • 7"

Very fast and very tight skate type punk from Italy. Fast... no, no very fast is the right choice of words. The drums must have been recorded a speed too fast or something! There's a song about war, a song about freedom and a song dedicated to the united hardcore punx. Very good lyrics and amazing music. Reminds me of bands that would be on an old Thrasher skate comp. CF (Die Hard c/o Luca Gabino/Via Boni 7/20144 Milano/Italy)

GREAT OLDTIME MOVIE STARS • ...And They... CD

15 tracks @ 30:53. This is what demo tapes are for. Not CDs. G.O.M. are two guys (a guitarist and a drummer) from Cleveland who was nostalgic on their childhood, girls, and why they need girls. I never minded lo-fi recordings before this, but I've always been wary of them, because there's a lot of chaff to separate from the wheat with most homotape types. Not only do these guys read all over Ohio rock heritage as awkwardly and hamfistedly as possible, but their boombox recording has absolutely no dynamics to speak of, making this an even harder chore to get through. It makes me really sad to think that these guys spent some time and money in doing this, because it's totally flat and insincere and ugly. Crappy Kinko's kolor kopy sleeve too. Laugh it up, guys, and make fun of me next time I'm in Cleveland if you want, but deep down I know that you suck. DM (No Food Records/PO Box 41393/Brecksville, OH 44141)



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We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings.
We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.



GET UP & GO'ERS • *We Call Ourselves People In The...* CD 10 songs @ 19:35. Incredibly straightforward and slightly catchy Swedish hardcore, calling to mind 411. No lines are crossed or rules broken; this sounds old-school, and I'd have a lot more fun with my Token Entry records any day. The lyrics are pretty insightful, though, which is one saving grace. In particular, the tune "Get Up and Go!" issues forth the following statement: "We hope you find this to be a positive, energetic/And inspiring outlet/Don't let go of the fun in hardcore." Words to live by. DM (Euphony Records c/o Daniel Axelsson/Kringelvägen 10B/35244 Växjö/Sweden)

GINA GO FASTER • *Faster Motor Co., Ltd.* 7" Power trio punk rock that gets it right. G.G.F. play noisy, simple tunes with hooks a plenty and some amazingly shitty harmony vocals that sound so good. The drummer pounds the best he can while the bass throbs at speed within the clouds of distorted guitar. The vocals are fast and have to fight to be heard through the din, making them worth listening to. Short and fast tunes that are somewhat worth listening to. Short and fast tunes that remind a bit of Dead Moon though this band is more hi-fi. SJS (Shaky Records/PO Box 221007/Seattle, WA 98122)

GLASSCRAFT • 7" If this 7" had a lot more energy, it would strike me like Inkwell's stuff always hit me. Exciting, ugly and gorgeous all at once. But this is lacking something. The mix and/or recording isn't all that good and I'm left needing more of some things and less of others. Four songs by this three-piece. I think that I'd like them to add a second guitarist to give it more depth... and smooth out their vocals a bit. Male and female vocals that don't compliment each other all that well. If they would have left out the second song on the a-side and the first song on the b-side, it might be better off. The vocal effects are weird. Shit. This has plenty of room for improvement, I must say. Hits some nice spots, but the ride is pretty rough overall. Eerie at best. DO (The Sunflower Tribe/PO Box 618/Moorpark, CA 93020)

THE GLORIA RECORD • 7" This 7" is what Mineral could have become. Oh my is this emotionally depressing and jerk jerking. It is the saddest moments Mineral ever had but with some different and compelling instrumentation that leaves a somber and sadness overhead. There are only two songs on this little guy but that should hold you off until the LP comes out. I hope it won't take as long as the last Mineral LP. To let you know, it is the singer and the bassist of Mineral, which makes up a lot of what Mineral was. When you buy this, you will clearly hear the resemblance. SA (Crank!/1223 Wilshire Blvd. #823/Santa Monica, CA 90403)

GOGOGOIRHEART • *Love My Life... Hate My Friends* LP GOGGAH's LP has a distinctive sound. My first thought was that they sound like the Rolling Stones on drugs (I mean more than the usual Rolling Stones amount of drugs). Fuzzy vocals are sung and spit over rock music with a keyboard. Some songs are more chaotic and disorganized, while others were more structured with a basic rock sound. I liked some of the songs, but others lacked the energy to catch my interest. If you are into rock, this might be your thing, for there are some interesting songs, but it just wasn't my thing I guess. ARB (The Ideal Weight/1412 Sassafras St./San Diego, CA 92103)

THE GOONS • *Living In America* CD The Goons are an old school hardcore/punk band. Considering the other bands Torque has released, The Suspects for example, this doesn't come as much of a surprise. Their songs are ones of fury for and awkwardness in current society. Understandable to any freak, regardless of how they express it. At times, the singer's voice reminded me of the singer from the Big Boys. He had a similar way of carrying his voice in a song, sometimes singing and sometimes not. I found myself equally drawn in and disinterested by this CD. Were I a few years older, these songs might have caused a little reminiscing over old times. But I am nowhere near as old as Kent. LO (Torque/PO Box 229/Arlington, VA 22210-0229)

HARRIET THE SPY • *An Anthology Of Selected...* CD This CD chronicles some of the releases from this chaotic, stylish, and geeky band. On the CD you'll find the Harriet The Spy songs from the split 7" with Grain, the *Dan Taranata* cassette, the *Circle A Indicator* 7", the split 7" with Bissy Backson, the split LP with Thumbnail, the *God Gave Us Music And The Courage To Sing* 10", and the split 7" with Three Studies For A Crucifixion. Though this CD is rather long (34 songs), it is not the extensive Harriet The Spy discography. If you don't have any of the aforementioned records, this is a great deal. Also good for those out there that want to have all the good stuff on one CD. LO (Passacaglia Records/1443 Hunter Ave./Columbus, OH 43201)

HARRIET THE SPY • *Unfuckwithable* LP So it's finally officially out. I've had this record for over a year now, and I'm still not tired of it, even though the band might be. I love these guys. Nobody's really been able to pin down their sound over the years, which I think is a really good thing. Personally, I feel that they make aggressive allusions to Sonic Youth and Pitchblende. I'll have you know that this might be the best thing, content- and recording-wise, that they've released to date, and that it's much more melodic and less discordant than prior releases. All of their lyrics seem pretty personal here, covering the dynamics of personal relationships and where you're left when things don't work out the way you want them to, as well as a distaste for the status quo and a steadfast refusal to follow any trends. I went to a tech school, so from day one I was inundated with the fledgling Internet, but their drummer Jamie has outright refused to use his e-mail account at his college. I thought he was crazy at first, but now I respect that more than anything. It's like smoking; you can't quit. Just like I can't quit listening to this. Wow. Buy two. DM (Troubleman Unlimited)

HARRIET THE SPY • *Unfuckwithable* CD The vinyl for this came out sometime last year when they toured, but this is the first appearance of the CD as far as I can tell. On this record, Harriet The Spy have a much more style influenced sound than their previous, more chaotic records. I hear a little early Antioch Arrow in there even. They haven't lost their weirdo, arty feel a bit though. It doesn't have some of the intensity of their live performances, but they make up for that by being pretty tight. This release fits into the Troubleman style quite nicely. LO (Troubleman/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

HANKSHAW • *Everyday I Wish You Harm* CD I have never met a girl with Harold as her name. The vocalist in this band sounds like a girl but looks like a guy in the picture and has a common male name. I am still convinced that this is a girl though until she comes around and surprises me. So Hankshaw have female vocals in front of sweet catchy and depressing melodies. There are 4 songs on this CD and the first three catch some fluidity until the last one comes around and destroys any sort of attention. They cover "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" by Pat Benatar and play it like Codeine, completely monotonous and forever somber. The first few songs are definitely worth a listen however, especially the female vocals. SA (Doghouse)

HAIL MARY • *My Will To Die Is Dead* 7" The cover has shit people fashioning other shit people out of shit (seems like the obvious thing to fashion shit people out of). Either this is some kind of comment on the human condition or our turds are up to no good after they go down the toilet. The last two sentences not withstanding, shit is the last word that comes to mind when listening to this. I've heard of them being compared to Born Against; this comparison seems fair, but I would go more with an Angel Hair/Universal Order Of Armageddon feel (not that those bands were lacking in the Born Against influence department). They just have a bit too much of a manic feel for the straight comparison to Born Against to stick. BH (Vermiform)

HALF LIFE • *Leave In* 7" I doubt there are too many people that remember Half Life from Pennsylvania, which is a good thing for Japan's Half Life because while they share the same name their sound is completely different. Japan's Half Life play emotive hardcore that has a hard edge as well as a melodic underbelly. The vocals pivot on the fence of singing and screaming, while the music is fast paced and energetic. Their lyrics are about individuality, and the design for their 7" sleeve is very well done. Unfortunately Half Life played their last show back in 1998 because this is a really good 7", and I suppose it will be their last. KM (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M-2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164/Japan)

HIGHSCORE • 7" "Hark! Who goes there?" demanded the guard. "It is I," said Highscore. "And who are you?" replied the guard, who was now quickly becoming annoyed. "I am Highscore. I hail from a time that has past, but that is not forgotten. I am the sound of New York hardcore. I am influenced by Youth Of Today and all the great straight edge bands of that era. My lyrics are slightly more political, but I would say that my main interest is in bringing back the good times and pro-hardcore ideals of the late '80s." The guard shifted and leaned on his halberd before saying, "Well, give me a listen then." Highscore began to play, scream, and mosh about. The guard said, "Okay, you can pass," and to himself he thought, "Not bad." I most admit that I like the attitude and the enclosed writings more than the music though because the sound is a little flat and muffled, but I bet Highscore can get the kids shouting and moving about." KM (La Familia Records/Sebastian Stronzik/Sosterstr. 66/48155 Muenster/Germany)

HIDEOUS MANGLEUS • *All Your Friends Are Dead* CD I didn't take this too seriously from the beginning because the cover has the band covered in blood (real cheese-like). The music is worse than the cover; punk crust shit trying to be death metal with low growly vocals that gets boring real fast. Though the insert is of quality, ADI have trouble making out lyrics too good, but they seem to be going along with the gore theme. ADI (Timojhen Mark/PO Box 40959/San Francisco, CA 94140)

IMPACT • *Pistoleros* 12" I liked the first song, it was played tight, energetically, and with a lot of heart. Something else interesting about this record was a disturbing western theme throughout. Something for all the bucking broncos, and desperados. Anyway, this record got old fast. All the songs were exactly the same. Played at the same pace, and same style. This record could have been a lot better if they added some breakdowns, bridges, or more parts. It got just got really boring, really fast. I even listened to it 3 or 4 times to give it a fair review. The music was rad, but it was lacking in variety. I was really impressed with the production and recording. GOR (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sebot/Breitstr. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

INTENSITY • *Wash Off The Lies* 10" Holy shit this sounds like No For An Answer complete with Dan O'Mahony on vocals!! Amazing, especially because Intensity is modeled after the N.F.A.A. 7" and not the 12". They even do Ripchord and Life's Blood covers. The lyrics are all well put together, and all in all I would give this 10" two thumbs up. Quite good. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy)

IMPEL • *Omnidirectional* CD Ahhh. Impel play non-metallic hardcore with a swingin twist to it that makes me want to shake down in some parts and do the emo bobbing in others. The singing and tight screams blend perfect with the music. Impel rocked my world live a couple months ago so I was really excited to hear their CD, but the CD seems to have captured a different energy than their live set. Not to say that this is bad at all, it's just a little different. Good job. ADI (Vinyl Communications/PO Box 8623/Chula Vista, CA 91912)

INDECISION • *Most Precious Blood* 12" Indecision is pretty right on with their DIY punk ethics. They wrote a hardcore type testament in which they describe what they think of hardcore and how it is to live straight edge as a DIY punk. There isn't anything new here but it seems like a lot of kids have lost that sense of sincerity especially in the straight edge culture. Before starting a straight edge band, kids should really understand the sincerity and positivity between the lines. Indecision is one of the only SxEx bands I have heard in the past year that actually had a lot more to say than brotherhood. Now the music, to be honest I didn't like it the first time I heard it but I forced myself to listen to it because of the profound language inserted within. The vocals are high and rough while the music stays between being too technical and too straight forward. A friend of mine from Germany, Niels, says they sound exactly like Veil out of Europe. At times they remind me a lot of Resurrection, especially the vocalist, but for the most part they sound like Indecision. This is also a picture disc, a record collector's wet dream. Go buy it. SA (Exit/PO Box 263/New York, NY 10012)

INITIAL STATE • *About The Soul* CD This is a re-issue. The CD looks pretty much just like the original. Initial State played political thrash with a moody overtone. The lyrics are classic anarchist proclamations of individuality and apocalyptic predictions of the earth's demise at the hands of the capitalist machine of death and misery. I always thought that Initial State's music was a bit overrated, but lots and lots of people were really into this when it came out. So here it is once again. KM (Prank!)

INSIDE • *Seven Inches To Wall* Drug CD I daresay that the singer of Inside is one of the finest high-pitched vocalists around these days. These fellows play some polished melody-laden tunes about heartaches and the like, so my guess is that a bunch of people (like, I don't know, most of the *Heartatack* staff) might not find much in it. That's fair, but for those of who like myself who like pretty-sounding mellow stuff to get your emotions stirred, you might like to have a dose of Inside. The disc contains the two 7"s released on the two labels, a single-sided 7" on Redwood, a compilation song, as well as an unreleased song and a bunch of live Pickle Patch recordings. Quite a bit of stuff. The production is a little too smooth, so there's a little gutsiness missing, but if you'd like Elliott with less edge, give this a go. 10 tracks, 55 minutes. DO (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834) or (Motherbox Records/60 Denton Ave./E. Rockaway, NY 11518)

INWOODS • 7" Sincere is an unusual word. I mean, I'm sure many bands have something inside that they are sincere about getting out. But sometimes they still come across to the listener as if they're just going through the motions. This is NOT the case with the Inwoods. For the sake of putting a word on it, I'll say the difference is vitality or...expressability of energy? Whatever. Seven songs here, recorded by some one who knows how to record punk rock. Totally hand made covers. I'll be very surprised if I review a better record this issue. DF (\$3 to Hot Sauce Records/PO Box 372116/Satellite Beach, FL 32937)

JASON FAREEL • 7" If you are familiar with Jason's previous band (Swiz), be warned this 7" is not, and I repeat not, a continuation. Two acoustic songs here in the vein of Will Rogers, but with a touch of that smug DC attitude we all love so much. Fans of Palace should check it out. M (Corleone Records/PO Box 606/Newport, RI 02840)

JEJUNE • *This Afternoon's Malady* CD When I say that Joe Guevara is the best musician I know, I mean it. Jejune, among his other rocking bands, have blown me away and continue to do the same. This album reminds me of the Karate album because they both give me the same unique feeling. San Diego will no longer get its name as the Vulcan capital of the world but emo capital of California. And if you have heard the last album that Big Wheel released, this will bite you in the ass and make you cry for more. 14 songs that don't ever end, more than enough to give you the chills down your spine and have the emo-creeping bugs crawl under your skin. I can't say enough about this album, let alone this band. They really know how to find your soft spot. Damn kids, if only they were given guns to learn on instead of instruments, they would be the Che Guevara's of the world. SA (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115)

JEN WOOD • *No More Wading* CD Jen Wood does plain, acoustic style, melodic stuff that sort of floats as it goes. The songs on this CD are quite good, but I want them to have a little more power than they tend to. The first few songs are very catchy, but there is a definite plateau in the middle before a few more good ones come in. This stuff isn't a big break from the sound Tattle Tale had, it just feels a little more stripped down because there is only one of her. LO (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657)

JUMBO • *Wheelchair* 7" The last time I heard Jumbo, on another Peas Kor 7" release, I had mixed feelings about what I heard. On one hand, they had a big presence worthy of their name, but on the other were lacking a certain something. This time around, they've certainly built upon their sturdy foundation and made something big and triumphant. One part HUGE guitar rock and one part math-core. Very Drive Like Jehu at points and that's a fine and wonderful thing, to be sure. The cover of the 7" keeps faithful to the impeccable taste of the fine folks at Peas Kor and I can honestly say that from now on, when I think of a band that has earned its credentials on the mean streets of Pittsburgh, City of Steel, this will be that band. Urgent in the purest sense of the word. Great in the furthest reaching meaning of the word. DO (Peas Kor/PO Box 81116/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

JENNY PICCOLO • picture disc 7" Jenny Piccolo is out of control. Imagine, if you will, a twenty ton semi truck with no breaks hauling ass down a winding hill. All hell is breaking loose. And someone is going to die. When emo meets power violence. Thirteen tracks of crazy, full steam ahead hardcore with a need for speed and a desire to crush played by a bunch of skinny ass emo looking hardcore kids. Did I mention that someone is going to die? KM (\$4 to Three One G/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177)

JESUIT • 7" Jesuit is back around with two tunes with lyrics and one instrumental. The sound is heavy and bloodied with a slow methodical aura. Musically, I think Jesuit is pretty solid. The design is what you would expect from Hydra Head. KM (Hydra Head/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

J. WIESE • Cat Woman 7"

Hmmm. Two noise tracks. One of the sides features a fairly simple and straight forward buzzing sound that doesn't have much tone or volume change, though there is a bit of variety. The other track is more chaotic and crazed; at times the noise almost sounds like people screaming and I have a vision of people jumping from a burning building in my head. skcart esion owT .mmmH KM (\$3 to Helicopter/24846 Walnut St. #205/Newhall, CA 91321)

JOSHUA • CD

Pretty run of the mill stuff. Indie rock with personal lyrics. It sounds real pretty, almost harmless—like the stuff on the radio. The songs are generally mid-paced with building parts, but nothing that get too crazy. LO (Doghouse)

KNUT • Bastardiser CD

This shit is tough, real tough. The music is real thick and pounding, though not fast. It is sort of like getting your ass kicked real slow, just for torture's sake. The guitar chugs and the singer moans at a steady pace through nine songs of frustration and anger. LO (Snuff Records/PO Box 5117/CH-1211 Geneva 11/Switzerland)

KASSABONE RED • LP

Can you spell Cap'n Jazz? Here is how you might want to spell it: K-A-S-S-A-B-O-N-E-R-E-D. If you liked Cap'n Jazz then I don't see how you couldn't like Kassabone Red. While the similarities are obvious, I wouldn't call this a rip off because Kassabone Red do inject some of their own ideas into the mix. In any event, they have a good sound and the recording works well with their music. Personal lyrics. KM (Concurrent/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

KILL ME TOMORROW • 7"

Here comes some really cute indie-pop with dual male/female vocals that sounds sort of like Ribbon Fix. It's the type that's all nice and pleasant, but really can't do a hell of a lot other than sit there and look pretty. Quite repetitive and a little on the droning side. The song on side one is quite awesome, but side two can't live up to it. It's like Built To Spill or one of those really good indie-rock bands plus female vocals. They need to use that whole dynamic range on both sides, instead of letting it get too stale on one side of the sound spectrum. Mixed feelings, but at least it's not unlistenable. Side one also has a dope-ass sketch of the band in action. I will certainly want to keep this to listen to "Difficult" a few more times. DO (Kat Records/PO Box 460692/Escondido, CA 92046)

KEPONE • Sweet Irene 7"

This is one weird 7". There are two tracks, the first being a faster punk tune with snotty vocals. Short and quick. The other song is longer, but it sounds more like a John Cougar Melancamp song than a punk song. It tells the story about a woman that was raped. It sounds sad and moody. I don't know what to think about this one. KM (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

KINSHIP • 7"

Screaming vocals, that have a slightly whiny feel to them, combined with emotive music that generally stays on the harder end of the spectrum with some solid driving guitar and song structures. Some groovy and stylish emo; hip gyrating and neck snapping galore. Pretty good, and better than some that are doing this style today. Mine came on white vinyl. KM (Apathy Press/PO Box 629/Osseo, MN 55369)

THE LAPSE • Betrayal! CD

14 songs @ 44:53. It took me a long time to learn to appreciate the Van Pelt. To that end, watching them play live put lots of things in perspective; working within a pop context, they were able to build the tiniest of melodies into something mighty, and on terms I could appreciate, no less. Right as they were approaching the golden days of their career, though, they did what all good bands should do: break up. About a year later, Chris and Toko of the Van Pelt resurface as The Lapse, with Dave from Rye playing drums. The results are surprisingly direct and sounds a lot more kinetic and unbridled than the Van Pelt stuff did. There's an acoustic version of "The Speeding Train" on here, leading me to believe that some of these songs were unhatched Van Pelt tunes. Songs are composed of circular, catchy guitarage that reminds me a lot of the stuff I've been writing. Chris's high-pitched spoken/singing now has more of a rant quality, with loaded words of passion and the reasoning behind it. Toko sings a bit too, and her songs reflect a mature, beautiful pop sense that Blonde Redhead, her earlier band, will never thaw out enough to achieve. This is excellent stuff, kids. Don't sleep it. DM (Gem Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

LAST DAYS OF AUGUST • 7"

Two mellow indie rock tunes with sentimental lyrics. Bands of this style either have to be catchy or cast out a lot of passion to keep my interest. Last Days Of August had neither. Leslie couldn't shake the terrifying vision of a greaser singing at a corny '60s prom with pink taffeta dresses and sky blue ruffled tuxedos (never mind that she has absolutely no idea if '60s proms involved taffeta or ruffles). Even our dorky sing-a-long didn't make it any better. LO/LK (42 Evan Ave./Oceanside, NY 11572)

LEFTOVERS • 7"

I enjoyed watching them play in my living room so I have been anticipating how this would sound. They give two songs on this little ditty and one is an instrumental that they could have left out. The song with vocals, however, was very rocking and more indie rock than I expected. Geez, Doghouse is really broadening their tastes now—from hardcore to emo to country and now indie. Well for the indie/emo rockers you might find this one in your arena. SA (Doghouse)

LESSTHANZERO • Frattaglia! CD

Call me shallow, but most times it's difficult for me to really into the foreign stuff that I review, if for no other reason than the communication difficulties. Even with lyrical translations, I can't seem to retain much interest in this particular CD. The recording of the vocals is quite bad, effects-wise, the saxophone parts are randomly tossed into a mix of impromptu jazz-meets-hardcore-meets-cheeseball rock. They've got some decent lyrics here and there and I can appreciate their effort, but I'm afraid it ends there. I find no enjoyment here. 17 songs, 60 minutes. DO (Nsaoie Records c/o Roberto Moratti/Via Tolstoi 64/20146 Milano/Italy)

LEWISTOWN • 7"

Fairly heavy hardcore toned down so that it has a slow feel to it. Reminds me of Wellington. It still has fast parts, but they are few and far between, which I believe sounds better than most of the bands that just play fast the time (I don't really mean that, but what the hell). A lot of emotion comes together when the songs climax at the fast parts. Some of the lyrics are nonsense emo stuff, I guess. Excellent record. RG (Bug Recordings/PO Box 14672/Richmond, VA 23221)

THE LAPSE • Betrayal! CD

In between The Van Pelt and Native Nod, you get this fine Gem Blandsten release. Both Chris Leo and Toko Yasuda from the Van Pelt are in this project and you can definitely feel the same influence. Chris shares the microphone in this band and Toko's vocals on this are awesome, strangely reminiscent to Blonde Redhead and as innocent and cutesy as the Shonen Knife. I have been listening to this the entire week and have grown more into this band than the Van Pelt and that is saying a fuck of a lot because I love the VP. Here they also do the "Speeding Train" but acoustic which sets the mood much better. And "Mentalism," ooh that is my favorite song, next to the 13 other awesome numbers. God, this album gives me chills. Don't you dare leave the record store without this gem. SA (Gem Blandsten)

LENGTH OF TIME • Approach To The New World CD

Boring death metal influenced hardcore (maybe they would call themselves death metal?) that is pretty lifeless and sad. The lyrics are supposed to be evil and all that shit, and they seem to be into Manson, but it all just comes off as trite and unoriginal. Simply put, bad. KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

LOS CRUDOS • 1991-1995 Los Primeros Gritos LP

This is a twenty-eight song discography of Los Crudos songs. This includes songs from their 1st & 2nd 7"s, their split 7"s with Huasipungo & Manumission, and a ton of songs from a bunch of different compilations. The 12" includes a booklet with their lyrics in both Spanish and English, some flyers, a few photos, and some historical information about the band. Crudos recently played their final show in Chicago, which ends an eight year stint for one of the most influential and important hardcore bands in the '90s. Unlike most hardcore bands, Crudos was capable of maintaining their spirit and integrity from start to finish. When it was all said and done, Crudos helped to define hardcore without compromise. Excellent. KM (\$6 to Lengua Armada Records/2340 W. 24th St./Chicago, IL 60608)



art by Ryan Smith

KARATE • The Bed Is In The Ocean CD

This is the best three piece I have ever heard in my life! I am sure that there are many other kids out there that would have to agree with me on this one. Well, this is the most mature record they have released. Some might say it is more like Farrina's other two bands, The Secret Stars or his solo project, because many of the songs are relaxing and a bit more patient than you would expect. A lot jazzier than their last album which is a positive plus. But fuck do they do it better than any band I have ever heard before. These 9 songs will not only sit you down from your hard stressed day but it will kick off your shoes and give you a sensual back rub and will touch you *exactly*, and I must emphasize exactly, where you want to be touched. They are your ultimate lover and at the same time your best friend. Go ahead and ditch all your friends and your girl/boy friend before you buy this. I promise you that this is all you will ever need in life, and please buy their second LP as well because that is another plus. This CD is so fucking tremendous to listen to that for the rest of the day I sometimes won't listen to anything else. Don't hesitate to buy this CD. Do it immediately. Do it now! SA (Southern/PO Box 577375/Chicago, IL 60657)

KURT • Schesaplana CD

Nine new songs with all the power of the first LP. Kurt is a pretty good band. They play up beat hardcore with an edge, combining intensity and melody. At times, they are reminiscent of bands like Swiz or Fuel. Not that they really sound like either of those references, but they have the same amount of energy. Their first record was amazing, and this is a continuation of that sound. If you've never heard this band, I recommend checking them out. LO (X-Mist)

KIDS INC. • Journey To Seven CD

This album is performed by a male trio from New Jersey. All of the songs have a definite pop punk feel to them with varying degrees of tempos. The themes of the songs coincide perfectly with the music and consist mainly of friends, relationships, and growing up—all classical pop topics. Solidifying their cuteness, are vocals that are both whiny and nasally. One positive aspect to this CD is that while not necessarily original or complex, the guitar work is steady and somewhat catchy. If that is enough to make you purchase *Journey To Seven*, go for it. TR (\$6ppd to Alan Smitheer/818 Defense Dr./Marlton, NJ 08053)

LIVING WAR ROOM • CD

There are only five songs on this one, but The Living War Room play long songs with lots and lots of parts and segments. Their sound is fairly diverse and I hear a lot of different influences buried in their sound. In the course of one song they can go from an emotive slow beat to a harsh sting with screaming vocals. For the most part they maintain the harder edge though, and I wouldn't want anyone to think that this is melodic or happy sounding. The unifying theme is abrasion. My copy came with a patch. Features Rob from Prevail on bass, if that matters to anyone. KM (Spare Organ/421 Sherwood Way/Menlo Park, CA 94025)

LYNDAL CONTROL • CD

Although this is pretty good melodic indie rock, it just doesn't grab me. Aside from the fourth and seventh songs ("Untitled" and "Bohemian Grove"), the music just kind of trudges on. I'm also not into the vocals. But the layout is great—pictures of guys with instruments jumping, along with one of the band standing in a parking lot looking listless underneath an artsy cloud-cover. Oh, and all the lyrics are in italics, which hurts the eyes. PCD (Four Minute Recordings/45 South 700 East #4/Salt Lake City, UT 84102)

LIMP • 7"

"Produced by Greg Hetson (Bad Religion You Idiot!)," the cover and insert scream. That's the selling point of this tame, lackluster pop-punk band from somewhere in California, who make the mistake of combining the drive of frat-rock like Rocket From the Crypt with quirky lyrics similar to They Might Be Giants. They thank Fat Mike which should give you an idea of where they want to be. These are '96 recordings, and suggest that Limp now has a four-person lineup, so look for some major label promos soon, I guess. DM (Cold Front Records/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)

LOXIRAN • CD

Finally, metal influenced hardcore with intelligent lyrics that doesn't bore me. Loxiran has a style akin many bands today with their brutal yet polished sound. The first nine songs on the CD are great; good sound and interesting subject matter. The two live songs suffer from the recording, and the finer qualities get stripped away. Leaving an overall chaotic noise sound that isn't bad, just not on par with the stuff before it. Their 7" is also included at the end of the CD. Six more songs, though these incorporate more of a straight edge sound. I enjoyed reading all the lyrics. They lose something in the translation, yet remain much better than some originally written in English. LO (Per Koro/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

MALEFACTION • Man Grows Cold CD

Malefaction's CD starts out heavy and never eases up. In the lyric booklet they say they play "black metal influenced hardcore exclusively" and I would tend to agree. Powerful hard driving songs that are over in a hurry. No ballads to be found here. Definitely a power violence type sound. Hellnation and Capitalist Casualties are brought to mind, but more metal than most. The lyrics are better than a lot of the bands in this genre, the songs range from the concepts of beauty and sexism to the colonization and christianizing of native populations. Metal and brains are a good combo. ARB (Out Of Enslavement/484 River Rd./St. Andrews, MB/R1A 3C2/Canada)

MEADOWLARK • 7"

Wow, this is pretty good. There is a hint of Heroin influenced, early nineties hardcore in all these songs. Meadowlark plays hefty hardcore with a pace that does not bore. I liked reading their personal, yet political, lyrics. Most of them are first person descriptions of oppressive forces, done well so you understand the situation as well as what it would be like in the person's place. LO (PO Box 8317/Austin, TX 78713)

MIDIRON BLAST SHAFT • 7"

2 songs on clear vinyl from this Philadelphia, PA area four-piece. Both songs start off as no great shakes, but somehow they build a considerable degree of tension with loud guitars and a churning mid-tempo rhythm. They owe a small debt to Fugazi or the Sleepy Time Trio, and a considerably larger one to Glorium, a particularly misunderstood arty post-HC band from El Paso, TX. Just good enough to merit a positive review. DM (Maccabiah Records/10103 Wilbur St./Philadelphia, PA 19116)

MINIM • 7"

Well I'm stuck with what to compare this to, maybe Rye or The Jesus Lizard. Distorted bass is up front playing driving or dizzy-rock bass lines. The bassist also sings and she does a fine job of it. The guitars and drums revolve around the bass. This is a decent 7" but there's just not much here to interest me, but it's not something I would trash at all because these folks do a fine job doing what they're doing. ADI (Dyslexic ReKords/528 White Oak Dr./Roselle, IL 60012)

MÖRSER • Two Hours Of Doom CD

There is something creepy about brutal stuff with German vocals. The German makes it just that much scarier, tougher, and more heavy. There are twenty-two songs on this CD, but they fly by. The guitar and drums just pound away at you, and it is great. The songs are abstract, but all moving towards a theme of destruction. Not for the timid or weak, but definitely for any fan of real brutal shit. LO (Per Koro c/o Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

MELT BANANA • 7"

Fucking weird stuff. The lyrics are gibberish, and the vocals sound like they are recorded way too fucking fast, but when you switch the speed of the 7" to 33 RPMs (it is listed as 45 RPMs) then the music is too damn slow. The music has all kinds of techno noises added in and the pace is real quick and speedy. I know these crazy freaks have a following, and I bet their live show must be complete chaos, but I wouldn't recommend this to anyone that isn't prepared for a wild ride. Buckle up and hold on. KM (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164/Japan)

MANNER FARM • "We" Is A Difficult Concept For Us CD

6 tracks @ 14:03. Heavy, scratchy-throated political pop-punk from Vancouver that reminds me a lot of bands like Pressgang or the Dillinger Four, only with a more spare sound. This EP gets better as it plows along. Good control of melodies, impassioned lyrics and vocal delivery, and a sense of hope in their not-so-cheery song topics help to bring their message home. DM (\$5ppd to Troy Malish/Box 1168/Elkford, BC/V0B 1H0/Canada)

MISAMEE EPPILLIHP • 7"

Chaotically driven em-core in the vein of Bob Tilton but with a lot less thrusting force. It is on the margin line between being amazing and sliding right off your back. With a little more umph and a bit more power behind their songs, they can become legendary. The insert is very beautiful however, and is one of the best inserts I have seen this entire year. SA (Flower Violence Records/Augartenstr. 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

THE MISFIRES • What Else To Do 7"

The Misfires play basic 2 or 3 chord punk rock. It's not too slick, not too trashy, not too loud, not too exciting. It is mediocre. The Misfire have drums, bass, one guitar, and a singer. There are four songs on this 7". There are words to the songs. SJS (Watch My Stance/PO Box 13243/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

MISTER GUILTY • CD

Slow rock, bouncy beats and emotional ballads. I am not sure why, but it kind of reminds me of REM. I definitely picture the first song being a radio hit. Don't get the wrong impression, it is a good song with a catchy chorus, not a lame song that is only written to make money. They sound best when they play their mild bouncy rock beats, and their weakness is when they try to shift over to punk rock or the singer gets on the verge of screeching and growling. Don't hold me to that REM thing. 14 songs. RG (sbchapm@comp.uark.edu)

MURDOCK • 7"

Four more tracks from Murdock. "Who's Murdock?" you say. Well, Murdock is a little known band from Staten Island, New York. They released a CD over a year ago, and are now putting out a new 7". The sound is similar to a lot of bands on Mountain Records. Emotive hardcore played with passion and fury. The vocals are screaming with the occasional singing, and on a few songs there are layered vocals with a singing track and a screaming track. It is all done with power, and the recording and production all come together to give Murdock a great sound. KM (Goldtooth Records/PO Box 621/New Paltz, NY 12561)

MY BIG WHEEL • Pick-Up Lines CD

Nofx clone number 4096. If people can't be troubled to write original music I won't be troubled to write an original review. BH (Underworld Records/10738 Millen/Montreal, PQ/H2C 2E6/Canada)

MY HERO DIED TODAY • Definition... CD

Five songs from this German hardcore outfit. I have listened to this CD countless times and I always find it enjoyable, but I can't really come up with either a good description or a comparison. The sound is heavy and there is a very subtle mosh-metal influence, which works very well. It is all put together with a solid recording and a very slick production. The lyrics are more personal than political, though I believe that the songs have some meanings, I just have no idea what those meanings are. In any event, I definitely enjoyed My Hero Died Today and look forward to more material from them. KM (Join The Team Player Records)

MY LAI • Learn... Forget... Re-Learn LP/CD

Ten tracks of speed, fury and chaos from Chicago's My Lai. The music is harsh and frantic, while the lyrics and attitude of the band is honest and inclusive. Each song comes with printed lyrics as well as a short explanation of the song's meaning. I saw My Lai play this summer with Crudos and MK-Ultra and it became very apparent that Chicago must have one of the healthiest DIY hardcore scenes at the moment. Definitely worth checking out. The CD also includes four songs from their 7" on Divot. KM (the LP is on Static Station/PO Box 470650/Chicago, IL 60647 and the CD is on Divot/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

MY PAL TRIGGER • Lessons In Ancient History CD

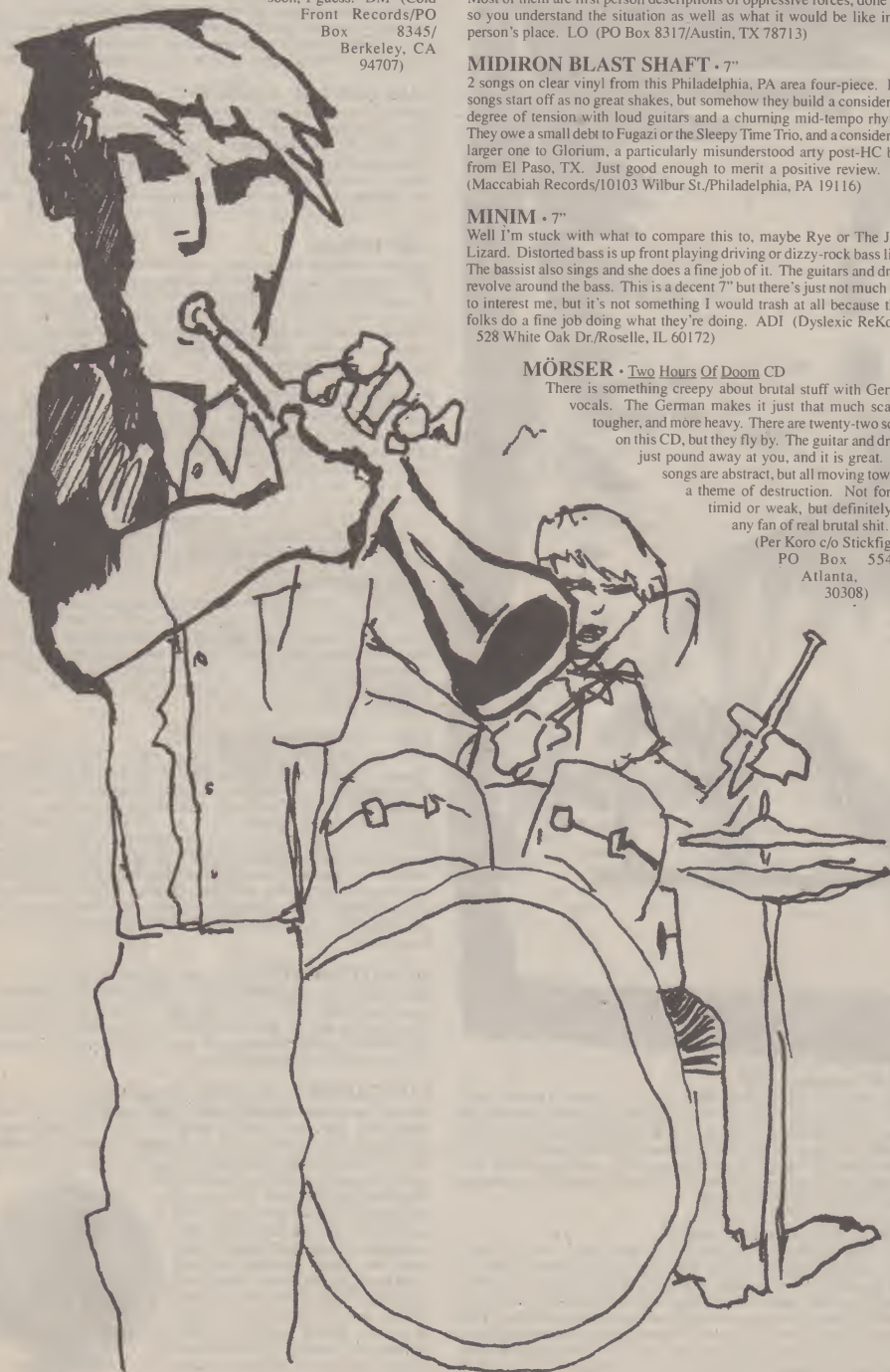
From the first chord progression, I'm hooked. I'm happy to call Trigger my pal. In fact, we go way back. He and I used to play Atari 2600 together and we were on the same little league team. You know what? Now that I mention it... me, my pal Trigger and our good buddy Jawbreaker were inseparable up through sixth grade until Jawbreaker got too big for us and started hanging around with those junior high kids. So, we stayed young and poppy and cute, while Jawbreaker grew up too quickly and eventually burned-out. We learned quite a bit from our old grade school chum and some folks say we even look and sound related somehow. How I yearn for those days sometimes... but at least now, they can be recalled by listening to this fine 7 song CD that clocks in at just over 26 minutes. DO (Kat Records/PO Box 460692/Esccondido, CA 92046)

NUTLEY BRASS • Ramones Songbook 7"

SOMEONE HELP ME PLEASE!!!! THEY ARE PLAYING EASY LISTENING VERSIONS OF RAMONES SONGS!! PLAYING A RAMONES SONG IS BAD ENOUGH! BUT WITH HORNS?!?! LOSING... MIND!! THE HORROR!! THE HORROR!! BH (Vital Music/PO Box 210/New York, NY 10276-0210)

NORA • Kill You For A Dollar CD

These five tunes pass by in about eleven minutes, which is surprising only because Nora play deep, droning hardcore in the vein of Threadbare (whose songs were generally quite long.) Lyrically, each song comes face to face with an enemy, be it internal or external, and does battle with it until satisfied it has been defeated. A major theme is not losing yourself in a sea of negative influences. LO (Ferret/PO Box 4118/Highland Park, NJ 08904)



NEVERFALL • Symbols Of Inner Self CD

Nothing I love more than to see that a band respects God, and Neverfall must really log in some time in church since God is the first one thanked; hell they were probably reading Bible passages while I was surfing last Sunday—I'm such a sinner! I wonder what any God would think if s/he saw that they were thanked alongside some hardcore bands. Pretty funny. Anyway, Neverfall play aggressive mosh metal with personal lyrics that are alternately about the singer's strength and weakness. Blah, blah, blah. The music isn't bad if you like metal influenced mosh stuff, and the lyrics aren't all that bad, just real vague. KM (Shandle Records/PO Box 1032/Mentor, OH 44061-1032)

NO WAY OUT • 7"

The press release that came with this record says that No Way Out is, "The only band in Connecticut... to bridge the growing gap between hardcore and punk." While I doubt they're the only one, this does serve to describe their sound. They are distinguished from others by a bit more creativity in their songs and I'm sure it's no coincidence that there is a woman in the band. I was slightly worried by two business cards from the label that came with the record, but none-the-less, it is decent. DF (Straight Force Records/49 Crestdale Rd./Glastonbury, CT 06033-2408)

NORTH • 7"

Okay, so North is built by people that were involved with Goodbye Blue Monday, I Am Heaven, and Elements Of Need, but is it good? Well, that all depends on if you like listless indie rock (sometimes referred to as "emo" when the indie rockers are trying to get street credibility). One song has no lyrics and the other just a few short lines. I don't know. I couldn't listen to I Am Heaven or Goodbye Blue Monday without yawning, and the same can be said for North. Of course, it is well done, and if you liked the aforementioned bands then North will undoubtedly be cool for you. Everyone has their own trip, I guess. KM (MindWalk Records/PO Box 22514/Philadelphia, PA 19110-2514)

NOSTROMO • [Agiu] CD

The lords of metal have finally shown their faces in this album. With heavy duty production and the destructive ambience this creates they could definitely be on Relapse or some other huge label. The vocals remind me of a hybrid between Tim Singer's vocals and those of Coalesce. The musicianship is fucking incredible and I wouldn't doubt they had long hair with satanic pentagrams tattooed on their bodies. Sometimes I hear remnants of Rorschach's influence when it gets really technical and complicated. This is some serious fucking metal hardcore. There is no other place you can find it better than in Europe. Be careful when playing this CD, you might just go out and kill your neighbors. SA (Snuff Records/PO Box 5117/CH-1211 Geneva 11/Switzerland)

OMAHA • Non-Par Mystifications And Self Extrications CD

Wow, this is BAD. So much of this is just inconsequential background noise with drippy vocals. One track sounds like it is on 33 instead of 45, but it is a CD. There are only four songs on here and, quite frankly, they sound so similar that this only one I remember is the one that drags on with its "experimental sound." This is the kind of horrible stuff bigger labels try to pass off as post hardcore. Post hardcore seems to mean boring rock in this case. LO (Doghouse/PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

ONE DAY CLOSER • Songs Of Silence CD

Pretty cool stuff. Driving, full body hardcore with intense personal lyrics. The nine songs on this CD are mostly similar, with a few tempo changes here and there. It has a tough guy feel to it, but not one of the bonehead variety. Coalition puts out nifty records. LO (Coalition/PO Box 243/6500 AE Nijmegen/The Netherlands)

ONE FOR THE GIPPER! • 7"

Political punk rock from Minneapolis played by a four piece band. There are two guitars, but it's not really noticeable as the songs are simple and repetitious. The music is a back drop for the vocals which are hoarsely shouted. Topics addressed are jingoism, following a leader, environmental and social degradation, and sexism. No new insights are provided. The photos inside the sleeve suggest that One For The Gipper! play an energetic live show, which did not transfer to vinyl. SJS (Hub City Records/www.angelfire.com/sd/galipo)

OSCAR AND THE PIGEON SISTERS • The Bald... 7"

A blast from the past with that rock-a-billy punk hybrid sound and oh-so shocking lyrics (a song about a "punk rock boy" and a "hard rock ho" [their words, not mine] having a fling in the library and another about grinding up those that are not liked but keeping the skulls so that they can "give me head" in the singer's own words). Somehow things just don't seem so shocking anymore since a certain news story (that seems intent on dying a very slow and protracted death) out of Washington DC hit, not that this would have been particularly shocking had it hit before either. Mostly this was just a yawn-o-rama. BH (Vital Music/PO Box 210/New York, NY 10276-0210)

OUTRAGE • To Terrorize Ear And Mind 7"

The first Outrage 7" is pretty good, so I was happy to find another in the review box. Outrage are a DIY mosh metal band that really care about communication. They make a big effort in their lyric booklet to explain each song and encourage feedback. They appear very plugged into the scene and concerned for it. Musically, their droning style can be a little boring. Though, all in all, I would rather hear this type of stuff in its unpolished form than the overproduced and unoriginal noise it can so easily become. LO (Day One Records/Kapelstraat 56/2275 Lille/Belgium)

P. ORANGE • 7"

On the same label as the Turnip single, and with vocals much similar to that band (Arne, is it you again?) Very minimal packaging; just a white sleeve and a sticker, and nothing else. Listening to this, I now understand where people came up with the term "jazzy emo"; it's marked by clear guitars and not-so-obvious melodies, and the drumming swings a bit too. This sounds very nice, but it's not something I would come back to very often, especially since bands like Cap'n Jazz and Modest Mouse do it so much better. DM (Drei Ecken Ein Elfer/Bergerstrasse 11/28217 Bremen/Germany)

PAINTBOX • 7"

This reminds me of the later Jerry's Kids stuff. Somewhat rockish, yet still energetic hardcore. Unfortunately it also includes the somewhat cheesy/wanky guitar solos in too much abundance (at some points it starts to sound more like Iron Maiden). Not too bad. BH (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoichi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo, 164-0013/Japan)

PALPATINE • 14 Ways To Embrace Death CD

Don't let the packaging fool you; this isn't that good. The title would be a more suiting title if the band was actually brutal. The territory of semi-fast punk hardcore has already been mapped out and Palpatine don't chart any new terrain. It seems this band hasn't had enough time to mature. Some of the songs I can see potential (like in some of the emoish parts they throw in) but fall short due to lack of self-evaluation of their song structure. They also should've spent more money on recording instead of the insert. ADI (Slow Gun/4760 Blue Mountain Dr./Yorba Linda, CA 92887)

PARK • Scene 14 CD

Emo-pop. It's got no oomph (for lack of a better word), no intensity. Just does nothing for me. This band seems to be proficient at it. BH (Playing Field/PO Box 851/Urbana, IL 61803)

THE PASSENGER TRAIN PROPOSAL • 7"

The big hole! These hip Pennsylvanian kids sound like they might be heading for Crank! someday. Some hardcore Christie Front Drive vibes in the guitarwork, with semi-kooky vocals that would have to change a bit for me to really get into them... some weird Into Another shift. They rock like independent. They know what they're doing and don't get cocky about it and that's a definite plus. Maybe the vocals will grow on me. If y'all know what the first Rocketscience 7" sounds like, maybe that will help you out on what this one's like. B-side song rubs me better than the first song, even, in a Small Dog Frenzy fashion. Strong, cohesive sound; good stuff with room for improvement. DO (Ed Walters Records/524 S Randolph St. Apt. 1/Philadelphia, PA 19147)

PASSING TRUTH DRIVE • 7"

Screamy and scratchy vocals cover crazy and poppy hardcore. The lyrics are all very personal, in a generally sad way. PTD do three songs on this record. The music is good, but the vocals take away from it a bit. Leslie felt the last song had a very drunken "We Are The World" sing-along feel. LO/LK (Sprout Records c/o Tsuyoshi Konno/1-10-27, I-Bancho/Aoba-ku, Sendai-City/Miyagi, 980-0811/Japan)

PENFOLD • Your Eyes Have All The Answers 7"

If there is a prize for most emo, then Penfold must be within a desperate grasp of the short list for that prize. Musically they don't really distinguish themselves serving up your basic throbbing rhythm section at medium speed supporting a thick cushion of whining guitars. They excel at their lyrics. Some folks wear their hearts on their sleeves. These guys have managed to make white t-shirts of their entire cardio-vascular systems. One line from the track "I'm Never Coming Home" goes like this: "I've been proven wrong before, but I don't think I'll ever have the strength to hold my head up high and yell about things I've done and all the times I've closed my eyes and let my heart take over all my thoughts and all my fears with hope." Yikes! There is so much teen angst gushing from that one line that Molly Ringwald had to leave the continent. The vocals are given prime location in the mix, fortunately the voices are tolerable. If you like tunes that ask the question: "Am I in your world?" and answer it with, "Change me so I am loved" then Penfold have made a record for you. SJS (Hearts Down Recordings/204 Raritan Ave./Highland Park, NJ 08904)

PERFECT FORCE FEED • Miserable Weakness CD

Fortune minutes of slightly odd rock. I wasn't too interested. Too straight forward, and not enough oddity to keep my attention. Four songs in total. No printed lyrics. Perfect Force Feed sounds like something that would be on Touch & Go a few years ago. Indie rock with an emphasis on rock rather than melody and pop. Next. KM (Crooked Jaw Records/PO Box 19624/Baltimore, MD 21225)

PHOBIA • Means Of Existence CD

Fast, manic thrash and grind with deep throaty vocals and a million sound bites. This shit rocks as a soundtrack for playing Dungeons & Dragons style computer shareware games. The perfect score for the slaughter of orcs and goblins! KM (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

POINT OF FEW • 7"

The title on the cover is pretty much unreadable, and the name doesn't make much sense, but this Dutch hardcore band is damn explosive. From start to finish they play high energy hardcore with plenty of spark. Fast and exciting. The lyrics are an assortment of personal statements and vague political ideas. Eight songs, all well done. KM (\$5 to Discontent/Veldkampstraat 1/7913 AL Hollandscheveld/Netherlands)

POLICY • CD

Brown paper bag packaging and single Xerox paper insert leaves a little to be desired, but is actually classier than it sounds. At its best points, the CD stirs up imagery of Crimphrine, Maximilian Colby and maybe a little Trigger Quintet... but that is at its absolute best. Pretty raw stuff with some good emotions and interesting grooves and fair social statements in the lyrics. A short spoken word about veganism and activism. However you cut it, these guys are miles beyond their old stuff, which I hear was in the ska realm of things. Yikes. Stay with this and forge ahead, my friends... you're on your way to doing some fine stuff. 11 tracks, 43 minutes. DO (Defenestrate Records/313 Maple/Richardson, TX 75081)

THE PROCESS • End Times CD

17 tracks @ 37:21. Fast, 2-D punk that rocks somewhat, with the following strikes against it: 1. band nicknames Dr. T, Lodie, Sloth, and Bubba (probably to protect their identities as businessmen or Sunday school teachers); 2. lyric sheet scrunched together in the insert, with no kerning between letters or spaces between words, making it almost impossible to read; and 3. song titles (and content of) "PMS," "Guns R Better Than Grrrls," and "Hippy Death Camp." In the right hands, songs about owning guns, women "bitchin' and moanin'," and killing people could turn out okay, but I don't think these guys have much control of satire. Great, you can rock, but you seem pretty dumb and conservative too, and you bore me. The Process. DM (Industrial Strength/2824 Regatta Blvd./Richmond, CA 94804)

THE PSEUDO HEROES • Dreaming Of Freedom 7"

Get down. Crazy pop punk that vacillates between a rock'n'roll and near how-down pace. Good for gettin' loaded and dancin' stupid. Leslie suggests that it sounds like real old Green Day. Frustratingly, every time the lyrics seem to be about something deeper (which certainly is not all of the time), the side notes explain that the song isn't really about anything. LO/LK (\$3ppd to Kyle Kline/227 Latonka Dr./Mercer, PA 16137)

PAURA • Reflex Of Difference CD

This is Buenos Aires hardcore. It's not that bad really—the sing-a-longs are really quite good—crisp and clear. It's kind of old school but now and again there's a metal riff tossed in just for fun. It just sounds like Mouthpiece with shitty drumming. There are lyrics about strength, friendship, and unity. Three of these tracks are live. Oh yeah, and there's pictures of guys with instruments jumping and yelling. PCD (Conspiracy Chain c/o Marcio Cotinelli/Caixa Postal 87/Sao Paulo-S.P./01059-970/Brazil)

RACEBANNON • Is The Most Complete Volume... 7"

A growling voice and some thumping drums accompanied by heavy guitars. This band would probably be real intense and crazy live. Unfortunately, this recording tones them down quite a bit. They don't capture the insanity of a band like Palatka, but they are certainly in that vein. It sounds like they need more practice. Surprisingly, the lyrics read like a passage from *The Catcher In The Rye*. LO (Witching Hour)

RANCOR • Never Hold Back 7"

Youth Crew the way I love it. Fucking positive and energetic. Another band to fuel the fire for many kids out there in the PA. As a youth crew band, there are certain rules you must follow—you must be positive, you must have at least 2 sing-a-longs in each song, you must have a song about friendship and loyalty, and you must be positive. This band carries all that and more. Out here in the west coast, Stand Your Ground would be a good comparison to Rancor. Buy this while armed with your two finger positive go-go-go! SA (\$3.50ppd to Young Blood/217 W Main St./Ephrata, PA 17522)

THE RATS • It's War CD

Fast punk that sounds sort of like early Bad Religion or NOFX, except they are a lot more hardcore so that is a pretty weak comparison. It is much better than standard boo-chi boo-chi punk, but still has that simple foundation for the songs, with a little extra to help it stand out on its own. The inside cover shows some cool pictures of them shooting guns and passed out and stuff. There are fifteen songs, equaling a lot of music. The lyrics are written so small that I can barely read them, but most of them seem to be about war, hence the title. The singer sort of does that fake UK accent thing, unless it is real. RG (Industrial Strength Records/2824 Regatta Blvd./Richmond, CA 94804)

RED SCARE • ...A Word About High Fidelity 7"

Think Born Against mid-tempo/discordant hardcore and then make it a bit more manic and up-tempo (i.e. Angel Hair). You get this and at one point it would have been called "emo." My only complaints about this are that it sounds a bit thin, probably due to recording reasons, and that it seems to run out of steam near the end of the second song. BH (Paralogy/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

REINA AVEJA • Bee Complex 7"

This shit sounds good both on 45 and 33 revolutions. Anyway, this is an all female punk rock outfit playing sludgy and brutality in the blood from many of the bands out of the Bay Area. The vocals are fucking brutal and totally awesome, at 33 they sound like Deadguy. I hardly hear that many all female power violence bands and this one is pretty damn good. They don't pick up the pace with super drill drumming but keep it mid-tempo or even slower. 3 songs here for all the pissed kids that need something to drink down. SA (Probe Records/PO Box 5066/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

REIZIGER • Don't Bind My Hands CD

The liner notes say that this was record live, but it sounds really too good to be from a gig, so they must have meant that it was recorded live in the studio. Reiziger play emotive hardcore with a melancholy feel. Rhythmic and engaging. Reiziger do a great job of drawing me into their music. There are only four songs here, but those songs cover nearly twenty minutes. Recommended to anyone that likes Bob Tilton or Amber Inn. No lyric sheet, and though I can make out most of the lyrics there is one song where I swear they sing about the fact that they "miss their records." KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

REIZIGER • Our Kodo CD

I liked Reiziger's live CD better than this one, but *Our Kodo* is still a really well done emotive hardcore record. The sound is soft and sad, and the singing often sounds more like talking than singing with an emphasis on atmosphere. The melodies are well written, and all in all I would describe Reiziger as captivating emo hardcore. Great stuff. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

REMAIN • CD

This is a four song compact disc, to give an idea of the length. And the contents of the four songs are quite pleasing. These Japanese dudes play fast, bouncy, and moshy—a deadly combination. All of the songs are similar in nature but change in tempo from one another. Viva Variety. I wish the lyrics were printed in English, or that I could speak Japanese. And my friend wishes that they showed a picture of them, but oh well. They sound a little bit like Judgment. There are a few sing-a-long part in the vein of Trial—to help you get an idea of their sound. This rocks the house. RG (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoichi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

THE REPORTS • CD

I don't know what to say about this. This didn't strike me as anything but a radio alterna-rock band. They remind me of Weezer, they have that sort of good times, poppy feel "everything is gonna be ok" kinda thing going on. No lyrics were included, but it doesn't sound like anything too insightful. I can't really recommend this because it didn't do anything for me, but they do their thing pretty well. ARB (The Bread Machine/PO Box 14624/Chicago, IL 60614)

RETCONNED • 7"

Whoa, this is a very weird record. As far as I can tell, completely synthesized besides the vocals. Spacey, robotic vocals flow like quicksilver through the veins of a dancing robot. This really held my attention, just because I had no idea what was coming next. Every time I hear this I feel like melting, very weird. I really like the note that came with it, "Please review record for 'zine. Yes." ROB (PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)



ROOSEVELT • 7"

This should have been reviewed well over a year ago, but for some reason it has been passed over issue after issue, which is too bad because this is a pretty good listen. In any event, Roosevelt's three songs are rhythmic and emotive. Their sound reminds me of what emo used to sound like before indie rock turned emo into straight rock. One side plays at 45 RPMs and the other at 33 RPMs, and the record comes on marbled gray wax. A nice little gem to hunt down if you are still interested in old school emo. Damn, can I use "old school emo" now? KM (Boxcar Records/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902-1141)

ROTTEN SOUNDS • *Psychotic Veterinarian* 7"

Finland's Rotten Sounds are back with a vinyl version of the mini-CD that S.O.A. released some time ago. Thirteen frantic thrashers that grind and growl with a twisted sense of humor. Some of the humor could be described as "humor," meaning that I am sure some people would find Rotten Sounds' sense of humor more offensive than funny. Musically this is total insanity and crazed mayhem. A blast of twisted shit right in your face. KM (S.O.A. Records c/o Paolo Petralia/Via Odesideri da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

RUEBENS ACCOMPLICE • 7"

Weird indie rock/emo type stuff. Fairly decent recording. No lyric sheet. GOR (15836 N Second Ave./Phoenix, AZ 85023)

S. PROCESS • LP

S. Process do slow emo grooves. Much of their music is the funky, mellow parts common to emotive hardcore bands right before the big build-up. Mind you, they never really hit the big build-up, but rather continue on with their smooth euphony. It is a lot like the current Fugazi stuff, very arty and understated. LO (Track Star/PO Box 60/Forked River, NJ 08731)

SAD ORIGIN • *Window Of Sarcasm* CD

Belgium must be the center of the hardcore mosh metal universe. I could have written this review without even listening to Sad Origin. By the numbers mosh metal. The only surprise was that the vocals were more metal than I had expected with all the vocal effects. The production is decent enough, so I suppose that those that worship at the mosh metal altar would add this to their collection with blood thirsty glee. Oh yeah, here is a snippet of one of their insightful songs about the glory of friendship: "Stay away from me and my crew... bitch... hooker for life... but nothing comes between us brothers for life!" KM (Inner Belt Records/Handelsstraat 132/1840 Malderen/Belgium)

SERPICO • *Heroes Of The Bomb Scare* 7"

Bubblegum pop punk combined with well crafted emotive rock laid down on baby blue vinyl and a picture postcard insert for good measure. Serpico are for the timid. Sweet melodies and lazy guitar riffs coated with cotton candy. Serpico have been around in one form or another for a long time now, so those that enjoy chewing on their sugar sweet songs will be happy to pop them in for a good chew and a few bubbles. KM (Day After Records/Horska 20/352 01 AS/Czech Republic)

SKY FALLING DOWN • *...To Forever Brace The Sun* CD

More extremely polished and slick mosh metal hardcore from Good Life Recordings. Sky Falling Down do it well, with lots of moody breaks and sad sounding interludes. The strangest thing a Sky Falling Down is that almost every song has reference to a mysterious female, but who is she? Mother Nature? A real woman? A fictional woman that stands as the icon for humanity? Weird. KM (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

SAKÉ • 7"

I find Saké rather hit or miss. The stuff from the split LP with Submission Hold is great, the 10" didn't excite me, and I only really like one of the two songs on this record. Their raw, thick, and slow crust sound is made eerie and especially interesting by the violin. At best, they remind me of Cwll. Though, since Aolani can't sing and play violin at the same time, the song with less violin sounds much more like Detestation. LO (Hopscotch/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

SAKÉ • 10"

As I've said before, Saké is hit or miss. Some of the songs on this ten inch are amazing, others have parts that tend to lull. If you liked the material from the split LP with Submission Hold, this record is worth checking out. A lot of Saké's sound has all the power and savageness that sucks me in. The violin and lyrics are especially good. LO (Hopscotch/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

SAM THE BUTCHER • *Assembly Line* CD

Sam plays energetic rock that leaves me frustrated in my vain attempts at sending across a fitting description. I want to say pop-punk, but then Green Day or Blink 182 comes to mind. Avail comes close, maybe, but there's even more hardcore elements at play... sort of Hot Water Music style, but almost the moshy straight-edge style is more similar... weird. Good, but a tough nut to crack. They know how get the momentum going, that's for DAMN sure. They must set Arizona on fire when they take the stage. I swear that they'd be a good choice for Avail to take on a national tour. Good, fun stuff. 8 songs, 27 minutes. DO (Far Out Records/PO Box 14361/Fort Lauderdale, FL 33302)

SANTIAGO • *Rock-In Tummy Dummy* 7"

Janglin' and danglin' from the lo-fi ceiling. The drums are recorded nicely with a heavy bass drum and a tight kick. The music reminds me a lot like Bisybackson with their small Peavey amps and tight clothes too. (This is all assumed) I really enjoy this though and I can't believe this is from Europe. I haven't heard this style from over there and I am glad that it coming out of Germany. Germany is definitely been breeding some very intuitive musicians. Being the master race and all it should seem obvious. With a bit more polishing up I could definitely see Merge doing a little 7" with them or some other label that has a pretty broad selection. I hope this band does more than this intro. SA (Drei Ecken Ein Elfer/Bergerstr. 11/28217 Bremen/Germany)

SAVES THE DAY • *Can't Slow Down* LP

Lifetime reincarnate!! At first, it didn't hit me as something as incredible as it is. It was just a little too much Lifetime for me to take seriously. If you get over the fact that bands take and recycle sounds from other bands and use them for their own it is actually quite good and fun. Fun describes this record better than any other word. Perfect for wake-me-up mornings and those long car drives. But like every other pop band their songs go by really quick and are over before you know it. Saves The Day take the pop from our brisk love affairs and add doses of quick and tight songs full of energy and flamboyance. This is a must for the kids with positive go! inside their hearts. SA (Equal Vision)

SCALLYWAGON • *All We Can Afford Is A Smile* CD

Fast pop punk with octaves climbing like a monkey up a tree. And that is how hyper these kids get too. I am not usually good at comparing snotty pop punk bands to others. I usually end up comparing bands like these to either NOFX, Lagwagon, or Propagandi. I guess this sounds more like one of the newer pop punk bands heavily polished and really drunk at the same time. A band like Strung Out or something like that might be a better example. This could be a potential Fat Records release but I guess for now a label like Liberation would pick them up pretty fast. I guarantee all the surfer bras of Isla Vista would mosh to this one for sure. SA (Whitehouse Records/830 Baylor Wissman Rd./Lanesville, IN 47136)

SELBY TIGERS • *Year Of The Tigers* CD

Cutesy indie-rock out of Minnesota. The Selby Tigers strike a chord of Land of the Wee Beasties-meets-the B-52's minus some of the intricacies that the former possesses and some of the annoyance that the latter instills in most people. Pretty basic song structure, but the overlapping vocals in the choruses make it all worth my while. Golly. If I were back in high school, I'd want these kids to hang out with me and play all the pep rallies and stuff. They'd be the fun ones who have enough smarts to keep out of real trouble, but more guts than me to jump fences and play practical jokes on the dumb-ass fratboys-in-training. Fun stuff, but no information about, well, about anything since this is an indie-rock CD. Bummer. 6 songs, 22 minutes. DO (The Bread Machine/PO Box 14624/Chicago, IL 60614)

SAVONAROLA • 7"

Three tracks from this Wisconsin trio. Two tracks are anthemic, emotional rock. A loping rhythm supports a fuzzy guitar and a lot of vocals, occasionally dual. The last track is acoustic guitar and vocals and is a dirge as the title suggests. The songs seem to be dealing with the loss of someone named Andy but the overall mood of the record is positive and friendly. SJS (53ppd to Harbinger Records/47 North Marr St./Fond Du Lac, WI 54936)

SELF CONVICTION • *A War To Show That Peace Means...* CD

11 songs @ 28:43. Two-singer Brazilian vegan XXX hardcore that points the finger directly at YOU for accepting your capitalist system, wearing clothes or playing instruments for fashion, amidst many other things. I like the fact that these young men are as motivated as they are to overthrow the injustices of their homeland, because everything I know and have read about Brazil has painted it as an ugly, caste-based society, one which paints the division between the wealthy and the poor in broad and violent strokes. Their CD booklet goes into great detail to explain their position, and that's very noble. Too bad it all sounds like nth-string Victory-style tough guy mosh metal. It's the kind of accessible music that helps to get your message across to a lot of people at once, but is it really the kind of thing you'll remember years down the line, when bands like Crass, the Ex, Submission Hold, the Dog Faced Hermans and the like have actually gone out and changed music as well as people who listen to it? Grad students: this could be your sociology thesis. You owe me one. DM (215 Records/Caixa Postal 55013/São Paulo - SP 04733-970/Brazil) or (Liberation/Caixa Postal 4193/São Paulo - SP 01061-970/Brazil)

SELF DESTRUCT • *Live Or Lose* CD

Hmmm... I don't know what to say about this really. Self Destruct play basic hardcore with a touch of melody and plenty of energy. On a few of their songs I hear a Sick Of It All similarity in the vocal work, but at other times they don't have anything in common at all. The lyrics are a combination of reflections on social ills and more personal topics. The more I listen the more it grows on me, though I doubt if I will ever be too excited about *Live Or Lose*. KM (Self Destruct/1872 Leonard Ln./Las Vegas, NV 89108)

SEVEN MINUTES OF NAUSEA • *Chavo* CD

75 minutes of blurry, two piece ultra short thrash from the mid '80s! Really bad recording, but it adds to the frenzied felling of the CD, kinda. Only 9 tracks, each one side of a demo, but every demo contains hundreds (thousands?) of songs. This is a little hard to stomach all at once, but I managed. The last 10 minutes is pure, lo-fi, feedback noise recorded last year, very hard to listen to, not my thing. Thrash man, no holes barred. ROB (Eccentric/PO Box 572/D.56005 Koblenz/Germany)

SHOREBREAK • *Path Of Survival* CD

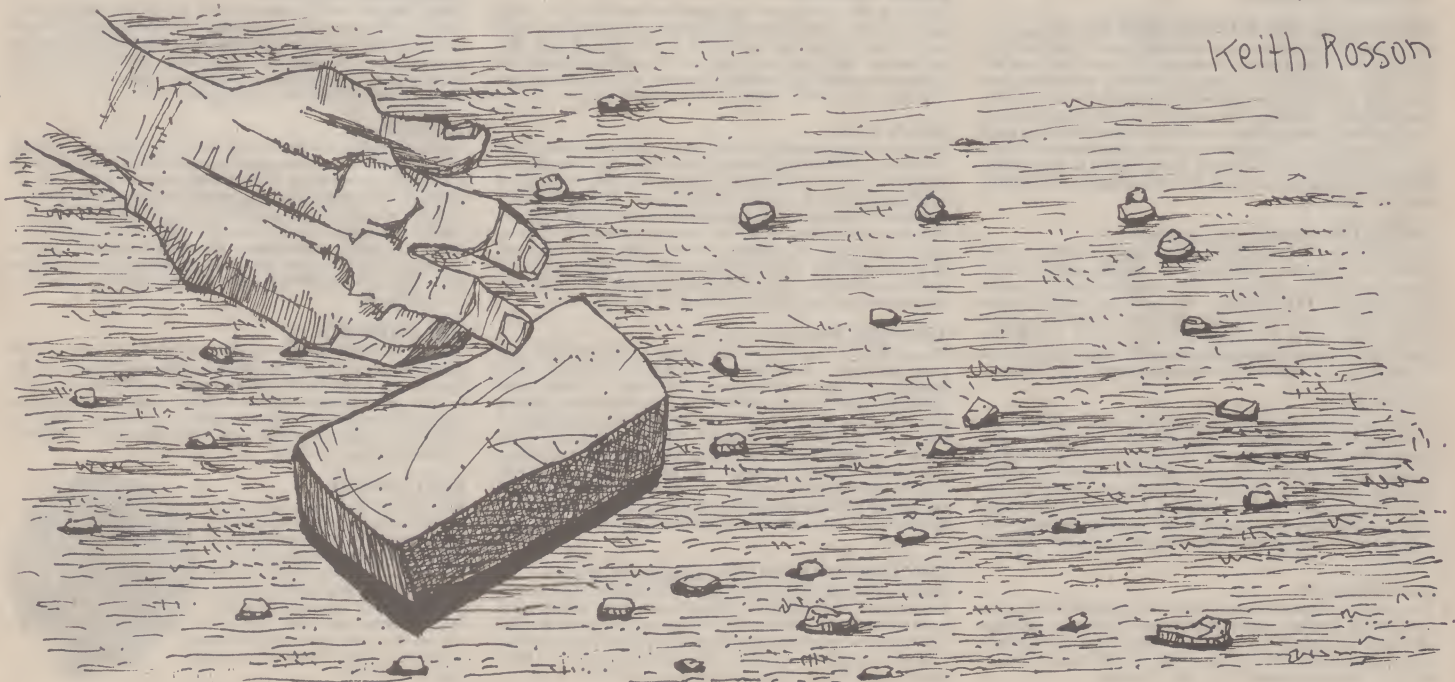
I am surprised at how similar this sounds to everything else on Good Life. Slick production, metal influenced, some moshing tendencies, lots of chorus parts, and heavy breakdowns. The live photos sum it all up well; kids screaming along as they point into the air. It is well done, and the sound is good, so if you aren't looking for anything groundbreaking then jump on stage and shake that booty and belt out those lyrics. KM (Good Life Recording/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

SHORT MILLE • *Foe Of Someone Else* CD

Short Mille do eight songs here and they are all very energetic and fun sounding. We are talking a mix of ska and pop punk that just won't stop. This is party music. It goes by so fast that it is hard to notice whether or not it is done well, but if you are partying you probably don't notice anyway. LO (Whitehouse Records/830 Baylor Wissman Rd./Lanesville, IN 47136)

SIGHT FOR SORE EYES • CD

This tight outfit emerges out of Brazil playing music ala Fat Wreck Chords with some fast SxE tendencies, I also hear some Downcast in there as well but it's probably just me. The songs are well constructed flowing very well and are tamperly and tonally pleasing. The music can get cheesy at times but it's still good. I like. ADI (Liberation/C.P. 4193/Sao Paulo-SP/01061-970/Brazil)



SMALL BROWN BIKE • And Don't Forget Me 7"

The packaging on this is very well done with some complicated folds that must have been a pain in the ass to put together. The four songs that Small Brown Bike offer up this time around, this being their second 7", are all very melodic and very, very, very Jawbreaker influenced. I mean really, really, really Jawbreaker influenced. The songs are enjoyable, and I am sure that anyone that is interested in melodic Jawbreaker influenced punk will really like Small Brown Bike. KM (Utilitarian Records/162 N Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342)

SMOL • I Couldn't Care Less... 7"

Featuring ex-members of 3 Way Cum and Warcollapse, SMOL plays Swedish hardcore with irreverent lyrics. "I Couldn't Care Less" is an anti-political song, while "Smash" is a song about smashing cops, and "Greed" is about, well, greed. The other two songs are about unity and people that continually lie all the time. I wasn't blown away by SMOL, but they do this sound well and I think that anyone that enjoyed 3 Way Cum or Warcollapse or other more political/crust hardcore bands from Sweden will be into this one. KM (Reiterate Records/PO Box 287/Harwinton, CT 06791)

SPACEBOY • Getting Warm On The Trail Of Heart CD

Ever wonder what happened to Clifford? You know, the crazy fucker that sang and screamed for Blast! Well, apparently he got high a lot and started singing for a very un-ambitious band called Spaceboy. Fucking nuts. Spaceboy is a cannabis induced assault. They have actually been around for several years now, but when you have songs like "Planet Of Pot," "Stoner Fort," and "Return To Cannabis Island" you have to realize that you are dealing with some mellow fellows, if you know what I mean. I was quite surprised when I saw them play because Clifford had traded in his insane "I am going to rip off your head and shit down your neck" attitude for a very laid back and nice "Hey dude, it's cool" presentation. In any event, this fucker rocks, thunders, and dips into the haze with ferocity and energy. Musically, Spaceboy are in the same universe as Blast! with heavy and complicated music, and Clifford's singing style has not changed much at all. I am impressed, and I would definitely recommend this to anyone that likes challenging and heavy music that is done with talent and dedication. KM (Frenetic Records/PO Box 640434/San Francisco, CA 94164-0434)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS • A Working Title... 7"

Four arty songs here with lots of sound bites. The packaging is nice and visionary, and the music is pressed on transparent clear vinyl (is it a metaphor for the way most people behave?). Live, I imagine The Spirit Of St. Louis could either seem like a cool emotive hardcore band with an arty edge or a wanking art band with boring songs. I hope for my sake they will be the former since they are from California and I am sure I will see them at the Pickle Patch soon. I pray to the gods of music that it won't be another painfully boring band experience. In any event, these songs have plenty of groove and melody and the arty feel may add to some listeners enjoyment. After a few listens these songs were starting to grow on me. KM (Dilemma/28441 Shrike Dr./Laguna Niguel, CA 92677)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS • A Working Title For... 7"

It is good to hear that there are kids still in southern California that still embrace emo of how it was in the earlier part of the 1990s. Well, The Spirit keeps that spirit alive well and emotionally moving. Vocals are more like spoken word, reminiscent to Moss Icon in the strangest way, and the music certainly finds a catchy and fluffy way of greeting you. The Spirit include 4 songs on this 7" which is enough to need for more. SA (Dilemma Audio Visual/28441 Shrike Dr./Laguna Niguel, CA 92677)

SPIRIT OF YOUTH • Colors That Bleed CD

I don't remember Spirit Of Youth being so damn slick sounding, but I guess that's what they ended up like with a top notch production job, a clean recording, and an increase in the mosh metal influence. It sounds good, though I am not all that into their music. Powerful and tight, this all comes together. I was expecting more of a Youth Of Today type straight edge sound than a metallic sounding crunch. KM (Good Life Recording/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

SPAZMZ • Nuclear CD

12 tracks @ 27-44. Coming off as sort of a crusty-ish version of Pet UFO, Toronto's Spazmz play punk the way that mid-America feared it—loud, up front, and unforgiving. Singer Karen actually reminds me of Alice Bag, with a old-school howling voice spitting out smart and occasionally funny lyrics about objectification of women, the consequences of one's actions, and being indestructible (thanks to aliens). All told, it sounds good, it's pretty over-the-top and enjoyable. DM (Wounded Paw Records c/o Preston Sims/PO Box 67725/RPO Spadina West/Toronto, ON/MST 3B8/Canada)

SPINELESS • A Talk Between Me And The Stars... CD

Ugh, more mediocre mosh metal. It is even that this particular stuff is that terrible, just that I've had to listen to so much of it this issue that my tolerance is incredibly low. The vocals, music, and lyrics are all dark—but this is not death metal. Just metal influenced hardcore. LO (Sober Mind Records/PO Box 206/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

STATE OF THE UNION • LP

This isn't at all what I would expect from Profane or Skuld. State Of The Union uses sound bites as if their songs depended on it, they have the look, and the lyrics that fit with the political-punk meets crusty-core that one might expect from PE/Skuld, but musically State Of The Union is way more straight on hardcore than crust. The songs are solid, and the music is well done. Raging hardcore with the soul of the crusty punk. One of the better things I've heard on PE this year. KM (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

STRANGE FRUIT • 7"

Strange Fruit has a melodic sound with real harsh vocals. The songs are dark, partially due to the bleak lyrics and partially due to the winding, distorted guitar sound. They are sort of the weird mix of emo and crust, which makes for an intense sound. LO (Clear Thoughts Destroyed/Lützenkirchenstr. 309/51381 Leverkusen/Germany)

SUPPRESSION WITH FACIALMESS • Collaboration 7"

I don't know, I'm just not into noise. I just don't really understand it or relate to it. With that in mind, I have to say that I have no idea how to describe or review this record. Weird noises followed by more noises. Fucked up and sick. Certainly not for everyone. KM (\$3 to Clean Plate Records/PO Box 709/Hampshire College/Amherst, MA 01002)

SUBTRACTTOZERO • 12"

This 12" suffers some from a really compressed sound. Either the mastering or the recording could have been better. It isn't terrible, but it takes some of the power from the music. Subtracttozero's sound is mostly medium paced stuff with an emphasis on heavy and trudging. Depressing and overbearing, each song drains and throbs. The enclosed booklet fits well with the music thematically and adds a nice touch to the record. KM (Primary Thoughts/PO Box 511085/Milwaukee, WI 53203)

SNIFTER • Action... Reaction! 7"

Snifter's Snifter play eight songs of fast thrashy hardcore with strained and throaty vocal work. The lyrics are half in Swedish and half in English. Topics include pornography (anti), racism, and animal liberation. Brutal and driving with some nice moody elements, Snifter do a pretty good job of tearing things up. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Jonas Nilsson/222 28 Lund/Sweden)

SORE LOSER • Is Out To Save The World CD

Sore Loser is good. Not just musically, but lyrically as well. It is so nice to read intelligent, thoughtful lyrics that make me see things from their perspective. Song topics range from the loss of a parent to punk rock idealism. Every song has an explanation that is much longer than the lyrics, that is so good. Musically they play poppy hardcore with a melodic emo slant. They remind me of the Broadways both lyrically and musically. I would definitely pick this up if intelligent melodic hardcore is your cup o'tea. ARB (Act Your Age Records/3244 Locke Ln/Houston, TX 77019-6208)

SOUL COMPOST • 7"

This is one record you can tell by its cover, which is filled with skulls, bones, and corpses. They even employ that hardcore-nast font for their name. Inside and on the insert there is more of the same, and the lyrics are included. Their sound is fully ugly (but I don't mean that in a negative way), with mixed shrill and throaty vocals. These are the sounds of being burned at the stake. DF (Nonsense Recordings/PO Box 381143/Clinton Twp., MI 48038-0077)

STATIC AGE • Hatred 7"

Garage rock never sounded so bad. I figured it was from Orange County before I heard the first chorus. This is really really bad Costa Mesa garage punk rock. It is so bad that it makes me laugh to myself. Quite comical in an unrepresented form and terrible sounding rock which should only be listened as a deterrent from suicide. After listening to this, it is obvious to say that these guys are in a worse off position than anyone contemplating death. SA (Teabags Records/PO Box 2051/Costa Mesa, CA 92628)

STELLINA • 7"

When did Charles Maggio (singer from Rorschach) move to Italy with some of the members of Iconoclast and start a band? Somehow I doubt that this record is the product of such an event, but it sounds as though that is what happened. It starts out somewhat melodically, making me think that this is going to be another horrible indie rock record, then it picks up speed and starts sounding a bit like Rorschach, but with more of a groove and not as heavy (i.e. like Iconoclast sounded). My only big complaint is that one of the guitars is way to jangly sounding for the somewhat metallish sound they are going for (and if this isn't the sound they are going for the guitar is still jangly enough to be a bit annoying). Otherwise I liked this. BH (Nicolo Fortuni c/o Pisan/Piazza Ellero 2/3170 Pordenone/Italy)

STERLING SILVER • 7"

This is some nice stuff. Nothing to get your heart pounding, but instead to get it swooning and thinking about the bittersweet things in life. Definitely not for those who need to RAWK, but it's got some Pohogoh feel to it, with vocalists that sound like Natalie Merchant and Jeremy Enigk (minus that whole indecipherable mush-mouth) or the Violent Femmes guy (minus that really snotty shit). Quite a package. A member of Trans Megetti, but that's more trivia than indicative of the style. A lot of music on this small record and in short, it is well worth investing in. Indie-pop-rock, with emphasis on indie and pop rather than rock. DO (Slowdance Records/PO Box 120548/San Diego, CA 92112)

STILL LIFE • Madness And The Gackle... LP

It took me a few times through to appreciate this record. At first, I really thought it was bad, but the more and more I listen to it, the more I like it. I now find that I enjoy even the terrible parts. Still Life has a quality unique to them. Unlike other bands, so much of their personality comes through in their music. A music that is true to them and their lives. This is one of the things that makes them a great band. I doubt any of their records could compare to the first seven inch or the double LP, but they always capture the essence of their emotions. For that reason, I like this record. Its mellow tones and building emo parts are totally real and refreshing; many lines stick with you as you go about your day. LO (Sunflower Tribe/PO Box 618/Moorpark, CA 93020)

STORMSHADOW • Black Power 7"

I want to like this 7" more than I actually do. The enclosed booklet is filled with all kinds of writings and news clippings about the song topics, and it is really apparent that Stormshadow have more on their minds than rocking' out. Two thumbs up on that part. But musically Stormshadow don't do so much for me. Their sound is solid hardcore with male and female vocals, and while I would say that they do it well, it isn't all that exciting. Basic hardcore stuff with an extra boost of love and time put into the presentation. KM (Ch-Ching Records c/o Matthew Crawford/634 Monmouth Ave./Port Monmouth, NJ 07758)

SWEET THE LEG JOHNNY • 4 9 21 30 CD

I thought I was going to really hate Sweet The Leg Johnny, but I found myself paying attention and in the end I wasn't bored stiff. The saxophone helps to keep the energy level and while this is certainly indie oriented it is all played with attitude and a certain sense of drive and power. The saxophone really put it all together for me. Part college rock, part indie, and a few parts in between. KM (Divot Records/PO Box 14061/Chicago, IL 60614-0061)

THOSE WHO SURVIVED THE PLAGUE • LP

Those Who Survived The Plague do a melodic, yet harsh, punk sound with an anarchist slant. At times they remind me of the German band Peace Of Mind, though Life... But How To live It? is what they should really be compared to. They go through fast punk parts and harmonized slow parts, all the time keeping an uppity air of resistance. The booklet has a cool theme of familiar images twisted and used to display their vision of the world. LO (Sacro K-Baalismo/Felberstr. 20-21/1150 Wien/Austria)

TALK IS POISON • CD

This is some good shit. Powerful and aggressive, Talk Is Poison play medium to quick paced hardcore with lots of bite and spark. They handle the chorus sections quite well, and I can see a crowd of people going off to Talk Is Poison and screaming along. Really good. High energy. KM (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

THE TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE • 7"

Imagine Brit-pop mixed with Smashing Pumpkins with a healthy dose of Valium for all the folks contributing vocals and maybe you envision what these fellas are trying to accomplish. I know that's usually the goal that I go for. Hmmm... kinda weird. Fuzzy bass guitar = not my thing. Really pleasing cover, but I haven't really made up my mind on the Experience. The b-side song's vocals remind me of a mellowed out Stone Temple Pilots, which can't be too good a thing. Interesting, if you will... but not interesting enough to make me shell out my hard-earned clams. Far better than Stone Temple Pilots, but falls plenty short of Smashing Pumpkins' "Siamese Dream." Boy, if these guys get a hold of me, I'm in for it. I've pretty much left you on your own to make a totally random, uniformed purchasing decision, haven't I? Too bad for you, I guess. DO (Southern Records/PO Box 577375/Chicago, IL 60657)

THINK AGAIN • Plastic People 7"

Their name is Think Again, they play the Minor Threat song "Think Again," and they are described as NY's answer to MT. You can probably guess what their music sounds like. But don't worry, they don't sound like a complete rip-off band or anything. They have an original sound. And overall it is a pretty enjoyable record. There are six songs (including the Minor Threat tune). It has an amusing cover which looks like *People* magazine. A guy sings the songs but he kind of sounds like a whining girl and it is kind of annoying to me (not because he sounds like a girl, but just because he sounds annoying, mind you). Maybe they sound a little like Detestation, who in my opinion are kind of like Minor Threat. Right? Oh shut up! Bottom line: Minor Threat rules and this band wishes they were them. Plus, the vinyl is see-through green! Bonus. RG (Prophecy Records/6049 Lake Brandt Rd./Greensboro, NC 27455)

THRE3 • Soulève Tout CD

Quite frankly, this band sounds like the alterna-rock bands Bush or Live. Though at times they bring in a spookier metal sound or synthesized, dark new wave feel most of their stuff stays on that course. The songs are about Jesus, love, and more stuff about faith. Torture. LO (PO Box 3397/Corpus Christi, TX 78463)

THREE MILE PILOT • 7"

There are kids out there who feel that Three Mile Pilot reach an absorbing meditation of sound in their music—that this indie rock is so much better than the stuff produced by other posers. After all, Three Mile Pilot have been at it for so long. On this record especially, I do not get it. I am just not plugged into the vibe. To me, these two songs are just boring and uneventful. LO (Paralogy/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

THUMBS DOWN • Crossroads CD

Straight edge influenced hardcore complete with break downs and sing-alongs. Thumbs Down do it fairly well, and seem like a lot of fun. The design for their CD is nicely put together, and their lyrics are all personal in nature. They have an anti-virtual reality song which is pretty amusing. KM (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

TIE BREAK • 7"

This looks and sounds like it could be a new edge project from Connecticut or Massachusetts, but Tie Break is actually from, I believe, Norway. This CR release has everything you could want from straightedge hardcore: eight well recorded songs (@ 45) with lyrics (& vocals in English) included in a sleeve with quality layout. Their use of tempo changes beyond the obvious ones save this record from the monotony that plagues others in this genre. Recommended. DF (Crucial Response/Kaiserfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

TIMES SQUARE • Learn 12 CD

This three piece features Bobby Steele on bass, and while I was expecting something more akin to The Undeard or The Misfits, Times Square is really a lot more rock-a-billy punk meets straight forward pop punk. I am reminded of some of the country influenced punk that came out of Los Angeles in the early '80s and late '70s like the Alley Cats for instance... KM (Underworld Records/10738 Millen/Montreal, PQ/H2C 2E6/Canada)

TORN APART • The Fifty-Ninth Season CD

Moshy, but with discordant bits thrown in to break up the mosh monotony and maniacal tempo changes. Reminds me of Threadbare or Groundwork. There were bits of this that I liked, but some of the heavier parts tended to drag, the metal-attack guitars got a bit old and some of the maniacal tempo changes mentioned above seemed somewhat awkward. Otherwise this was good. BH (Ferret/PO Box 4118/Highland Park, NJ 08904)

TRISTEZA • 7"

Long winding intros give way to, well, just more intros as both these songs never really pick up. The music is instrumental and has a moody, minimal feel but the sound is still full. I like the way it sounds, however, would blow my head off if I had to sit through this live. Post rock, scary. LO (Caffeine Vs. Nicotine/3156 5th St. #124/San Diego, CA 92103)

TUNE IN TOKYO • Heat Resistant 7"

Tune In Tokyo spit out four upbeat songs on this seven inch. Their smoothed out rock brings back memories of The Nation Of Ulysses, though their sound is closer to another band with similar influences, Blue Tip. Each song has a personal, slick, poetic theme whose lyrics like to play with words and images. Akin to the lyrics of Unwound or, again, The Nation; no sentence is altogether straightforward, but I wasn't lost in the metaphor. LO (Highwater/PO Box 1202/Denton, TX 76202)

TOTALITÄR • Klass Inte Ras 7"

"Klass Inte Ras" is a song about class problems in Sweden, and while the song is written in Swedish the band has provided some commentary in English. I assume all of the songs are political in nature. Totalitär hit hard with a raw thrash sound, and all six songs are well delivered. Classic political thrash from Sweden. KM (Prank Records)



TREPAN NATION • Banish Gods From Skies... CD

Political punk power! A pop punk type band with rough vocals singing about intelligent views on lie and oppression. There are just too many bands like these that remind me of hamburgers, girls or getting laid or what not. Trepan Nation remind me of a mixture between Fuel and Propagandi, more like their first full length. And this album is very fulfilling release as well, with 17 songs to boot. I really enjoyed rockin' to this one. SA (Harmless Records/1437 W Hood/Chicago, IL 60660)

TRANE • Suppository For The White Oppressor 7"

Oh boy... To be honest this isn't really my cup o' tea, and I pride myself on having a varied taste in music. Average punk rock, mid paced and angry. Now I'm not saying the band isn't tight or the recording sucks but compared to the some other stuff I've reviewed it seems kind of weak. But remember, punk isn't just about the music it's about the message. They did an excellent job on the packaging and layout of the record. Tons of eye-catching pictures and loads of information to be read. A valiant effort with the right ideas. CF (Ancient Order of Assassins Louisville Chapter/2146 Sherwood Ave./Louisville, KY 40205)

TURNIP • Zero Base Planning 7"

Ugh! How come so many European bands are trying to sound like they're on Jade Tree or Crank? These German kids manage to add a little bit of dissonant chord structures and harmonics to their clean, post-emo shuffle, but can't shake the whiny lyrics about girls and stale, open-chord singalong pop. I realize, after reviewing this, that one of the guitarists has been an e-mail acquaintance of mine for quite some time. I think he bought a Hurl record or two from me once, which might explain the band's name, and some small elements of their sound. Arne, if you're reading this, sorry... I'll still respect you in the morning. DM (Drei Ecken Ein Elfer/Bergerstrasse 11/28217 Bremen/Germany)

UNCURBED • Peacelovepunklife CD

Damn, I wasn't expecting much from this, but Uncurbed are awesome. Totally energetic and well recorded Discharge style hardcore complete with lots and lots of metal guitar leads. This could have easily turned out really bad, but Uncurbed do their thing really well. A pleasure to listen to. KM (Sound Pollution)

UNDEAD • Til Death! CD

Bobby Steele, who was once in the Misfits, is back once again. The Undead sound hasn't changed much, except for a few songs that sound like Billy Idol songs. Hell one track is a dead on take of "White Wedding." If you liked the early Misfits' stuff, then the Undead will make you howl at the full moon. I am not sure if Bobby influenced the Misfits' early sound or if the Misfits' early sound influenced Bobby, but all the Undead stuff has been very much akin to the early Misfits' stuff, which in my opinion is some of the best stuff that the Misfits ever did. KM (Underworld Records/PO Box 358/New Milford, NJ 07646)

THE UNHOLY THREE • My City Was Gone CD

I have re-written this review several times now. I just can't find the right words to describe The Unholy Three. They play decent hardcore with a few manic moments, but at no point was I blown away. I would rate The Unholy Three as being just above average. It is really hard to write reviews for the records that are in the sort of neither world of average. I don't want to say anything bad, but I can't think of anything good either. The Unholy Three are just a solid hardcore band. Nothing amazing, but nothing to slag either. KM (Donut Friends/1030 Jessie Ave./Kent, OH 44240)

VANILLA • Social Evening & French Divorce LP

When I first heard this I was a bit let down. I remember Vanilla as having more soul and a lot more energy. So I pulled out Vanilla's first LP, and sure enough it has way more feeling in the vocal work, and the music is more energetic. If you are a die hard Vanilla fan then by all means check out this new LP, but be warned that the songs aren't as well written, the vocals have mellowed and the music is played with a lot less passion. I like the way the drums sound better on *Social Evening & French Divorce* than on the first LP, and there are a few songs that have that certain spark (the Bob Tilton influenced songs), but all in all I would have to say that *Social Evening & French Divorce* just doesn't do Vanilla justice. KM (Conquer The World/PO Box 40282/Redford, MI 40282)

WARREN COMMISSION • What The Rain Doesn't Know CD

I assume the rain doesn't know anything since rain is not capable of thought, but whatever, I guess the title is meant as a metaphor. Toe tapping pop punk coupled with head nodding indie rock. Male and female vocalists. Some songs are energetic some are outright dull. Not for me, but I am sure that lots of people would find this enthralling (as in Steve Aoki or Dylan Ostendorf). KM (Unity Power Productions c/o Dan Horlitz/76 Winthrop Rd./Windsor, CT 06095)

THE WHITE LIARS • CD

This is terrible. I can't stand shit like this. It reminds me of rednecks getting drunk and playing pool. The White Liars are simply a terrible bar band that probably can't get out of the bar scene. The only band I can compare this to is Paw and fuck do I hate that band. This just sucks. SA (12860 Beach Blvd. Suite G-437/Stanton, CA 90680)

WIMPS • Rollin' On With... CD

They sound just like the Ramones, I can think of little worse. BH (Morgenstond 13/5473 HE Dinter/The Netherlands)

XMILK • Scarcity CD

A good CD filled with twelve songs of up to date hardcore. Xmiik fall somewhere between positive fueled straight edge stuff and low-pitched bellowing stuff. Their lyrics are personal as much as they are political. While this isn't the most original band, they certainly do a good job with what they've got. LO (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

XMILK • Function CD

Xmiik may well have the worst name I have heard, but they do make up for it by playing fast energetic hardcore. They have power and solid song writing. At times they remind me of a faster Second Wind or Double O from Washington, DC (i.e. Minor Threat influenced hardcore on speed). Quick. Their lyrics tend to be fairly political in their concern with social problems. Well done, though maybe not the most original band ever. KM (B-Core Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

YOU & I • Within The Frame CD

Six more songs from New Jersey's schizophrenic You & I. I say schizophrenic because half of the time You & I plays heavy chaotic hardcore stuff and the other half of the time they are wimping out with some emo material. At times the changes can be anything but smooth, and the word "awkward" comes to mind readily. It seems to me that they are maximizing on some of the weaker elements of their full length LP, but I know they are still gaining popularity so I suppose lots of people enjoy the mish-mash. Their full length, *Saturdays Cab Ride Home*, was better than *Within The Frame* but it too suffered from over done parts; the last song on side B, for instance, being an endless escapade of feedback and noise. In any event, if you like new school hardcore that is influenced by mosh, chaotic emo-violence, and the subtle drifting emotive flitter flatter then You & I will take you there and back. A bumpy ride but they seem to know their way around. You & I also has a 7" out, and some of the people in this band were in Instil, so if you like their sound there are lots of releases to track down. KM (Spiritalfall/215 Hancock Ave./Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

YOUTH AGAINST • La Revolucion De Los De Abajo LP

I find it nearly impossible to review this 12" without mentioning Los Crudos. Both bands are from Chicago, both bands sing in Spanish with English translations, both bands have a similar musical style, though Youth Against are slightly more melodic, not unlike some of the earlier Crudos stuff. I would argue that Youth Against are to Los Crudos as D.Y.S. were to S.S. Decontrol; meaning that while Youth Against are certainly influenced by Crudos they are an excellent band and deserve to be recognized for their strengths and not merely for their similarities to Crudos. In any event, this is a great hardcore record with inspiring lyrics. Definitely worth checking out. Twelve blasting songs with a slightly melodic underbelly. KM (Alarma Records/PO Box 16193/Chicago, IL 60681-6193)

HOT WATER MUSIC/RYDELL • split 7"

Melodic and rockin' Hot Water Music and Rydell each offer up one tune. Hot Water Music are what you would expect from a melodic high energy band that still maintains some edge in their sound. I assume most have heard on of their countless releases by now. Rydell are less edgy with a sort of moody back woods feel to the vocal delivery. In a vague way they remind me a bit of Lungfish, though this is the one and only Rydell song I have ever heard so it is a bit hard to make much of a comparison. KM (Scene Police/Revolution Inside)

MAKE-UP/LUNG LEG • split 7"

My love/hate relationship with the Make-Up rises to the surface again. While they are a ton of fun live, no record of theirs can capture the club experience. Their Arthur Lee & Love fixation is prevalent on their track, "Pow! to the People," with a typically groovin bass line and a truckload of reverb and guitar effects. On record, it just doesn't work. Meanwhile, Lung Leg (who I remember as a wee little grrrl pop homotaper affair) returns with big studio FX and an unfortunate disco beat. It's glossy, pretentious pop with Top 40 aspirations, and deserves no room on my turntable (when I could be listening to pop with substance, like Bettie Serveert, or even the Cardigans). DM (Southern Records/PO Box 577375/Chicago, IL 60657)

TIM KINSELLA/JEN WOOD • Post-Marked Stamps 7"

This sixth 7" in a continuing series consists of Tim Kinsella (Cap'n Jazz, Joan Of Arc) doing an acoustic cover of the Promise Ring's "A Picture Postcard" and Jen Wood (Tiger Trap, I think...) and friends doing a pleasant tune called "Sheltering Arms for the Birds." The Kinsella piece is pretty stripped-down, but after just a couple of listens, I'm starting to get over my initial doubts about it and starting to dig it. Don't expect Cap'n Jazz... expect Joan of Arc minus the electricity. Intriguing, but will cause those who despise this type of music to hate it even more. Jen and friends do a REALLY pretty song. Beautiful, really. I totally endorse this 7", even if it is for the side that I would have never expected initially... Might as well continue the collection, I suppose. DO (Tree Records/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657)

HELLCHILD/BONGZILLA • split 7"

I was in the laundemat the other day and they were having this contest on the radio in which people had to guess if the band's name was real or made up. Bongzilla was one of the names used. The women guessing laughed and said it was a made up name. How wrong she was. Bongzilla play heavy '70s rock influenced hardcore. Thick and heavy and dense. Hellchild are a bit faster and more distorted, especially in the vocal department. Both bands do their trip with skullsplitting power. KM (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Che/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

ENGINE DOWN/12 HOUR TURN • split 7"

First of all, let me just say that this record looks really good. Most of the art and design work comes from Mike who does *Scenery*, and it complements the record pretty well. Engine Down play one long emo track, with much energy and excitement poured in. Afterward it sort of moves into this slow piano solo thing at the end, which isn't really a part of the song, more like the credits rolling afterward. 12 Hour Turn have a more indie rock influenced sound at times, though they also bring in more general chaos. I liked their two songs a little more. LO (Brave Noise Records/PO Box 2268/Bradenton, FL 33509-2268)

AVARICE/CONFINE • split CD

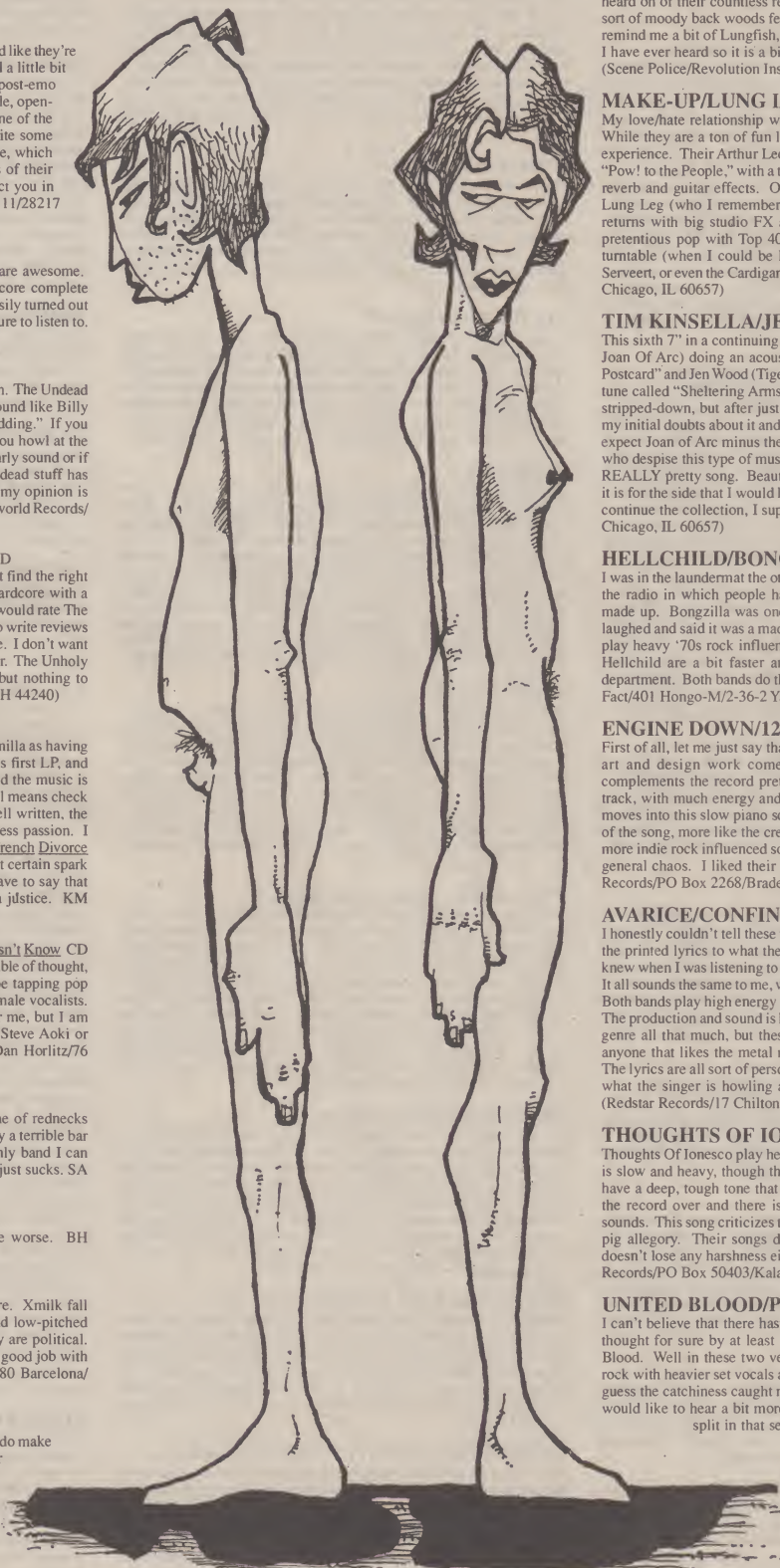
I honestly couldn't tell these two bands apart. I even spent time matching the printed lyrics to what the singer was screaming about to make sure I knew when I was listening to Avarice and when I was listening to Confine. It all sounds the same to me, which in this case isn't all that bad a situation. Both bands play high energy mosh metal with deep raspy grunting vocals. The production and sound is hard and powerful. I normally don't like this genre all that much, but these bands do it quite well. I am certain that anyone that likes the metal mosh sound will find this to be quite good. The lyrics are all sort of personal but not to the point where I have no clue what the singer is howling about. Both bands are from Canada. KM (Redstar Records/17 Chilton Pl./Hamilton, ON/L8P 3C6/Canada)

THOUGHTS OF IONESCO/CROMWELL • split 7"

Thoughts Of Ionesco play heavy, dark stuff. For the most part, the tempo is slow and heavy, though the songs do build and change. Overall, TOI have a deep, tough tone that resonates through their music and lyrics. Flip the record over and there isn't much change. More drowning dismal sounds. This song criticizes the fucked up beauty industry with an overall pig allegory. Their songs doesn't feel as thick as the TOI tune, but it doesn't lose any harshness either. A good record. LO (\$3.50 to Makoto Records/PO Box 50403/Kalamazoo, MI 49005)

UNITED BLOOD/PRESSURE POINT • split 7"

I can't believe that there hasn't been a band named United Blood yet. I thought for sure by at least 1988 there had to be a band named United Blood. Well in these two very quick songs, they play real catchy punk rock with heavier set vocals and harmonies. It ain't as bad as I thought, I guess the catchiness caught me rockin' out a bit to the tunes. I definitely would like to hear a bit more from United Blood. It is too bad this is a split in that sense. Pressure Point plays more upbeat and oi-ish numbers. This really makes me want to get out my Op Ivy record right now so I can try oi-ing it up in my room. I can really get in to this right now even though I hardly listen to punk like this. Pressure Point might be the catalyst to bring me back to the roots. SA (Coldfront Records/PO Box 8345/Berkeley, CA 94707)



WORTHLESS/SOV • split 7"

Worthless play punk rock with a little bit of influence from late '70s Clash style punk. They play two fairly catchy tunes. The last song is a little faster than the first and has a heavier sound. SOV play music that is a lot faster and more hardcore. They sound a little like Capitalist Casualties, Cease And Desist, and maybe a little Assfator 4 (I know that throwing out names like that makes everyone happy). Basically this is a good record. Both bands are enjoyable. RG (New Jack Records c/o Jennifer Peck/Rutgers University /25665 DO Way/New Brunswick, NJ 08901-8706)

GONE BALD/NO TOMORROW CHARLIE • split 7"

There's nothing overly wrong with Holland's Gone Bald, but they're just not playing my favorite style. Their side is a slow, stop, slow rock song with some effects in the vocals. I liked the building it did after the first verse. NTC are from Belgium and I liked their side better. Also rockish, it moves along at a more lively pace. Also, there are some not-so-usual sounds mixed in that work well. DF (FBWC Records/Sint Pietersaalt Straat 45A/9000 Gent/Belgium)

ABERRATION/DEGRADE • split 7"

I reviewed the Inwoods record on this label and it was great, so I went into this one thinking it might be all right. Well, the Aberration wasn't. It was terrible. I could feel my life force being sucked away with every revolution. I noticed their song titles weren't included anywhere at all. Degrade, however, had both song titles and lyrics. Always the optimist, I was sure this was a sign that the Degrade side was going to be better. Wrong again. Just bad wasteful hardcore in my opinion. DF (\$3 to Hot Sauce Records/PO Box 372116/Satellite Beach, FL 32937)

BROTHER INFERIOR/WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES • split 7"

The design for this 7" is really great with a nice fold out poster. Brother inferior play angry hardcore with one song being about the Promise Keepers (a conservative Christian group that celebrates men's power), and a tune about greed. Very well done. Whorehouse Of Representatives also play fast angry hardcore, but their vocals sound a bit too squeaky at times. Still they blister through their four tracks. Another solid political punk 7" from Profane. KM (\$3 to Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE FALL OF LENINGRAD/INCOMING! • split CD

Patience is so damn important when listening to this split release. This is a very long CD. I actually think this is a split demo but released on a CD. The recording is terrible which makes it unbearable to listen to and it just goes on and on forever. Both the bands are chaotic and punk rock but definitely need some outside assistance as far as musicianship goes. If both these bands put out something else I am sure it will be better than this because they can't really get that much worse. SA (4 Cronin Rd./Saugus, MA 01906)

KERVORKIAN/ALBION • split LP

This was probably the best record I've heard out of the Czech Republic. Albion play moody, lengthy music that takes you in. Their four songs fall somewhere between Still Life and the amazing French stuff played by bands such as Ivich and Shatter The Myth. Kervorkian remind me of Constantin Sankath mostly. Though their stuff tends to be a little heavier at times, they hit a similar nerve. Hell, they even have a trumpet. All their songs are powerful, catchy, chaotic, and great. LO (Minority Records/PO Box 113/11001 Prague 1/Czech Republic)

CASINO ROYALES/THE DIMITRI GUREVITCH QUINTETTE • split 7"

Interesting record. The Casino Royales so straight out contemporary surf rock in a style similar to the (amazing) Shadowy Men. Instead of taking the genre to a new place, they decided on a solid sound that is very nice to listen to. The DGQ is difficult to describe, which in this case means that they are good. I'll call them rock fusion with lots of horns. A fresh and original sound that works very well. Comes with a button. DF (Smelly Cat Records/8214 5th Ave./Travoltaville, NY 11209)

CORROSIONE/CREPA • split LP

Well, both bands hail from Italy and play socio-political punk (that's all I could tell from the song titles). The bands play very fast thrash and when I say thrash, I mean thrash like Septic death and D.R.I. The songs are very short and fast with hurried lyrics. Corrosion feels like they have a little Swedish style thrash floating around their veins too, with their strong pointed political lyrics and guitar lines. Crepa has crazy distorted vocals and all out thrash attack blasting music. This record gets most blast beats of the month. CF (Gianpiero Milani/C.P. 6327/100 Pavia/Italy)

ABSTAIN/DENAK • split 7"

Abstain blast off with a fast, furious tune in the vein of Monster X. Heavy shit with spastic vocals that come at you like a brick to the head. A pleasant brick, that it. Suddenly, the second song takes a turn for the worst and sounds much more like generic thrash. Their Agathocoles cover is alright though. Denak follow the vocal style that uses one real deep voice and one real high voice which, in combination with the double bass pedal drum style, makes their stuff insanely quick and thrashy. They play well, but I hesitate to call it innovative. There is an annoying electronic beep in the middle of their first track which had me all confused. LO (Dwie Strony Medalu Records/PO Box 55/58-260 Bielawa/Poland)

SAWPIT/BONESCATCH • split 7"

Damn. This is really good. I haven't really taken notice of Bonescratch before but their two tracks on this split 7" are excellent. Their sound at times reminds me of a mellow Born Against and like Born Against their songs are well written and memorable. The Sawpit side is also quite good. These two songs are better than the stuff they did on their 7" with Ebullition. Their melodic DC influenced sound has hardened up a bit and I hear a Former Members Of Alfonsin influence buried in there at times (I realize the Former Members Of Alfonsin reference is a bit cryptic, but what the hell, Sawpit would understand). In any event I definitely recommend this one. Two great bands from Japan. KM (Vernacular c/o Takashi Araki/2-29-11-103/Izumi, Suginami-ku/Tokyo, 168-0063/Japan)

SPAZZ/ÖPSTAND • split 7"

Another in the Network Of Friends series from Coalition Records. This time around Spazz offer up their fast and furious onslaught with kudos to Lärm! On the flip side, Öpstand assault with their own visceral attack of power and destruction. A great 7" for those that like their hardcore brutal and unrelenting!! KM (Coalition Records/PO Box 243/6500 AE Nijmegen/Netherlands)

TURBINE/MAJORITY RULE • split 7"

Shit Ya!! Turbine bust out with a phatt pop punk anthem that had me jumping around singing the chorus in no time flat. The 2nd song is faster and is just as positive. Not the most original but fucking awesome nonetheless. I think I'll listen to this to get me up for work tomorrow. Now turning over the record lets see what we have; Majority Rule playing some hardcore songs in the vein of old skool SxE, but they keep it from drowning in plagiarism with some metalmo (emo-metal) influence. Not too shabby. Over all this is a record worth checking out, both bands are different but complement each other. Good job. ADI (\$3ppd to Submit Records/803 Thayer Ave./Silver Spring, MD 20910)

SUICIDE NATION/ CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION • split 7"

This is probably the best Suicide Nation song that I have heard. It's metallic hardcore with some bad ass guitar licks throughout. It has an emotional feel to it while at the same being extremely metal and fast. CIC play music that is similar in genre but probably a little bit closer to death metal. To me, their music goes on and off from sounding like hardcore with some metal influence to sounding like death metal with some hardcore influence. This song is a little closer to the latter. In the middle of the song, it slows down so that there is only the guitar left playing a slow tune and a noise track playing with clips from Texas Chainsaw Massacre. It sounds eerie. Then the song starts back up faster than ever. Both bands play one long song each. Buy. RG (Cyberdine 243/7607 S Logan/Oak Creek, WI 53154)

INFINITY DIVE/ERESHKIGAL • split 10"

Both of these bands were pretty good. Infinity Dive play quick, crazy hardcore with scratchy vocals. Not crazy enough to be on a label like, say, Donut Friends, though it is no surprise this comes from the midwest. Ereshkigal play heavy, metal influenced stuff with growling female vocals. Generally, the drums are going at moshing speed, so their six songs don't really drag on. The lyrics are incredibly violent and dismal, adding to the overall rough feel of the band. LO (Technicians Of The Sacred/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

GROVER/MINUTE MANIFESTO • split 7"

Grover is one of those melodic hardcore type bands. I have a hard time not associating this type of music with morons, since it seems like every time I see one of these bands play they are morons. Maybe it has something to do with my geographic location (the northern-most part of southern California), but it seems to be a universally held idea among people I meet from other locales. Regardless, this band plays this sort of music and sound pretty much just like every other band that does as well as singing about the same subjects (a falling in love song and a song about friendship this time). Minute Manifesto is another story completely. Where Grover was melodic, Minute Manifesto is raw, something like MK Ultra or Jenny Piccolo. The singer actually reminds me a bit of the singer from Manumission, like he's been gargling with gravel or something. The lyrics are the standard political variety that usually accompanies this sort of music. BH (Boy Useless Records/56 Sutherland Rd./Lordshill/Southampton/Hants, SO1 68GE/England)

TOXIC WASTE/BLEEDING RECTUM • split CD

Toxic Waste play lo-fi crusty punk with the requisite political lyrics. If you're into this sort of thing it might be interesting. I found it boring. Bleeding Rectum play a bit faster and harder. This also got monotonous after a few songs. BH (Active Distribution)

FOUR MAN MARCH/ THE NOT TODAY/RUXPIN • 3 way split 7"

The Not Today play melodic hardcore. Four Man March's 7" is sort of Heroin influenced, but the track here is a lot more melodic, though it still has some sharp edges. Ruxpin finishes off with a song called "Lazy Eye," which I hope is about someone with a lazy eye. But there is no lyric sheet and I can't make out all the lyrics. I liked all three bands, but a split 7" with one track from pretty much unknown bands ought to come with more information about the bands and definitely some lyrics. KM (000 Records/133709 Eaglesnest Bay/Corpus Christi, TX 78418-6319)

AWOL/HEADWAY • split 7"

Chugga-chug metal. Awol can sound a little like Acme on the slow parts but not as insane. The singer yells and screams a lot like he's being butchered and is really the most boring part of the band. The vocals just follow the guitars around or scream on the predictable down beats. They have one song that barely fits on a 7" so they lose a lot in the sound quality. Headway are similar but more interesting with the high-end guitar parts. The sound quality is pretty shitty on this side also. ADI (Mosh X Bart Records/28 Rue Du Puits Mauger/35000 Rennes/France)

SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA/ SPREAD THE DISEASE • split 7"

Since the outer packaging looked so good, I was disappointed to find that my insert was practically unreadable. So, for the most part, I have no clue what the bands are singing about. Song Of Zarathustra play solid hardcore in the vein of Heroin and other early nineties hardcore visionaries. There are long intros and outros, giving it a real sense of grandeur. Spread The Disease do two songs, both crazy, fast, and metal. The growling, spitting, brutal vocals go well with the music. LO (Witching Hour Records/PO Box 30287/Indianapolis, IN 40230)

NOISE POLLUTION/BLOODY MUTANTS • split 7"

Nothing of note here. The BM do four incredibly simple crust/oi songs. The music and vocals are totally repetitive and all the songs sound alike. It was catchy enough for me to enjoy one listen though. NP didn't even have that going for it. In addition to dull, their songs had a saggy, draggy mood that I could not get into. The only information contained are the song titles and other releases on the label. DF (Rejected Records/9 Woodlands Av./Dun Laoghaire/Co. Dublin/Ireland)

EXHUMED/NO COMPLY • split 7"

Have you ever stuck a cat in a garbage disposal? Well I would imagine it sounds a little bit like this, just not nearly as brutal as Exhumed. Let's see... the high pitched screaming voice would be the cat spinning around, the growl would be the disposal ingesting the cat bits and getting all clogged up on all the muck. Now just imagine the most brutal grindcore over this. Insane blasts and deadly guitar riffs. No Comply plays some pretty beefy power-violence type stuff with only drums and bass (is this getting popular or what?). I'm not the biggest power-violence fan but this is some pissed off. I just broke my skateboard and never have any money type music! CF (Open Wound Records/10367 SW 4th St./Miami, FL 33174)

THE MAKE-OUTS/BACKHAND • split 7"

Yeah, I like this, especially The Make-Outs side. Very, very positive and happy music. It reminds me a bit of Discount because of its poppiness and really gentle guitar parts. This is a very innocent band with subtleties you can fall in love to pretty easily. Songs about love, which is predictable but pertinent for The Make-Outs, especially because of the name. I like their side a lot. Backhand is a bit on the rough side bringing out that Florida sound that seems common coming out of Gainesville. It's got some angst, some persistence for attention, and a Claire Danes love affair. Claimel might be a good band to compare them to even though I haven't listened to too much of them. This split was surprisingly good and definitely carries a lot of good vibes. SA (Flat Broke Records/PO Box 1048/Goldenrod, FL 32733)

READ FLAG/LOVE JUNK • Songs Of Praise... split 7"

On this split 7" both bands cover songs from the late seventies/early eighties punk band The Addicts. Love Junk bring their upbeat rock sound to "Viva La Revolution" and "Get Addicted." Red Flag 77 do their versions of "Just Like Me" and "Numbers." Their sound has more of the snotty punk feel, especially since the singer's British accent comes through strong. LO (Nytemare Records/PO Box 356/Ipswich, Suffolk/IP1 0QU/England)

LINSAY/THE COLE QUINTET • split 7"

What the fuck!! Lindsay playing their best songs to date. Blistering and abrasive hardcore at its best. This may be the best hardcore band out of Germany as we speak. I have been listening closely to everything they have put out and I am so fucking impressed. Vocals are high and piercing, the guitar work is magnificence and the drums have caved in my skull. This is intense shit, serious intense shit. The only band that could match their brutality and chaos is Stickfigurecarousel, and fortunately SFC are back in action and will be doing a split 7" with Lindsay. The Cole Quintet also jump right out at you and scare you to death. They play heavy and concentrated hardcore that penetrates all orifices in your body making you willing and submissive to their every command. Both bands play 2 awesome songs on this frightening piece of work. A fucking beautiful match to say the least in sharing this record. And it is also a picture disc—fucking GO! If you don't buy this I will search the Earth and kill you very slowly. SA (Paracelcus/Hambergerstr. 12/37124 Rosdorf/Germany)

1066/NEW YEAR • split 7"

Solid Texas hardcore. 1066 play quick driving hardcore with metal guitar; comparable to bands like Unbroken or Groundwork. Their dark and distressed lyrics go well with this. New Year have a similar strong sound, but with more bass, a chugging guitar, and straightforward vocals. They sing about the unification of peoples and complications of war. I liked this record. LO (\$3 to Graham Williams/PO Box 49712/Austin, TX 78765)

TEENAGE FRAMES/JR. LOADER • split 7"

Two tracks each from two tight and trashy old school, as in Cleveland 1977, punk rock units. They might be the same band cuz they sure don't sound very different. But that is OK. They are good at making a loud and snotty ruckus. However, I must say, all four tracks are much to shiny and pristine for their own good, cuz circa '98 this is pop music. Teenage Frames go about nowhere with their barely noticeable faux-British accents and truly saccharine harmonies. Jr. Loader fare only slightly better with their, um... sex tune, "Need Somewhere To Stick It." These boys are trying too hard. SJS (Dyslexic Records/PO Box 72442/Roselle, IL 60172)

KUNGFU RICK/LUKE SKAWALKER • split 7"

Took me a while to figure out what speed this record was, or even whose side was which. None the less, Kungfu Rick kicked my ass. They remind me of Ottawa, just not as good. Dual high/low vocals, heavy grind with lots of time changes, very good. Luke Skawalker have kind of that mid-west fast core sound. A little like Dangerousmore, but without all the intensity and power. They had their moments, but Kungfu Rick make this split happen. ROB (Ricky Shroeder Fan Club/310 Neva Ave./Glenview, IL 60025)

V/A • Hardcore Knockout CD

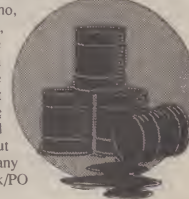
This is a sampler from the Belgian labels Genet and Sober Mind. Both labels generally release bands that have the current metal influenced, straight edge style, and strong bodied sounds. The bands featured on this comp fall under that heading for the most part, though there are variations with the genre and exceptions to that rule, of course. There are songs from Pray Silent, Thumbs Down, Firestone, Serene, Concrete Cell, Reiziger, Blindfold, Facedown, 59 Times The Pain, Selfish, Pridebowl, Spineless, Satanic Surfers, Clouded, Intensity, Uutuus, Earthmover, Timebomb, Unsure, Liar, ODK-Crew, Sektor, Força Macabra, Building, Spirit Of Youth, Statement, Abhinadna, and Kosjer D. Though I didn't enjoy every track, there are a lot of good bands on this CD. LO (Genet/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

V/A • The Nightmare Remains... In This Other Land 2xCD

This is a compilation of 12 French Hardcore bands, with two songs from each band, covering two CDs. I was disappointed to find that when I got this to review that the first CD was missing, so I could only listen to the second half. Bands include AWOL, Children, Stormcore, and Hang Up. This is mostly new school hardcore. Standouts include Seekers Of The Truth with a more old school, youth crew sound; Headway with strained, hoarse double vocals; and Stormcore with a heavy, dark sound and barked vocals. I would definitely recommend this if you are curious about the scene in France. ARB (Overcome Records)

V/A • Scene Through My Eyes LP

This is definitely a DIY punk compilation. Some tracks are totally comedic, while others are more political in nature. Musically the tracks range from garage punk stuff to fast and aggressive. Some tracks are a lot better than others, but overall I think this will appeal to anyone that likes some of these bands... V. Reverse, Thunderchimp, The Gaia, Towel, Better Than Your Hand, Render Useless, Sistema Nervioso, Fuckface, Hickey, Fanatics, Helivator, Jenö, Brother Inferior, Coward, Neighbors, D.S.B. and the more than absurd Sockeye (incidentally, Sockeye's song, "Boy With Breast Implants," gets my vote for the funniest song of the issue). And to top it all off, the lyric booklet comes with some stories about why each band was picked for the record. All in all this is a well put together comp that will appeal to fans of any of these bands. KM (\$6.50 to Shapunk/PO Box 15295/San Francisco, CA 94115)



V/A • Italia La Punk 7"

Scum of Society, Maschera, Insult, D.P.I., Crepa, Sickoids, and B.D.O. I have never heard of any of these bands before and if you aren't from Italy you may not have heard them either but that doesn't mean you shouldn't go out and look for this comp. This is downright chaos in the rawest form. Most of these bands play the older style of punk rock similar to the Subhumans or D.I. and others play punk as fuck shit like Youth Against or even Crudos. This may be your DIY cup of tea. It is definitely something I would listen to when my nights are dull and boring. Kids that listen to Code 13 will surely pick this one up. SA (Alarma-Agipunk c/o Giampiero Milani/C.P. 63/27100 Pavia/Italy)

V/A • Revolution Inside 7"

This will be the millionth benefit for Food Not Bombs but this one is from Germany. I'm glad that Food Not Bombs is getting tons of attention and contributions, but this may be the only reason to purchase this 7". The content inside is somewhat dull and boring rock: Superfan, Rydell, Bhang Dextro, and Free Yourself. Free Yourself is the best out of the crowd but to buy this 7" for just one band might not be worth it. However, if you are a proud sponsor for Food Not Bombs, go ahead and help out. SA (Revolution Inside/Breite Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

V/A • The Right To Assemble 7"

The Degenerics, Stormshadow, Heidnik Stew, Fanshen, Try Fail Try, and Worthless all contribute a track to this one. The music varies from harsh sounding hardcore stuff to melodic pop punk to a few tracks in between. I wasn't blown away by anything on here, but all in all this is a decent little DIY comp. Some info is included about pressing records that might be useful to would-be labels and bands looking to do records. KM (Degenerics/PO Box 68/Jamesburg, NJ 08831)

V/A • For Ugly For Beautiful Vol. 3 CD

A nice sampling of some of the better hardcore bands in Japan today. The CD does a good job of covering a lot of different styles, from catchy rock to driving noise to crazy hardcore. The bands are No Side, Moga The Y5, Mountain Dew, Tami, Swipe, Ag Aloe, Oddball, Fall To Flake, Envy, Dirty Is Good, Fragment, Sawpit, D.R.Y., and Hard Core Dude. Check it out. LO (Lunch Service/4-20-11 Hanjoh/Minoh-Shi/Osaka 562-0044/Japan)

V/A • The Eagle Has Landed 2xLP

This comp highlights a spectrum of emo and indie rock bands, nineteen in all. Some of the better tracks were by Drill For Absentee, Nobujest, Smart Went Crazy, Cerberus Shoal, Glorium, Cordial, and Stratego. Other bands included were The Hourly Radio, Ke Chandara, At The Drive In, Ed Matus' Struggle, Watts Systems Ltd., ChrisSteveRyan, Ethel Meserve, Los Despeinados, Don Caballero, Brave New Gun, Shrink To Fit, and Galaxian. LO (Tranquility Base/PO Box 184/Bryn Mawr, PA 19010)

V/A • Help Us N.O.W. CD

This is a benefit compilation for the National Coalition For Women. The CD features tracks by Final Conflict, Wat Tyler, Submission Hold, Naked Aggression, U.X.A., Ill Repute, Propagandi, The Fixtures, and many others. Most of the music is fairly good with most of the songs being more on the punky end of the spectrum than on the hard hardcore end. Each band has their lyrics printed, and the CD comes with a statement of purpose and some general information about sexual violence. There is a pretty good mix of stuff on here, and you can't really go wrong here considering the purpose. KM (T4 Records/690-A Los Angeles Ave. Suite #114/Simi Valley, CA 93063)

V/A • Break The Silence 7"

This one features four posi-core bands from Sweden. Intensity, Misconduct, Outlast and 59 Times The Pain. All four bands play fast hardcore that is influenced by posi-core from the late '80s and early '90s. I found this to be quite good, and while the musical style might seem a bit dated to some I thought it worked quite well for these bands since they weren't using mosh or metal, which is the primary sound of posi-core today. The lyrics are all pretty good. A nice little 7" comp. KM (Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Jonas Nilsson/222 28 Lund/Sweden)

V/A • Heartbreakers And Rumpshakers 7"

This record has a good sampling of the current hardcore sounds, not including Soophie Nun Squad that is. No City No State play an upbeat, semi-melodic punk tune with scratchy, screaming female vocals. The second track is a total fake out. Soophie Nun Squad start out doing a parody of a whiny emo song, complete with references to trees, but they soon change it into another one of their funky and silly hip hop songs. Red Forty have a catchy, bar rock sound that goes well with their lamenting tune of unrequited love. Finally, The Divine Hook-Up finish it up with their neo style tune that is rather catchy and emotional, combining the better aspects of those genres. LO (\$3 to Harlan Records/7705 Geronimo/ N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

V/A • Rotten Fake! CD

3 European bands, Agathocles, Seven Minutes Of Nausea and Scrawl, do the covers thing. Agathocles do 3 covers. I think they could have chosen songs that better showcased their power, I didn't like this, and their vocals were way too low. SMN, I could not stand. They do 15 covers, and don't play any of them. Lo-fi noise while the singer grunts out lyrics to the covers, fucking sucked. And Scrawl, wow! Mix grind core with ska, disco, and a little easy listening. This stuff is so cool, I was laughing the entire time, really cool. Not a very good comp, but I'm keeping my eye on Scrawl. ROB (Eccentric/PO Box 572/D.56005 Koblenz/Germany)

V/A • The Tomb Of Grind 7"

GroinChurn, Gigantopothecus, Damage Digital, Nyctophobic, Unholy Grave, Intestinally Loudness, Dahmer, Pantalones Abajo Marinero, and Exploding Corpse Action all lay down some grindy, thrashy, and noisy "music." I guarantee that this one will annoy even the most tolerant parents. What you see is what you get. The Tomb Of Grind = 9 grind tracks. KM (\$3.50 to Noise-Squatch Records/PO Box 1387/Ballston Lake, NY 12019)

V/A • Four Two Pudding CD

This is a re-issue of a comp that Very Small put out a few years ago. As the CD states, some of the material is released and some is not. Econochrist, Fuel, Jawbreaker, and Downfall, are the bands I like, but Screeching Weasel, Sleep, Plaid Retina, Samiam, Offspring, Dissent, and a bunch more are on here. It is weird to think that at one point the Offspring were charting as one of the most popular bands in America, but they have a song on a comp with the Horny Mormons, and Schlöng. KM (Very Small/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

V/A • Clubhouse 1998 Summer Sampler CD

I guess this is a compilation/sample put out by this record store called the Club House; seems pretty positive. All the bands seem to be exploring the poppier side of punk. Nothing too original or groundbreaking, but all the songs seem to have merit, are tight, recorded decently and sound good. So if it's more pop punk you want in your life then definitely check out this hot CD and you'll be singing along in no time. 14 bands each doing two songs. ADI (\$1 to Clubhouse/3728 N Clark/Chicago, IL 60613)

V/A • Liberame 7"

"Liberame" means "Free Me" in English, which is very appropriate for the theme of this 7" compilation. The booklet that comes with the record has a lot of writing about the immigration issue, an issue that is especially important in California where there is a constant struggle between the US Border Patrol and the countless people from Mexico and from destinations farther south. It is an important issue and it is handled very well here. There are bands on this comp as well; Los Crudos, Youth Against, Kontraataque, Swipe, Huasipungo, Godstomper, Parades End, and Former Members Of Alfonsin. Educational and interesting. Excellent. KM (\$3 to Elgrito Records/PO Box 20722/Los Angeles, CA 90006)

V/A • As We Look To The Future 7"

Four songs from four bands. Capgun pour out a metal laced, upbeat straight edge style anthem. The song is about some person that they hate, and basically telling them to "fuck off and go away." Bane do chugga-chugga, hard stuff with a youth crew feel; their song is actually pretty good, though (as with the entire record) the recording is a little low. In the lyrics, we find that a dreadful mistake has been made and the singer feels he must pay the price. One could easily interpret this as an environmental song, as much as a personal one. Driven do more metal stuff, in the vein of Unbroken, but the singer sometimes thinks he is Danzig. The lyrics talk of overcoming some "dominatrix" that has plagued the singer's existence for a while now. Lyrics aside, this is probably the best song on the comp. Surprisingly, The Rolemodels finish up the comp with a pop punk tune. Their song delineates how a crazy world has pushed someone over the edge. LO (Solution c/o Chris White/192 South Rd./Somers, CT 06071)

demo land... death... demo land... pestilence.... demo land... hell!!!

ATROCIOUS MADNESS • demo

Some studio tracks and some live stuff from Portland's newest stenching crusty grind band, Atrocious Madness. The live stuff can certainly be labeled "for fans' ears only." The studio stuff is trashy and obnoxious. Fast and punk. Anarcho political lyrics about the fall of humanity and the horrors of society, indeed, the atrocious madness of it all. KM (PO Box 40113/Portland, OR 97240-0113)

MERGE, MERGE! • demo compilation

This tape compilation is a benefit for the rainforests with the proceeds going to Rainforest Action Network. The comp includes Goatboy, Submission Hold, Wrought: Ironside, and a bunch of newer bands that I have never heard of... 26 Letter Prison, Two Minute Hate, Ten Dead Men, Vendetta, Promise Of Chaos, etc. The sound quality ranges from god awful to studio quality, and the tape comes with a bit of information about each band as well. KM (\$3 to Dopomine/922 Victoria St./Kingston, ON/ K7K 4T8/Canada)

ENSLAVED CHAOS • tape

Enslaved Chaos are from Malaysia, and I hope that explains the bizarre way that their lyrics seem to be almost diametrically opposed to the descriptions they provide for their songs. For example, they literally have a song that seems to glorimize violence, and then the description says the song is anti-violence. I will chalk it all up to a language barrier, and I imagine that it is really difficult to pull off sarcasm in a foreign language. The music is bouncy metal influenced hardcore with chunky singing. KM (\$5 to Dull Entertainment/24A Jalan Ang Seng 4/50470 Kuala Lumpur/ Malaysia)

RACHEL • ...Lost Songs demo

French hardcore with an emo twist. This is the best demo I have heard in a long fucking time. I listen to this more than most of the other releases I have gotten for review from HeartattaCK. Rachel also includes 7 songs of pure passionate and powerful emotive hardcore. Another reason why this is fucking awesome is that they also sing in French. There are too many bands that use the English language to express their feelings when their primary language is of something else. I respect bands that sing in their native tongue. I really do love this and I want to hear more, a lot more. SA (Antoine de Lassez/79 Avenue de Paris/79000 Niort/France)

THE DESTRUCTION OF WEYBRIDGE • demo

More poorly recorded chuggemo. When the guitar goes from clean to distorted and gets quieter at the same time it usually sounds stupid. The singer should stop trying to chew on his ear, because it's hurting my ear, "I don't care." 3 songs. ADI (136 W Henrietta Ave./Oceanside, NY 11572)

MALE VERSION OF CATHERINE • demo

Acoustic guitar with barely audible vocals. Completely devoid of any energy, and if all you've got is guitar then that is something you better have. BH (no address)

GOYA • Life Is Pain, Revenge Is Better demo

No label on the tape, not even a mark to indicate which side is which, so they start off with a strike against them. Goya play mid-tempo hardcore in the Sx/E/emo genre reminiscent of Chokehold. Lyrics are in the Sx/E/emo/political category. The recording is not the best but at least the point if the music gets across. ADI (PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

CONTESSA • demo

Typical sounding straight edge moshy hardcore with fast parts. Here's the punch line tough, I don't think they're straight edge, I can't find any references in the lyrics. I liked the fast parts, good bass. But overall, not good. ROB (\$4 to Fist Magnet/38 Vanier Rd. Apt. B/Aylmer, PQ/J9H 1X8/Canada)

THE CABLE CAR THEORY • demo

Fuckin shit. Powerful, driving, melodic hardcore from Staten Island. Catchy songs but not without losing any power. I can hear a little Garden Variety, Sticks And Stones, even C.R. Awesome sound and screamed personal/political lyrics. This should of been a 7". I can't wait for some vinyl. My only complaint is that there are only 4 songs... C (29 Home Pl./Staten Island, NY 10302)

SEAGRAVE • List Of Heroes, Sixth Edition demo

Really mellow emo that tries to lull you to sleep; doesn't hold my interest at all. I wish the singer would loose the horse throat, it doesn't fit here. Sounds like something I'd hear in a coffee shop. ROB (Jason/35 Bayview Circle/Wolcott, CT 06716)

L'ALEPH • demo

This band uses all the old punk rock chord progressions and tricks, nothing new. What keeps this band going is the vocalist who screams lots of words in Spanish which I can't read, but appreciate the effort. The recording is trashy but goes with the music. Comes in a cool slide out cardboard box. ADI (Via Marsala 33/20047 Brugherio (MI)/Italy)

DYING BY DEGREE • demo

Mixing elements of old skool fall on the floor emo with some more heavy parts. Sometimes this reminds me of Sinker or Moss Icon, while other times Honeywell. The lyrics are purely "cry me a river" and the singing/speaking/screaming is decent. This would have fit in around '93 or something but it's nice to hear a band that might fall down and cry again. Recording it shitty. ADI (9064 Cantershire Ave./Bremerton, WA 98311)

MERDE • tape

Twisted and psychotic with equal parts psychodelia and cyberpunk. Metal, oh yes, much metal. No lyric sheet, but perhaps lyrics are not necessary when witnessing the epic battle between the forces of light and darkness. Self described as "...hedonistic, heathen-metal." Not for the timid. KM (PO Box 8734/Portland, OR 97207)

HYBRIS • cassette

German youth with the burnin' desire to play apocalyptic metallic HC akin to Converge or Jesuit. These songs barrel along simply but effectively, with big loud vocals and a concern for the state of society, and they do it well. Funny how the demos I reviewed for this issue are way better than the CDs or 7"s. DM (Tomie Type Tott c/o Potthopf/Siechenmarschstrasse 18/33615 Bielefeld/Germany)

VIEJA ESCUELA • demo

'88 style straightedge hardcore from Argentina. Reminds me a little of Wide Awake, but then again the vocals really set them apart. All the lyrics are in Spanish, but it looks like they cover the usual topics. Cool layout, rad live pics. C (XdeterminacionX Records/cc29 Suc Berazetagu (1884)/ BS AS/Argentina)

GUERRA ETERNA/NOVA • split demo

Electronic music. If someone told me this was the soundtrack to the Martian Chronicles, I would probably believe them. C (Samuel Torres/ Calle 25 Z-1#1/Ciudad Universitaria/Trujillo Alto, PR 00976)

TRI STATE KILLING SPREE • demo

Brutal modern hardcore shit. Rad fast parts leading to awesome breakdowns. Slightly metal but not crossing over to the mosh crap. Screamed vocals, social/personal lyrics. "Starz of 88" is a fucking awesome song about the youth crew heroes selling out everything they stood for. 9 songs that constantly pummel my head. I hope a record is coming out soon. C (\$3ppd to PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

RECTAL KLYSMA • demo

Shitty music done by dirtball metalheads from the Netherlands. Included with this demo was a letter. It stated that maybe Rectal Klyisma wasn't worth recording. They sure hit the nail on the head with that one. It was recorded with a boom box. At least they didn't spend any money on this shit. If you want the tape, they want you to send them a nude photo yourself, so in other words they only recorded this to get free pictures of naked people. GOR (CWD Records/Beukelsweg 53.b/3022 GD Rotterdam/The Netherlands)

AUTONOMIA • demo

Punk from Peru. Unfortunately the most exciting part of this demo is the type of paper they used for the insert. The lyrics seem to have a political stance and the music is really boring, not really doing much beside basic chords and structure. ADI (Pasaja Salazar No 106/Lima 4/Peru)

AFTER THE FALL • demo

Starts out with a cool intro, then goes into mid paced, heavy hardcore, pretty good. The next 3 songs are way more emo influenced, and just don't work here, annoying. Then it ends with a really cool cover of the Rolling Stones, "Paint It Black." First and last songs were cool, I just couldn't stand the stuff in between. ROB (7820 Bass Pound Rd./Millville, CA 96062)

EDGE-UCATE • Kill Your Family demo

By the whole packaging, I figured that this was going to be an absolutely ridiculous joke straight-edge band. That would actually be okay, since I think that there have been a number of really funny bands doing such a thing... however, I was just as pleasantly surprised to find that it's an edge band that took their time to put some personal thoughts and notes down on paper about what being edge and punk means to them. They seem very intelligent and the music is alright, too. Nothing to write home about, but shit... I've heard such worse demos it's not even funny. The lyrics are short and more like catchphrases, but the lyricist at least also included writings on what inspired them (i.e. abusive relationships, view of fucked-up society). The tape is pretty damn short... about 7-8 minutes, probably and the booklet is not real pretty, but the content is worthy of notice and the chic back pocket of a pair of jeans instead of a tape case is certainly original. Not a bad start... very sincere. DO (\$2ppd to 827 Somonauk St./Sycamore, IL 60178)

THE TET OFFENSIVE • Vote Of No Confidence demo

Straight forward grind/thrash. A few trippy metal parts thrown in here and there, but mostly this is pretty standard. BH (\$4ppd to 3075 Council Ring Rd./Mississauga, ON/L5L 1N7/Canada)

LITTLE DIPPER • Letters Never Sent demo

A little old Jawbreakerish. Heavier pop punk jams. Songs about love, love, and more love. 2/5 songs say I love you. Definitely not bad, and I'm sure a lot of people will like this. I just have to be in the mood. C (200 Bloomfield Ave. Box 2977/West Hartford, CT 06117-1599)

HALO EPIDEMIC • demo

Kind of Deadguy-ish music but with a little more groove. The vocals just kill it for me though. Borderline Rob Zombie/grunge. Just not my thing. C (1302 E 3rd St. #2/Long Beach, CA 90802)



Keith Ross

WAIFLE • The Music Stops, The Man Dies tape

Waifle was voted the best new band of 1997 in the last HaC. While tabulating the poll I had a sneaking suspicion that they convinced all their friends to write in and up their odds. Not to say that Waifle is a bad band, I just doubt all that many people have heard of them. The only other release from them that I have seen is the *Breakfast Violence 7"* but this tape claims to have two tracks from various comps as well. Waifle play hardcore with emotion and movement. They are a good example of your basic, current, DIY hardcore band. Worth checking out. LO (no address)

GEEK TRAGEDIES • Geeks Fight Back demo

Fast punk reminding me at times of the Q-Factor. No lyrics but songs with called "Homophobic Legislature" and "Fuck the Christian Coalition" I'm led to believe the songs are very political. Good stuff. C (811 Lincoln St./Savanna, GA 31401)

V/A • The Red Scare tape

I think this is some sort of compilation. I can't find any insert—just the cover which only has the address on it. I think there are 5 or 6 bands (maybe more) each doing two or so songs. The first band is really good reminiscent of IG88 meets Angel Hair or something. Another band displays brutal crust making use of a banjo like I've never heard. There is also a song that's soft through half of it with pretty singing. Other bands remind me of Fugazi or Scapegrace. I really wish I knew who these bands were so I could look out for them. ADI (1609 Persinger Rd./SW Roanoke, VA 24015)

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS • demo

My impression... four college freshmen in Florida going at it in classic emo style, with lotsa screamin' and loud/soft dynamics, I like this one—they're discovering some things that some of us have already figured out (but others haven't) about friends, racism, alcohol and the frat mentality, and putting their feelings about them to music. It's pretty raw and honest, and they do an Inside Out cover too. Nice work. DM (Eckerd College Box 845/4200 54th Ave. S/St. Petersburg, FL 33711)

I QUIT • demo

Five songs from this new Worcester, MA band. The music is solid but basic hardcore. No big thrills, but decent. The vocals are sung but not pretty, and the tempo is in the mid range with some slower emotive influenced sections. The lyrics are a combination of street wise political statements and personal topics. Good, but as I said not too exciting, which is actually pretty damn good for a demo. KM (266 Olean St./Worcester, MA 01602)

HABLATIONS DE ROUSTONS • In The Name Of God demo

Lots of fast palm mute action going on here. Really technical, really good. Lots of cool ass breakdowns, and the drums are right on target. This demo rules. GOR (Johnny Mes Boules/69 Rue Du Zgeg/51000 Ricard/France)

F.H.S. • Duva demo

First song is pretty heavy but with a DC feel. Driving guitars with sung/screamed vocals. Actually all these songs have that later '80s DC feel, good rocking songs mixed with more "progressed" songs not too bad and great lyrics about school. C (16 Broadway St. Apt. #5/Somerville, MA 02145)

WEEKEND TERRORIST SOCIETY • The Conscience Of... demo

Some Canadian kids getting all riled up in a more positive Born Against-ish fashion about why you should adopt personal change to save the human race. They have a pretty strong melodic drive and preach with some conviction, which places this a couple notches above most demos that cross my path. The guitar is WAY too loud though. DM (246 Douglasbark Green S.C./Calgary, AB/T2Z 2C8/Canada)

DIRTIES/SENTINIENOS OPRIMIDOS • split demo

Both bands hailing from Argentina. S.O. are fast as fuck with multiple vocalists going almost constantly. Both sound like females. Huge booklet with explanations for each song. Unfortunately I can't read Spanish too well so I guess I miss out. The dirties have one pop punk song with female vocals. Kind of '80s sounding. The other songs is a little more harsh. I can definitely rock to this all day. C (C.C. 1768/1000 BS AS/Argentina)

KABOOM • Black Monday demo

This is the kind of stuff Chuck would listen to when he first got into punk. Straight up '80s influenced punk, complete with slurred vocals, and lyrics about how jocks suck, yuppies should die, and social defiance. It's somewhat generic, but it's played well, so it's good. All in all, not a bad demo. GOR (\$3ppd to Jared R./219 Valley Rd./Princeton, NJ 08540)

THE FAST TIMES ROCK MUSIC BAND • From Bad To... demo

5 songs, professionally recorded by Six Finger Satellite's J. Ryan and mass-duplicated. It's speedy pop-punk, just like almost every other pop-punk band but with some electronic blippage here and there and a few standout catchy melodies, obliterated by tired metal riffage and an overall beatdown genre to play up to. There's a 7 Seconds cover too. Music like this makes me tired. DM (100 Brown St./Dartmouth, MA 02747)

COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH • demo

This came from some folks involved with Mountain Records and it features Chris Jensen on vocals, so I snapped this up thinking that it would be cool listening and reading. I was right about the reading part. Lyrics and writings about people, combined with some drifting and listless music that was really quite boring. I just couldn't get into this musically. The tape and inserts come in a cloth pouch, which was great except when I had to spend five minutes trying to squeeze the shit back in the pouch. Yikes. KM (PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103)

KISMET • Same Rage, Different Age demo

Here we have some basic hardcore punk from England. Songs vary between crazed hoarse screaming over straight ahead hardcore, and a more bouncy style punk sound in the vein of so many English bands. This is ok, doesn't break any new ground, but occasionally gets pretty energetic. ARB (Dave Scragg/434 Werrington Rd./Bucknall S.O.T./ST2 9AB/England)

RIBCAGE • Blood And Satan demo

Tough metal sounding stuff. The recording is horrible so most of the feeling is lost. Torturous vocals that don't sound like they're saying anything. Anti-Christian lyrics. I wonder if this is a joke. C (no address)

THIRD DEGREE • Oblicza Terroru demo

Polish metal Rocks! These guys play average metal influenced hardcore. Plus they're from Poland! This stuff sort of reminds me of a more metal State Of Fear or maybe a little Disrupt. Translated lyrics are a plus. This is ok, not great by any means, but it is definitely competent. ARB (Dwie Strony Medalu/PO Box 55/58-260 Bielawa/Poland)

CHARACTER BUILDER • demo

While Character Builder don't really have a punk rock sound they come from punk rock culture. Their rock'n'roll is harsher than some, as they often bring in an old school sound, but it is still rock. I wish I could remember what the bass player described them as. He might have said garage rock, but I can't remember for certain. This isn't what I think of when I think garage rock. The tape is lacking any kind of lyric sheet; from what I can make out their songs are about resistance. After a few times through, these five songs began to grow on me. LO (1097A Revere Ave./San Francisco, CA 94124)



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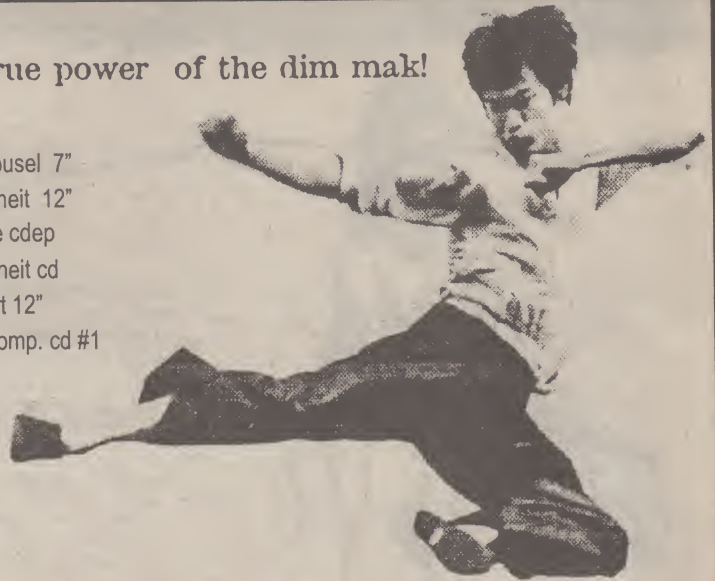
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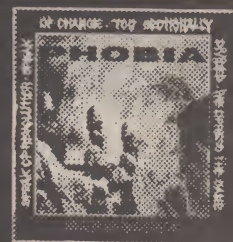
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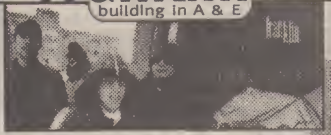
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Wanted—Records, old and new punk/hardcore stuff. Also Wanted—old punk/hardcore shirts. I'm looking to buy, not trade; if you can help me out please write or send list to: John Massie/383 W. Vine St./Radcliff, KY 40160

ECO-ACTIVISTS—We're seeking intelligent submissions for a big 'zine about conservation biology and environmental activism. We need your stories, articles, interviews, photos, and more. Chris Tracey and Theo Witsell, editors. Tree of Knowledge/1011 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202

Cycle Recs—Out Soon—Ecorche 10" and Officer Down CD. Still available—T-shirts, stickers, patches and stuff (see AD). Bands—if you play harsh, heavy, noisy, emotional styled HC get in touch! Cycle/V. Muratori 95/b/28060 Lumellogno NO/Italy

Live hardcore/punk videos. 120 min tapes for \$13. Many masters. Fugazi, Avail, Op Ivy, Gorilla Biscuits, Boy Sets Fire, Minor Threat, Sunny Day Real Estate, Promise Ring, and too many others to list. Send stamp for list. Choose the Huey/PO Box 95516/Seattle, WA 98145; choosethehuey@hotmail.com

I'm looking for people who are into the "scene" in NH. Let's go to shows together and hang out. Contact: Jen Marsh/10584 GSS/Durham, NH 03824 or sugarhigh17@rocketmail.com; Also, *Silent Wishes* #1 is available for 50¢/stamps

Triumph fanzine is looking for pictures/show flyers of any late 80's bands such as Bold, YOT... Also old shirts wanted. Please help me out. Will pay or trade. *Triumph*/FabiolaIn. 23/3290 Diest/Belgium; triumphx30@hotmail.com

I need pics, writings, interviews, etc. to help make my 'zine a better read. *Piece of Dump* issues 1 and 2 are available for a buck each. If interested in helping, then get in touch! Bobby/2447 Winterwood Blvd./Las Vegas, NV 89122/USA

Oneup #3 available for stamps, features Orchid tour diary. I'm accepting submissions for #4 (stories of people's first kisses). If you've got a good story please send it in. Length unimportant. *Oneup* c/o N. Gordon/206 State St./Northampton, MA 01060

Are we scenesters, or just seamsters? Find out. Countdown To Putsch 6-song, 25 minute demo—\$3 postpaid from: PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103/USA. Cash only. Cranberry juice makes for good clean urine.

Locked down 23 year old oi boy. I'm interested in corresponding with skin/punk/oi women who are down with the punk and skinhead lifestyles. I'm into hardcore, oi and punk music. I am into doing artwork also. Brian Deshotel T.D.C.#793446/Lighttower Unit/Rt. 3 Box 9800/Dayton, TX 77535

Sunny Day Real Estate reunion video filmed 7/11/98 Seattle. I will fill tape with a Promise Ring song. Send \$15, postage paid. I have a huge list of bands: Avail, Fugazi, RIFTC, Op Ivy, many other. Send stamps for list. e-mail choosethehuey@hotmail.com; CTH/PO Box 95516/Seattle, WA 98145

THIS IS OUT:

1. Taking A Chance On Chances LP/CD: an international compilation split between slant and troubleman. contains previously unreleased songs by: red monkey, atom and his package, small black pig, monorchid, bilge pump, assembly line people program, missy x, russia, bette davis and the balconettes, old hearts club, pee chees, sally skull, (young) pioneers, milky wimpshake, computer cougar, tunic, replikants, witchknot, full boney, international strikeforce. (part one of a two-part compilation undertaking for troubleman.)

2. Fisticuffs Bluff LP/CD: the cd is a discography. lp is just the lp.

3. Harriet The Spy "Unfuckwithable" LP/CD

4. The Hated "Desmond Outcast" 7"

5. Hal Al Shedad "Textures Of Tomorrow" LP/CD, "Running And Falling" 7" : (these songs are not on the album).

6. Red Monkey "Make The Moment" LP/CD, "The Time Is Right" 7" : (these songs are not on the album either)

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Force Of Change hc/sxe 'zine needs contributions. Columns, pictures, interviews, etc. Ads are free. Bands send tapes for use on possible future compilation. Send all to: Jessica/115 N. Willow Dr./Derby, KS 67037/USA

For distro list, check out <http://home.earthlink.net/~johnwiese/distro.html>; very cheap 7"s

RESIST AND EXIST will do a West Coast tour December 17-23. Need help with shows and places to rest. J. Lee and Katrina (805)641-3925 or Jen (714)998-7628. No calls after 10pm. Peace and Animal Liberation.

Live tapes 4trade/sale! \$5 for 90m. audios, \$10 for 120m. videos. Huge variety! Over 1,000 shows to choose from. Audios are mostly masters. Send \$1 for big list. Too many bands to name them. Guaranteed to have something you're looking for. Send to Steven Severin/PO Box 23203/Seattle, WA 98102 or <http://www.meltdown43.com/tapes.htm>

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Patch, a short work of fiction by Phil Rizzi (Generic Jewelry) in which Phil confronts his abusive father is available for \$5ppd to: Utilitarian Records/162 N. Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342 (soft bound, color covers) check out excerpts online at www.vgkids.com

Dancing In The Dark is looking for bands who want to take part on a benefit compilation for the victims of homophobic violence. I'm also interested in articles about your experiences with these topics and homosexuality in the punk/HC community. Please contact: Dancing In The Dark c/o Oise Ronsberger/Rennweg 1/93049 Regensburg/Germany; stefanfuch@metronet.de

ENDPOINT shirts needed. I'm looking for all Endpoint shirts, sweatshirts, long sleeves, etc. Tell me what it is! E-mail: hueyproudton@hotmail.com; Huey Proudton/PO Box 95516/Seattle, WA 98145

Big Surprise #4 is out now! Personal 'zine with social commentary, but not exactly political. 76 pages photocopied. \$1. #5 is a split issue and #6 has a "social injustices" theme, and both are due soon! Wholesale rates are cheap! Rob Tuff/3646 W 148th St./Cleveland, OH 44111-3139

TOP 10

Graham Donath

UNBROKEN—Life Love Regret. LP • YOU AND I—Saturdays Cab Ride Home CD • REVERSAL OF MAN—10", live, as people • INK & DAGGER—Fine Art Of Original Sin LP • A TRIBE CALLED QUEST—all • JEREMIN—7" • INSIDE—live • The Birth Of The Association Of Welterweights • 400 YEARS—Transmit Failure LP • DESPAIR—Kill CD

Doug Mosurak

MAME (Multi Arcade Machine Emulator) • THE UNION OF A MAN AND A WOMAN—The Sound Of... CD • THE 1985—live • Anyway Festival, its surrounding events and people it attracted; Columbus, Ohio • ERIC THE RED—7" • BLACK DICE—7", live, general demeanor • HERBIE HANCOCK—Sextant CD • TELEVISION PERSONALITIES—Yes Darling, But Is It Art? CD • American-International Pictures—entire filmed output, 1957-1977 • Anchor Bay Entertainment (for re-releasing and remastering unbelievably great films to videotape at a low cost)

Felix Von Havoc

UNCURBED—Peace Love Punk Life LP • TOTALITAR—7" • DAMNATION AD—Kingdom Of Lost Souls LP • ROLLING STONES—Sticky Fingers LP • SUFFER—last 7" and split with Urko • DROP DEAD—LP and live • SUBHUMANS—live • TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET—double 7" • MK ULTRA/SEEIN' RED—split LP • TUMULT—Kung Fu Hardcore 7"

Casey Watson

The almighty Seein' Red! • ENEWETAK, PALATKA, BURNED UP BLED DRY, IRE, DEATHREAT, BORN DEAD ICONS, OUTAHAND, SICK SHIFT—live • THE CABLE CAR THEORY—demo • TRI STATE • KILLING SPREE—demo • THE EXPLODER—LP • GOOD CLEAN FUN—both 7"s • THE ACYLS—7" • CHOKEHOLD—last 7" • MK-ULTRA/SEEIN' RED—split LP • LINSAY—7" • The guy with the 12 pack helmet getting destroyed in the pit!



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BC.59 Kepone "Sweet Irene" 7"

2-song exclusive 7". First release from Richmond's finest since the amazing self-titled album on Quarterstick

BC.58 Fireside "Let Rasputin do it" 7"

2 songs. Comparable to a less metallic Quicksand, this band could be Europe's best for the late 90's

BC.55 No More Lies "Seeds of enthusiasm" MCD

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BC.54 Five Missiles in orbit CD

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BC.45 Aina "Sevens" CD

12 songs. Melodic stuff between Jawbox and Jawbreaker. Include their two first singles plus new and unreleased songs.

MM.01 Aina "150 Watts b/w Test drive" 7"

New and first release from Aina's new label Marry me. Best songs to date, rocking more than ever.

BC.60 Schedule "Sentimientos" MCD.

7 songs. Dark and metallic yet emotional hardcore in the vein of Shield, Morning again and Belgium's hardcore bands.

BC.57 Sowplot "Conciencias" MCD

13 songs. Stop & go hardcore like early Agnostic Front / Straight Ahead. Check out the top ten list in last summer's MRR.

BC.56 Xmilik "Scarcity" CD

12 songs. Fast, intense and non-conformist hardcore between Refused and Abhinanda.

BC.51 All ill "Mind power" MCD

20 songs. Power violence hardcore like Spazz or Infest. Watch out for the new 7" on Sound Pollution!

BC.46 Xmilik "Function" MCD

8 songs. Fast hardcore in the vein of first Revelation stuff.

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Kristi Fults

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Lisa Oglesby

Burn Collector #8 'zine • Screams From The Inside #7 'zine • TALK IS POISON—Straight To Hell CD • MK ULTRA/SEEIN' RED—split LP • DETESTATION—Blood Of The Gods 7" • FRANKLIN—Major Taylor 7" • STILL LIFE—Madness And The Gackle... LP • Slug & Lettuce #56 'zine • STRATEGO—live • V/A—Libérame 7"

Steve Aoki

JEJUNE • This Afternoon's Malady CD • KILL SADIE live • Give Thanks #2-4 • CAVE IN—acoustic live at the Pickle Patch after hours • WIDE AWAKE—25 song discography CD • the unfortunate departure of Man is the Bastard • Angelica's movie theatre in Greenwich Village • The Pickle Patch live compilation CD • CROSS MY HEART—test presses of the LP • my dog Kawai

Dylan Ostendorf

!!!—live • OUTHUD—live • THE PASSENGER TRAIN PROPOSAL—7" • YAPHET KOTTO—live • ATOM & HIS PACKAGE—everything about him • SEAM—all • THE VEHICLE BIRTH—Tragedy CD • THE GOLETA ALL-STARs—live • The forthcoming oldies cover compilation on Stratagem • Peas Kor's fine career move

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Steve Snyder

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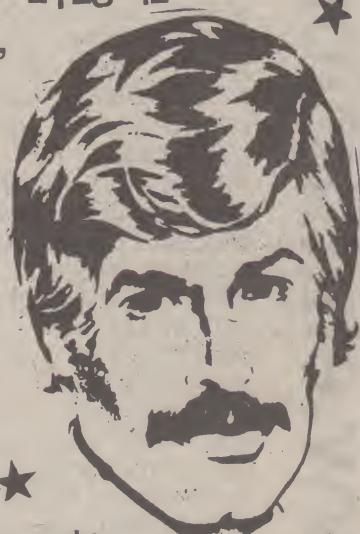
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